

THE  
WORKS  
OF

Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

Together with His

REMAINS.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Nathaniel Rolls*, at his Auction-  
house in *Petty-Canons-Hall*, near the North  
Side of *St. Paul's Church*. MDCXCV.



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LONDON:  
Printed for M. Smith, R. D. in the Strand.  
1794.

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# SATYRS

UPON THE

## JESUITS:

Written in the YEAR 1679.

And some other

## PIECES

By the same

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The Third Edition Corrected.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the  
*Black Bull* in Cornhill. 1685.

2 A T T R S

RESULTS

P R E C E S

4 A N D

THE FIRST BOOK OF CORINTHS

THE SECOND BOOK OF CORINTHS

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## Advertisement.

**T**HE Author might here (according to the laudible custom of Prefaces) entertain the Reader with a Discourse of the Original, Progress, and Rules of Satyr, and let him understand, that he has lately Read Casaubon, and several other Criticks upon the Point; but at present he is minded to waive it, as a vanity he is in no wise fond of. His only intent now is to give a brief account of what he Publishes, in order to prevent what Censures he foresees may colourably be cast thereupon: And that is, as followeth:

What he calls the Prologue, is in imitation of Persius, who has prefix'd somewhat by that Name before his Book of Satyrs, and may serve for a pretty good Authority. The first Satyr he drew by Sylla's Ghost in the great Johnson, which may be perceived by some strokes and touches therein, however short they come of the Original. In the second, he only followed the swing of his own Genius. The Design, and some Passages of the Franciscan of Buchanan. Which ingenious confession he thinks fit to make, to shew he has more modesty than the common Padders in Wit of these times. He doubts, there may be some few mistakes in Chronology therein, which for want of Books he could not inform himself in. If the skilful Reader meet with any such, he may the more easily pardon them upon that score. Whence he had the hint of the fourth, is obvious to all, that are any thing acquainted with Horace. And without the Authority of so great a President, the making of an Image speak, is but an ordinary Miracle in Poetry. He expects, that some will tax him with Buffoonery, and turning holy things into ridicule. But let them Read, how severely Arnobius, Lactantius, Minutius Felix, and the gravest Fathers, have railly'd the fopperies and superstitions of the

Heaven, and then consider whether those, which he has chosen for his Argument, are not as worthy of laughter. The only difference is, that they did it in Prose, as he does in Verse, where perhaps 'tis the more allowable.

As for the next Poem (which is the most liable to censure) tho the world has given it the Name of the Satyr against Vertue, he declares 'twas never design'd to that intent, how apt soever some may be to wrest it. And this appears by what is said after it, and is discernable enough to all, that have the sense to understand it: 'Twas meant to abuse those, who valued themselves upon their Wit and Parts, in praising Vice; and to shew, that others of sober Principles, if they would take the same liberty in Poetry, could strain as high as in Profaneness as they. At first he intended it not for the publick, nor to pass beyond the privacy of two or three Friends; but seeing it had the Fate to steal abroad in Manuscript, and afterwards in Print, without his knowledg; he now thinks it a Justice due to his own Reputation, to have it come forth without those faults, which it has suffered from Transcribers and the Press hitherto, and which make it a worse Satyr upon himself, than upon what it was design'd.

Something should be said too of the last Trifle, if it were worth it. 'Twas occasioned upon reading the late Translations of Ovid's Epistles, which gave him a mind to try what he could do upon a like Subject. Those being already forestall'd, he thought fit to make choice of the same Poet, whereon perhaps he has taken too much liberty. Had he seen Mr. Sandys his Translation before he began, he never durst have ventured: Since he has, and finds reason enough to despair of his undertaking. But now 'tis done, he is loth to burn it, and chuses rather to give somebody else the trouble. The Reader may do as he pleases, either like it, or put it to the use of Mr. Jordan's Works. 'Tis the first attempt he ever made in this kind, and likely enough to be the last, his vein (if he may be thought to have any) lying another way.

\* Ovids Metamorphoses.

SATYRS

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# SATYRS

## UPON THE JESUITS.

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### PROLOGUE.

**F**OR who can longer hold ? when every *Press*,  
The *Bar* and *Pulpit* too has broke the Peace ?  
When every scribbling *Fool* at the alarms  
Has drawn his Pen, and rises up in Arms ?  
And not a dull *Pretender* of the Town,  
But vents his gall in *Pamphlet* up and down ?  
When all with licence *rail*, and who will not,  
Must be almost suspected of the *PLOT*,  
And bring his *Zeal* or else his Parts in doubt ?

B

In



In vain our *Preaching Tribe* attack the *Foes*,  
 In vain their weak *Artillery* oppose;  
 Mistaken honest men, who gravely *blame*,  
 And hope that *gentle Doctrine* should reclaim.  
 Are *Texts*, and such exploded trifles fit  
 To impose, and sham upon a *Jesuit*?  
 Would they the dull old *Fisher-men* compare  
 With mighty *Suarez*, and great *Escobar*?  
 Such thred-bare proofs, and stale *Authorities*  
 May *Us* poor simple *Hereticks* suffice:  
 But to a fear'd *Ignatian's* Conscience,  
 Harden'd, as his own Face, with Impudence,  
 Whose Faith in contradiction bore, whom Lies,  
 Nor Non-sense, nor Impossibilities,  
 Nor shame, nor death, nor damning can assail:  
 Not these mild fruitless methods will avail.

'Tis pointed *Satyr*, and the *sharps* of Wit  
 For such a *prize* are th' only Weapons fit:  
 Nor needs there *Art*, or *Genius* here to use,  
 Where *Indignation* can create a muse:

Should

Should Parts, and Nature fail, yet very spite  
Would make the arrant'st *Wild*, or *Withers* write.

It is resolv'd : henceforth an endless War,  
I and my Muse with them, and theirs declare ;  
Whom neither open *Malice* of the *Foes*,  
Nor private *Daggers*, nor *St. Omers Dose*,  
Nor all, that *Godfrey* felt, or *Monarchs* fear,  
Shall from my vow'd, and sworn revenge deter.

Sooner shall false *Court Favourites* prove just,  
And faithful to their Kings, and Countrys trust :  
Sooner shall they detect the tricks of *State*,  
And knav'ry, suits, and bribes, and flatt'ry hate :  
*Bawds* shall turn *Nuns*, *Salt D—s* grow chaste,  
And *Paint*, and *Pride*, and *Lechery* detest :  
*Popes* shall for *Kings Supremacy* decide,  
And *Cardinals* for *Huguenots* be try'd :  
Sooner ( which is the great'st impossible )  
Shall the vile Brood of *Loyola*, and *Hell*  
Give o'er to Plot, be Villains, and Rebel ;

Than I with utmost spite, and vengeance cease  
To prosecute, and plague their cursed race.

The rage of *Poets* damn'd, of *Womens Pride*  
Contemn'd, and scorn'd, or *proffer'd lust* denied :  
The malice of *Religious* angry *Zeal*,  
And all, *cashier'd* *resenting States-men* feel :  
What prompts dire *Hags* in their own blood to  
And sell their very souls to Hell for spite : (write  
All this urge on my rank envenom'd spleen,  
And with keen Satyr edg my stabbing Pen :  
That, its each home-set thrust their blood may  
Each drop of Ink like *Aquafortis* gnaw. (draw,

Red hot with vengeance thus, I'll brand disgrace  
So deep, no time shall e'er the marks deface :  
'Till my severe and exemplary doom  
Spread wider than their guilt, till it become  
More dreaded than the *Bor*, and frighten worse  
Than damning *Pope's Anathema's*, and curse.

SATYR

---



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# SATYR I.

Garnet's *Ghost* addressing to the Je-  
suits, met in private Cabal just af-  
ter the Murder of Godfrey.

**B** Y *Hell* 'twas bravely done! what less than  
this? }

What *Sacrifice* of meaner worth, and price }

Could we have offer'd up for our success? }

So fare all they, who e'er provoke our hate,

Who by like ways presume to tempt their fate;

Fare each like this bold meddling *Fool*, and be

As well *secur'd*, as well *dispatch'd* as he:

Would he were here, yet warm, that we might

His reaking gore, and drink up ev'ry vein? (drain

That were a glorious *sanction*, much like shine,

Great *Roman*! made upon a like design:

B 3

Like



Think what late *Sect'ries* (an ignoble crew,  
 Not worthy to be rank'd in sin with you)  
 Inspir'd with lofty wickedness, durst do:  
 How from his Throne they hurl'd a *Monarch* down,  
 And doubly eas'd him of both Life, and Crown:  
 They scorn'd in covert their bold act to hide,  
 In open face of Heav'n the work they did,  
 And brav'd its vengeance, and its pow'rs defid:  
 This is his *Son*, and mortal too like him,  
 Durst you usurp the glory of the crime;  
 And dare ye not? I know, you scorn to be  
 By such as *they*, out-done in villany,  
 Your proper *province*; true, you urg'd them on,  
 Were Engines in the fact, but they alone  
 Share all the open credit, and renown.

But hold! I wrong our *Church*, and *Cause*, which  
 need

No forein instance, nor what others did:  
 Think on that matchless *Assassin*, whose name  
 We with just pride can make our happy claim;

He, who at killing of an *Emperor*,  
 To give his poison stronger force, and pow'r  
 Mixt a *God* with't, and made it work more sure:  
 Blest memory! which shall through Age to come  
 St. n. l. sacred in the Lists of *Hell*, and *Rome*.

Let our great *Clement* and *Ravillac's* name,  
 Your Spirits to like heights of sin inflame;  
 Those mighty *Souls*, who bravely chose to die  
 T' have each a *Royal Ghost* their company.

Heroick Act! and worth their tortures well,  
 Well worth the suffering of a double Hell,  
 That, they felt here, and that below, they feel.

And if these cannot move you, as they shou'd  
 Det me, and my example fire your blood:  
 Think on my vast attempt, a glorious deed,  
 Which durst the Fates have suffer'd to succeed,  
 Had rival'd *Hells* most proud exploit, and boast,  
 Ev'n that, which wou'd the *King of Fates* depos'd.

Cu sit be the day, and ne'er in time inrol'd,  
 And curst the Star, whose spiteful influence rul'd  
 The luckless Minute, which my project spoil'd:

Curse

Curse on that *Pow'r*, who, of himself afraid,  
 My glory with my brave design betray'd :  
 Justly he fear'd, lest I, who strook so high  
 In guile, should next blow up his Realm, and Sky :  
 And so I had ; at least I would have durst,  
 And failing, had got off with Fame at worst.

Had you but half my bravery in Sin,  
 Your work had never thus unfinish'd bin :  
 Had I bin Man, and the great Act to do ;  
 H'ad dy'd by this, and bin what I am now,  
 Or what *His Father* is : I would leap Hell  
 To reach *His* Life, tho in the midst I fell,  
 And deeper than before,——

Let rabble Souls, of narrow aim, and reach,  
 Stoop their vile Necks, and dull obedience preach :  
 Let them with slavish aw (disdain'd by me )  
 Adore the purple Rag of Majesty,  
 And think't a sacred Relick of the Sky :  
 Well may such Fools a base Subjection own,  
 Vassals to every *Ass*, that loads a Throne :

Un-



Unlike the foul, with which proud I was born,  
Who could that sneaking thing a *Monarch* scorn,  
Spurn off a Crown, and set my foot in sport  
Upon the head, that wore it, trod in dirt.

But say, what is't that binds your hands? do's fear  
From such a glorious action you deter?  
Or is't Religion? but you sure disclaim  
That frivolous pretence, that empty name:  
Meer bugbear word, devis'd by *Us* to scare  
The senseless rout to slavishness, and fear,  
Ne'er know to awe the brave, and those, that dare. }  
Such weak, and feeble things may serve for checks  
To rein, and curb base-mettled *Hereticks*;  
Dull creatures, whose nice bogling consciences  
Startle, or strain at such slight crimes as these;  
Such, whom fond inbred honesty befools,  
Or that old musty piece the *Bible* gulls:  
That hated *Book*, the bulwark of our *foes*,  
Whereby they still uphold their tottering cause.

Let

Let no such toys mislead you from the road  
 Of glory, nor infect your Souls with good:  
 Let never bold incroaching Virtue dare  
 With her grim holy face to enter there,  
 No, not in very *Dream*: have only will  
 Like *Fiends*, and *Me* to cover, and act ill:  
 Let true substantial wickedness take place,  
 Usurp, and Reign; let it the very trace  
 ( If any yet be left ) of good deface.  
 If ever qualms of inward cowardice  
 ( The things, which some dull sots call conscience )  
 rise,  
 Let them in streams of Blood, and Slaughter drown,  
 Or with new weights of guilt still press 'em down,  
 Shame, Faith, Religion, Honor, Loyalty,  
 Nature it self, whatever checks there be  
 To loose, and uncontrol'd impiety,  
 Be all extinct in you; own no remorse  
 But that you've balk'd a sin, have been no worse,  
 Or too much pity shewn,—

Be

Be diligent in Mischiefs Trade, be each  
 Performing as a *Dev'l*; nor stick to reach  
 At Crimes most dangerous; where bold despair,  
 Mad lust, and heedless blind revenge would ne'er  
 Ev'n look, march you without a blush, or fear,  
 Inflam'd by all the hazards that oppose,  
 And firm, as burning *Martyrs* to your *Cause*,

Then you're true *Jesuits*, then you're fit to be  
 Disciples of great *Loyola* and *Me*:

Worthy to undertake, worthy a *Plot*,  
 Like *this*, and fit to scourge a *Huguenot*.

Plagues on that *Name*! may swift confusion  
 seize,

And utterly blot out the cursed Race:

Thrice damn'd be that *Apostate Monk*, from whom  
 Sprung first these *Enemies* of *Us*, and *Rome*:  
 Whose pois'nous Filth, dropt from ingend'ring  
 Brain,

By monstrous Birth did the vile *Insects* spawn,  
 Which now infest each Country, and defile  
 With their o'erspreading swarms this goodly *Ile*,

Once

Once it was ours, and subject to our Yoke,  
Till a late *reigning Witch* th'Enchantment broke:  
It shall again: *Hell* and I say't: have ye  
But courage to make good the Prophecie:  
Nor Fate it self shall hinder.—

Too sparing was the time, too mild the day,  
When our great *Mary* bore the *English* sway?  
Unqueenlike pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,  
Nor was her *Purple* dy'd enough in Gore.

Four, or five hundred, such like petty sum  
Might fall perhaps a Sacrifice to *Rome*,  
Scarce worth the naming: had I had the Pow'r,  
Or been thought fit t'have been her *Consellor*,  
She shou'd have rais'd it to a nobler score.  
Big *Bonfires* should have blaz'd, and shone each day,  
To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our way:  
And when 'twas dark, in every Lane, and Street  
Thick flaming *Hereticks* should serve to light,  
And save the needless Charge of *Links* by night:

Smith.

*Smithfield* should still have kept a constant fire,  
Which never should be quench'd, never expire,  
But with the lives of all the *miscreant rout*,  
Till the last gasping breath had blown it out.

So *Nero* did, such was the prudent course  
Taken by all his mighty Successors,  
To tame like *Hereticks* of old by force:  
They scorn'd dull reason, and pedantick rules  
To conquer, and reduce the harden'd *Fools*:  
*Racks, Gibbets, Halters* were their arguments,  
Which did most undeniably convince:  
Grave bearded *Lions* manag'd the dispute,  
And reverend *Bears* their Doctrines did confute:  
And all, who would stand out in stiff defence,  
They gently *claw'd*, and *worried* into sense:  
Better than all our *Sorbon dotards* now,  
Who would by dint of words our *Foes* subdue.  
This was the rigid *Discipline* of old,  
Which modern sots for *Persecution* hold:

Of

Of which dull *Annalists* in story tell  
 Strange *Legends*, and huge bulky *Volumes* swell  
 With *Martyr'd Fools*, that lost their way to Hell.

From these, our *Church's* glorious *Ancestors*,  
 We've learnt our arts, and made their *Methods*  
 ours:

Nor have we come behind, the least degree,  
 In acts of rough and manly cruelty:  
 Converting Faggots, and the pow'ful stake,  
 And Sword resistless our *Apostles* make.

This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus  
 Were all the num'rous *Profelytes* of *Huss*  
 Crush'd with their head: So *Waldo's* cursed rout,  
 And those of *Wickliff* here were rooted out, (chose,  
 Their names scarce left.—Sure were the means, we  
 And wrought prevailingly: *Fire* purg'd the dross  
 Of those foul *Heresies*, and sovereign *Steel*  
 Lopt off th'infected Limbs the *Church* to heal.

Renown'd was that *French Brave*, renown'd his  
 A deed, for which the day deserves its red (deed,  
 Far more than for a paltry *Saint*, that died:

How

How goodly was the Sight ! how fine the Show  
 When *Paris* saw through all its Channels flow  
 The blood of *Huguenots* ; when the full *Sein*,  
 Swell'd with the flood, its Banks with joy o'er-ran !  
 He scorn'd like common Murderers to deal  
 By parcels and piece-meal ; he scorn'd *Retail*  
 I'th' Trace of death : whole Myriads died by  
                   th' great,  
 Soon as one single life ; so quick their Fate,  
 Their very Pray'rs and Wishes came too late.

This a *King* did : and great, and mighty 'twas.  
 Worthy his high degree, and Pow'r and Place,  
 And worthy our *Religion*, and our *Cause* :  
 Unmatch'd 't had been, had not *Mac quire* arose,  
 The bold *Mac-quire* ( who read in modern Fame,  
 Can be a Stranger to his Worth, and Name ? )  
 Born to out-shine a *Monarch*, born to *Reign*  
 In Guilt, and all Competitors disdain :  
 Dread memory ! whose each mention still can make  
 Pale *Hereticks* with trembling horror quake,

T'undo

T'undo a *Kingdom*, to atchieve a crime  
 Like his; who would not fall and die like him?  
 Never had *Rome* a nobler service done,  
 Never had *Hell*; each day came thronging down  
 Vast shoals of Ghosts, and *mine* was pleas'd, & glad,  
 And smil'd, when it the brave revenge survey'd.

Nor do I mention these great Instances  
 For bounds, and limits to your wickedness:  
 Dare you beyond, something out of the road  
 Of all example, where none yet have trod,  
 Nor shall hereafter: what mad *Catiline*  
 Durst never think, nor's madder *Poet* feign.  
 Make the poor baffled *Pagan Fool* confess,  
 How much a *Christian Crime* can conquer his:  
 How far in gallant mischief overcome,  
 The *old* must yield to *new, and modern Rome*.  
 Mix *Ills* past, present, future, in one act;  
 One high, one brave, one great, one glorious Fact,  
 Which *Hell*, and *very I* may envy——  
 Such as a *God* himself might wish to be



A Complice in the mighty *villany*  
 And barter's *Heaven*, and vouchsafe to die.

Nor let Delay (the bane of Enterprife)  
 Marr yours, or make the great importance miss.  
 This *fact* has wak'd your *Enemies*, and their fear;  
 Let it your vigour too, your haste, and care.

Be swift, and let your deeds forestal intent,  
 Forestal ev'n wishes, ere they can take vent,  
 Nor give the Fates the leisure to prevent.

Let the full Clouds, which a long time did wrap  
 Your gath'ring thunder, now with sudden clap,  
 Break out upon your *Foes*; dash, and confound,  
 And spread avoidless ruin all around.

Let the fir'd *City* to your *Plot* give light;  
 You raz'd it half before, now raze it quite.  
 Do't more effectually; I'd see it glow  
 In flames unquenchable as those below.  
 I'd see the *Miscreants* with their houses burn,  
 And all together into ashes turn,

Bend

Bend next your fury to the curst *Divan*;  
 That damn'd *Committee*, whom the Fates ordain  
 Of all our well-laid *Plots* to be the bane.  
 Unkennel those *State-Foxes* where they ly  
 Working your speedy fate, and destiny.  
 Lug by the ears the doting *Prelates* thence,  
 Dash *Hereſie* together with their Brains  
 Out of their ſhatter'd heads. Lop off the *Lords*  
 And *Commons* at one ſtroke, and let your Swords  
 Adjourn 'em all to th' other World——

Would I were bleſt with fleſh and blood again,  
 But to be Actor in that happy Scene!  
 Yet thus I will be by, and glut my view,  
 Revenge ſhall take its fill, in ſtate I'll go  
 With captive *Ghoſts* t'attend me down below.

Let theſe the Handſels of your vengeance be,  
 But ſtop not here, nor flag in cruelty.  
 Kill like a Plague, or *Inquiſition*; ſpare  
 No Age, Degree, or Sex; on'y to wear  
 A Soul, only to own a Life, be here

Thought crime enough to lose't: no time, nor  
Be Sanctuary from your outrages. (place

Spare not in Churches kneeling *Priests* at pray'r,  
Tho interceding for you, slay ev'n there.

Spare not young *Infants* smiling at the breast,  
Who from relenting Fools their mercy wrest:

Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood  
From thence, & drown 'em in their *Mothers* blood.

Pity not *Virgins*, nor their tender cries,

Tho prostrate at your feet with melting eyes

All drown'd in tears; strike home, as 'twere in *lust*,

And force their begging hands to guide the thrust.

Ravish at th' Altar, kill when you have done,

Make them your Rapes, and Victims too in one.

Nor let gray hoary hairs protection give

To *Age*, just crawling on the verge of Life:

Snatch from its leaning hands the weak support,

And with it knock't into the grave with sport;

Brain the poor Cripple with his Crutch, then cry,

You've kindly rid him of his misery.

Scal

Seal up your Ears to Mercy, lest their words  
Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your Swords  
( Their tongues too ) down their throats; let 'em  
not dare

To mutter for their Souls a gasping Pray'r,  
But in the utr'rance choak'r, and stab it there.  
'Twere witty handfom Malice ( could you do't )  
To make 'em die, and make 'em damn'd to boot.

Make Children by one Fate with Parents die,  
Kill ev'n *revenge* in next Posterity :  
So you'll be pester'd with no Orphans cries,  
No Childless Mothers curse your Memories.  
Make Death, and Desolation swim in blood  
Throughout the *Land*, with nought to stop the *flood*  
But slaughter'd Carcasses; till the whole *Isle*  
Become one *tomb*, become one *fun'ral pile* ;  
Till such vast numbers swell the countless sum,  
That the wide Grave, and wider Hell want room.

Great was that *Tyrants* wish, which should be  
Did I not scorn the leavings of a sin ; ( mine,

Freely I would bestow't on *England* now, (grow,  
 That the whole Nation with one neck might  
 To be slic'd off, and you to give the blow. }

What neither *Saxon* rage could here inflict,  
 Nor *Danes* more savage, nor the barb'rous *Pill*;  
 What *Spain* or *Eighty Eight* could e'er devise,  
 With all its *Fleet*, and *freight* of cruelties;  
 What ne'er *Medina* wish'd, much less could dare,  
 And bloodier *Alva* would with trembling hear;  
 What may strike our dire Prodigies of old,  
 And make their mild, and gentler acts untold;  
 What Heav'ns Judgments, nor the angry Stars,  
 Foreign Invasions, nor Domestick Wars,  
 Plague, Fire, nor Famine could effect or do;  
 All this, and more be dar'd, and done by you.

But why do I with idle talk delay  
 Your hands, and while they should be acting, stay?  
 Farewel——

If I may waite a Pray'r for your success,  
 Hell be your aid, and your high projects bless!

May

May that vile Wretch, if any here there be,  
That meanly shrinks from brave Iniquity;  
If any here feel pity, or remorse,  
May he feel all, I've bid you act, and worse!  
May he by rage of Foes unpitied fall,  
And they tread out his hated Soul to Hell.

May's Name, and Carcase rot, expos'd alike to be  
The everlasting mark of grinning Infamy.

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## S A T Y R II.

**N**ay, if our sins are grown so high of late,  
 That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our fate;  
 May't please some milder Vengeance to devise,  
 Plague, Fire, Sword, Dearth, or any thing but this.  
 Let it rain scalding Show'rs of *Brimstone* down,  
 To burn us, as of old the *lustful Town* :

Let a new *deluge* overwhelm agen,  
 And drown at once our Land, our Lives, our Sin.  
 Thus gladly we'll compound, all this we'll pay,  
 To have this worst of *Ills* remov'd away.  
 Judgments of other kinds are often sent  
 In mercy only, not for punishment :  
 But where these light, they shew a Nation's fate  
 Is given up, and past for reprobate.

When God his stock of wrath on *Egypt* spent,  
 To make a stubborn *Land*, and *King* repent,  
 Sparing the rest, had he this one Plague sent ;

For

For this alone his *People* had been quit,  
And *Pharaoh* circumcis'd a *Profelyte*.

Wonder no longer why no *Curse*, like these,  
Was known, or suffer'd in the Prim'tive Days :  
They never sinn'd enough to merit it, (fit,  
'Twas therefore what Heavens just pow'r thought  
To scourge this latter, and more sinful age  
With all the *dregs*, and *squeefings* of his rage.

Too dearly is proud *Spain* with *England* quit  
For all her loss sustein'd in *Eighty Eight* ;  
For all the *Ills*, our Warlike *Virgin* wrought,  
Or *Drake*, and *Rawleigh* her great Scourges brought.  
Amply she was reveng'd in that one birth, (forth;  
When Hell for her the *Biscain* Plague brought  
Great Counter plague ! in which unhappy we  
Pay back her Suff'rings with full usury :  
Than whom alone none ever was design'd  
T'entail a wider curse on Human Kind,  
But *he*, who first begot us, and first sin'd,

Happy



Happy the World had been, and happy Thou,  
 ( Less damn'd at least, and less accurst than now )  
 If early with less guilt in War th'hadst dy'd,  
 And from ensuing mischiefs Mankind freed.  
 Or when thou view'dst the *Holy Land*, and *Tomb*,  
 Th'hadst suffer'd there thy *brother Traitor's* doom.  
 Curst be the womb, that with the *Firebrand* teem'd,  
 Which ever since has the whole *Globe* inflam'd;  
 More curst that ill aim'd *Shot*, which basely mist,  
 Which maim'd a *Limb*, but spar'd thy hated *breast*,  
 And made th' at once a *Cripple*, and a *Priest*.

But why this wish ; The *Church* if so might lack  
*Champions*, *good works*, and *Saints* for th' *Almanack*.  
 These are the *Janizaries* of the *Cause*,  
 The *Life-Guard* of the *Roman Sultan*, chose  
 To break the force of *Huguenots*, and *Foes*.  
 The Churches *Hawkers* in *Divinity*.  
 Who 'stead of *Lace*, and *Ribbons*, *Doctrine* cry :  
*Rome's Strowlers*, who survey each *Continent*,  
 Its *trinkets*, and *commodities* to vent.

Ex-

Export the *Gospel*, like mere *ware*, for sale,  
 And truckt for *Indigo*, and *Cutchoneal*.  
 As the known *Factors* here, the *Brethren*, once  
 Swopt *Christ* about for *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Spoons*.

And shall these great *Apostles* be contemn'd,  
 And thus by scoffing *Hereticks* defam'd?  
 They, by whose means both *Indies* now enjoy  
 The two choice Blessings, *Pox* and *Popery*?  
 Which buried else in ignorance had been,  
 Nor known the worth of *Beads*, and *Bellarmino*?

It pitied holy *Mother Church* to see  
 A World so drown'd in gross *Idolatry*:  
 It griev'd to see such goodly Nations hold  
 Bad *Errors* and unpardonable *Gold*.  
 Strange! what a zeal can *Coin* infuse!  
 What Charity *Pieces of Eight* produce!  
 So you were chosen the fittest to reclaim  
 The *Pagan* World, and giv't a *Christian* Name.  
 And great was the success; whole *Myriads* stood  
 At *Font*, and were baptiz'd in their own blood.

Millions

Millions of Souls were hurl'd from hence to burn  
Before their time, be damn'd before their turn.

Yet these were in compassion sent to Hell,  
The rest reserv'd in spite, and worse to feel,  
Compell'd instead of *Fiends* to worship you,  
The more inhuman *Devils* of the two.

Rare way, and method of *Conversion* this,  
To make your *Votaries* your Sacrifice!

If to destroy be *Reformation* thought;  
A *Plague* as well might the *good work* have wrought.

Now see we why your *Founder*, weary grown  
Would lay his former Trade of *Killing* down;  
He found 'twas dull, he found a *Crown* would be  
A fitter case, and badge of cruelty.

Each sniv'ling *Hero* Seas of Blood can spill,  
When wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill.  
Each tiny *Bully* Lives can freely bleed,  
When press'd by *Wine*, or *Punk* to knock o'th' head:  
Give me your through-pac'd *Rogue*, who scorns }  
Prompted by poor *Revenge*, or *Injury*, (to be }  
But does it of true inbred cruelty:

Your

Your cool, and sober *Murderer*, who prays,  
 And stabs at the same time, who one hand has  
 Stretch'd up to Heav'n, t'other to make the Pass. }

So the late *Saints* of blessed memory,  
 Cut throats in Godly pure sincerity :  
 So they with lifted Hands, and eyes devout,  
 Said Grace, and carv'd a slaughter'd *Monarch* out.

When the first Traitor *Cain* (too good to be  
 Thought Patron of this black *Fraternity*)  
 His bloody Tragedy of old design'd,  
 One death alone quench'd his revengeful mind, }  
 Content with but a quarter of Mankind :  
 Had he been *Jesuit*, had he but put on  
 Their savage cruelty ; the rest had gone :  
 His hand had sent old *Adam* after too,  
 And forc'd the Godhead to create anew. (thought

And yet 'twere well, were their foul guilt but  
 Bare sin : 'tis something ev'n to own a fault.  
 But here the boldest flights of wickedness  
 Are stamp'd *Religion*, and for currant pass.

The

The blackest, ugliest, horrid'st, damned'st deed,  
 For which *Hell-flames*, the *Schools* a Title need,  
 If done for *Holy Church*; is sanctified.

This consecrates the blessed *Work*, and *Tool*,  
 Nor must we ever after think 'em foul.

To undo Realms, kill Parents, murder Kings,  
 Are thus but petty trifles venial things,  
 Not worth a *Confessor*; nay, Heav'n shall be  
 It self invok'd t'abet th' impiety.

Grant, gracious Lord, (*Some Reverend Villain*  
 ' That this the bold Assertor of our Cause (*prays*)  
 ' May with success accomplish that great end,  
 ' For which he was by thee, and us design'd.  
 ' Do thou t'his Arm, and Sword thy strength im-  
 ' And guide 'em steady to the *Tyrant's* heart. (*part,*  
 ' Grant him for every meritorious thrust  
 ' Degrees of bliss above among the Just;  
 ' Where holy *Garnet*, and *S. Guy* are plac'd,  
 ' Whom works, like this, before have thither rais'd.

Where

' Where they are interceding for us now ;  
 ' For sure they're there. Yes questionless, and so }  
 Good *Nero* is, and *Dioclesian* too,  
 And that great ancient Saint *Herostatus*,  
 ' And the late godly *Martyr* at *Thoulonse*.

Dare something worthy *Newgate* and the *Tow'r*,  
 If you'll be *canoniz'd*, and Heav'n insure.  
 Dull *prim'tive Fools* of old ! who would be good,  
 Who would by virtue reach the blest abode :  
 Far other are the ways found out of late,  
 Which Mortals to that happy place translate :  
 Rebellion, Treason, Murder, Massacre,  
 The chief Ingredients now of *Saintship* are,  
 And *Tyburn* only stocks the *Calendar*.

Unhappy *Judas*, whose ill fate, or chance  
 Threw him upon gross times of ignorance ;  
 Who knew not how to value, or esteem  
 The worth and merit of a glorious crime !  
 Should his kind Stars have let him acted now ;  
 H'ad dy'd *absolv'd*, and dy'd a *Martyr* too.

Hear't

Hear'st thou, Great God, such daring blasphemy,  
 And let'st thy patient Thunder still lie by ?  
 Strike, and avenge, lest impious *Atheists* say,  
 Chance guides the world, and has usurp'd thy sway;  
 Lest these proud prosp'rous *Villains* too confess,  
 Thou'rt senseless, as they make thy Images.  
 Thou just, and sacred Pow'r ! wilt thou admit  
 Such Guests should in thy glorious presence sit ?  
 If Heav'n can with such company dispence;  
 Well did the *Indian* pray, *Might he keep thence !*

But this we only feign, all vain, and false,  
 As their own *Legends, Miracles, and Tales*;  
 Either the groundless calumnies of spite,  
 Or idle rants of Poetry, and Wit.

We wish they were : but you hear *Garnet* cry,  
 ' I did it, and would do't again ; had I  
 ' As much of Blood, as many Lives as *Rome*  
 ' Has spilt in what the *Fools* call *Martyrdom* ;  
 ' As many Souls as Sins ; I'd freely stake  
 ' All them, and more for *Mother Church's* sake.

' For

For that I'll stride o'er Crowns, swim through a  
Flood,

'Made up of slaughter'd Monarchs Brains, and  
Blood.

'For that no *lives* of *Hereticks* I'll spare,

'But reap 'em down with less remorse, and care

'Than *Tarquin* did the Poppy-heads of old,

'Or we drop Beads, by which our Pray'rs are told.

Bravely resolv'd! and 'twas as bravely dar'd:

But (lo!) the Recompence, and great Reward

The *wight* is to the *Almanack* preferr'd.

Rare motives to be damn'd for holy Cause,

A few *red Letters*, and some *painted straws*!

Fools! who thus truck with Hell by *Mohatra*,

And play their Souls against no stakes away.

'Tis strange with what an holy Impudence

The Villain *caught*, his Innocence maintains:

Denies with Oaths the Fact, until it be

Less guilt to own it than the perjury:

By th' *Mass*, and blessed *Sacraments* he swears,

This *Mary's Milk*, and t'other *Mary's Tears*,

And the whole muster-roll in *Calendars*.

D

Not



Not yet swallow the Falshood : if all this  
 Won't gain a resty Faith ; he will on's knees  
 Th' *Evangelists*, and *Lady's Psalter* kifs.

To vouch the Lye : nay, more, to make it good  
 Mortgage his Soul upon't, his Heav'n, and God.

Damn'd faithless *Hereticks* ! hard to convince,

Who trust no Verdict but dull obvious Sense.

Unconscionable *Courts* ! who *Priests* deny

Their *Benefit o'th' Clergy*, Perjury.

Room for the *Martyr'd Saints* ! behold they come !  
 With what a noble Scorn they meet their Doom ?

Not *Knights o'th' Post*, nor often Carted *Whores*

Shew more of Impudence, or less Remorse.

O glorious, and heroick Constancy !

That can forswear upon the *Cart*, and die

With gasping Souls expiring in a Lye.

None but tame Sheepish *Criminals* repent,

Who fear the idle Bugbear, Punishment :

Your gallant Sinner scorns that Cowardice,

The poor regret of having done amiss :

Brave

Brave he, to his first Principles still true,  
 Can face Damnation, sin with Hell in view:  
 And bid it take the Soul, he does bequeath,  
 And blow it thither with his dying breath.

Dare such, as these, profess *Religion's* Name?  
 Who, should they own't, and be believ'd; would  
 shame

It's Practice out o' th' World, would *Atheists* make  
 Firm in their *Creed*, and vouch it at the Stake?

Is *Heav'n* for such, whose deeds make *Hell* too good,  
 Too mild a *Penance* for their cursed Brood?

For whose unheard-of Crimes, and damned Sake!

Fate must below new sorts of Torture make,

Since, when of old it fram'd that place of Doom,

'Twas thought no guilt, like this, could thither come.

Base recreant Souls! would you have Kings trust  
 you,

Who never yet kept your Allegiance true

To any but *Hell's Prince*? who with more ease

Can swallow down most solemn Perjuries,

Than a *Town-Bullie* common Oaths; and Lies?

Are the *French Harry's* Fates so soon forgot ?

Our last blest *Tudor* ? or the *Powder-Plot* ?

And those fine Streamers, that adorn'd so long

The *Bridge*, and *Westminster*, and yet had hung,

Were they not stoln, and now for *Relicks* gone ?

Think *Tories* Loyal, or *Scotch Covenanters* :

Robb'd *Tygers* gentle, courteous, fasting *Bears* :

*Atheists* devout, and thrice wrack'd *Mariners* :

Take *Goats* for Chast, and cloister'd *Marmosites* :

For plain, and open two edg'd *Parasites* :

Believe *Bawds* modest, and the shameless *Stews*,

And binding *Drunkards Oaths*, and *Strumpets Vows* :

And when in time these Contradiction meet ;

Then hope to find 'em in a *Loyalite* :

To whom, tho gasping, should I credit give ;

I'd think 'twere Sin, and damn'd like unbelief.

Oh for the *Swedish* Law enacted here !

No Scare-crow frightens like a *Priest-Gelder*,

Hunt them, as *Beavers* are, force them to buy

Their Lives with Ransom of their Lechery.

Or

Or let that wholsom *Statute* be reviv'd,  
 Which *England* heretofore from *Wolves* reliev'd:  
 Tax every *Shire* instead of them to bring  
 Each Year a certain tale of *Jesuits* in:  
 And let their mangled *Quarters* hang the *Ile*  
 To scare all future Vermin from the Soil.  
 Monsters avault! may some kind whirlwind sweep  
 Our Land, and drown these *Locusts* in the deep:  
 Hence ye loath'd Objects of our Scorn, and Hate  
 With all the Curses of an injur'd *State*:  
 Go, foul *Impostors*, to some duller Soil,  
 Some easier *Nation* with your *Cheats* beguile:  
 Where your gross common *Gulleries* may pass,  
 To *flur*, and *top* on *bubbled Consciences*:  
 Where *Ignorance*, and th' *Inquisition* rules,  
 Where the vile herd of poor *Implicit Fools*  
 Are damn'd contentedly, where they are led  
 Blindfold to *Hell*, and thank, and pay their Guide.  
 Go, where all your black *Tribe* before are gone;  
 Follow *Chastel*, *Ravillac*, *Clement* down,

Your *Catesby*, *Faux*, and *Garnet*, thousands more,  
And those, who hence have lately rais'd the Score,  
Where the *Grand Traitor* now, and all the Crew  
Of his *Disciples* must receive their Due:  
Where *Flames*, and *Tortures* of *Eternal Date*  
Must punish you, yet ne'er can expiate:  
Learn duller *Fiends* your unknown Cruelties,  
Such as no Wit, but yours, could e'er devise,  
No Guilt, but yours, deserve; make *Hell* confess  
*It self* out-done, it's *Devils* damn'd for less.

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S A T T R

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# S A T I R III.

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## Loyola's Will.

**L**ong had the sam'd Impostor found Success,  
 Long seen his damn'd Fraternity's increase,  
 In Wealth, and Power, Mischief, Guile improv'd.  
 By Popes, and Pope-rid Kings upheld, and lov'd:  
 Laden with Tears, and Sins, and num'rous Scars,  
 Got some 7th' Field, but met in other Wars,  
 Now finding Life decay, and Fate draw near,  
 Grown ripe for Hell, and Roman Calendar,  
 He thinks it worth his Holy Thoughts, and Care,  
 Some hidden Rules, and Secrets to Impart,  
 The Proofs of long Experience, and deep Art,  
 Which to his Successors may useful be  
 In conduct of their future Villany.  
 Summon'd together, all th' Officious Band  
 The Orders of their Bedrid Chief attend;  
 Doubtful, what Legacy he will bequeath,  
 And wait with greedy Ears his dying Breath:

*With such quick Duty Vassal Fiends below  
To meet commands of their Dread Monarchs go.*

*On Pillow rais'd, he do's their entrance greet,  
And joys to see the wish'd assembly meet :  
They in glad Murmurs tell their Joy aloud,  
Then a deep silence stills th' expecting Croud,  
Like Delphick Hag of old, by Fiend possess,  
He swells, wild Frenzy, heaves his panting Brest,  
His bristling Hairs stick up, his Eye-balls glow,  
And from his Mouth long Strakes of Drivel flow :  
Thrice with due Rev'rence he himself doth cross,  
Then thus his Hellish Oracles disclose.*

*Ye firm Associates of my great Design,  
Whom the same Vows, and Oaths, and Order joyn,  
The faithful Band, whom I, and Rome have chose,  
The last support of our declining Cause ;  
Whose Conqu'ring Troops I with Success have led  
Gainst all Opposers of our Church, and Head ;  
Who e'er to the mad German owe their Rise,  
Geneva's Rebels, or the hot-brain'd Swiss ;*

*Revolted*

Revolted Hereticks, who late have broke  
And durst throw off the long-worn Sacred Yoke:  
You, by whose happy Influence *Rome* can boast  
A greater Empire, than by *Luther* lost:  
By whom wide Natures far-fetch'd Limits now,  
And utmost *Indies* to its Crozier bow:

Go on, ye mighty Champions of our Cause,  
Maintain our Party, and subdue our Foes:  
Kill Heresie, that rank, and pois'nous Weed,  
Which threatens now the Church to overspread:  
Fire *Calvin*, and his Nest of Upstarts out,  
Who tread our Sacred Mitre under Foot;  
Stray'd *Germany* reduce; let it no more  
Th' incestuous *Monk* of *Wittemberg* adore:  
Make stubborn *Engl.* once more stoop its Crown,  
And Fealty to our Priestly Sovereign own:  
Regain our Churches Rights, the *Island* clear  
From all remaining Dregs of *Wickliff* there.  
Plot, enterprize, contrive, endeavour, spare  
No Toil, nor Pains: no Death, nor Danger fear:

Restless



Restless your Aims pursue: let no defeat  
 Your sprightly Courage, and Attempts rebate,  
 But urge to fresh, and bolder, ne'er to end  
 Till the whole World to our great *Caliph* bend:  
 Till he thro' every Nation every where  
 Bear sway, and Reign as absolute, as here:  
 Till *Rome* without controul, and Contest be  
 The Universal Ghosly Monarchy.

Oh! that kind Heaven a longer Thread would  
 give,

And let me to that happy Juncture live:

But 'tis decreed!—*at this he paus'd, and wept,*

*The rest alike time with his sorrow kept:*

*Then thus continued he*—Since unjust Fate

Envies my Race of Glory longer date;

Yet, as a wounded General, e'er he dies,

To his sad Troops, sighs out his last Advice,

(Who, tho they must his fatal Absence moan,

By those great Lessons conquer, when he's gone)

So I to you my last Instructions give,

And breath out Counsel with my parting Life:

Let

Let each to my important words give Ear,  
Worth your attention, and my dying Care.

First, and the chiefeſt thing by me enjoyn'd.  
The Solemn'ſt Tie, that muſt your Order bind,  
Let each without demur, or ſcruple pay  
A ſtrict Obedience to the *Roman* Sway :  
To the unerring Chair all Homage Swear,  
Altho a Punk, a Witch, a Fiend ſit there :  
Who e'er is to the Sacred Mitre rear'd,  
Believe all Vertues with the place conferr'd :  
Think him eſtabliſh'd there by Heav'n, tho he  
Has Altars rob'd for Bribes the Choice to buy,  
Or pawn'd his Soul to Hell for Simony :  
Tho he be Atheiſt, Heathen, *Turk*, or *Jew*,  
Blasphemer, Sacrilegious, Perjur'd too :  
Tho Pander, Bawd, Pimp, Pathick, Buggerer,  
What e'er old *Sodom's* Neſt of Lechers were :  
Tho Tyrant, Traitor, Poiſ'ner, Parricide,  
Magician, Monſter, all, that's bad beſide :  
Fouler than Infamy ; the very Lees,  
The Sink, the Jakes, the Common-ſhore of Vice :  
Strait

Strait count him Holy, Vertuous, Good, Devout,  
Chast, Gentle, Meek, a Saint, a God, who not?

Make Fate hang on his Lips, nor Heaven have  
Pow'r to Predestinate without his leave :

None be admitted there, but who he please,  
Who buys from him the Patent for the Place.  
Hold those amongst the highest rank of Saints,  
Whom e'er he to that Honour shall advance,  
Tho here the Refuse of the Jail, and Stews,  
Which Hell it self would scarce for Lumber chuse :  
But count all Reprobate, and Damn'd, and worse,  
Whom he, when Gout, or Tiffick Rage, shall curse:  
Whom he in Anger Excommunicates,  
For *Friday* Meals, and abrogating Sprats ;  
Or in just Indignation spurns to Hell  
For jearing Holy Toe, and Pantofle.

What e'er he says, esteem for Holy Writ,  
And Text Apocryphal, if he think fit :  
Let arrant Legends, worst of Tales and Lies,  
Falscr than *Capgraves*, and *Voragines*,

Than

Than *Quixot*, *Rablais*, *Amadis de Gaul*;  
Is sign'd with Sacred Lead, and Fisher's Seal  
Be thought Authentick and Canonical.

Again, if he Ordain't in his Decrees,  
Let very Gospel for meer Fable pass:  
Let Right be wrong, Black White, and Vertue Vice,  
No Sun, no Moon, nor no Antipodes:

Forswear your Reason, Conscience, & your Creed,  
Your very Sense, and *Euclid*, if he bid.

Let it be held less heinous, less amiss,  
To break all God's Commands, than one of his:  
When his great Missions call, without delay,  
Without reluctance readily Obey,  
Nor let your Inmost Wishes dare gainsay:

Should he to *Bantam*, or *Japan* command,  
Or farthest Bounds of *Southern* unknown Land,  
Farther than Avarice its Vassals drives,  
Thro' Rocks, and Dangers, loss of Blood, and Lives;  
Like great *Xavier's* be your Obedience shown,  
Outstrip his Courage, Glory, and Renown;

Whom

Whom neither yawning Gulphs of deep Despair,  
 Nor scorching Heats of burning Line could scare:  
 Whom Seas, nor Storms, nor Wracks could make  
 refrain

From propagating Holy Faith, and Gain.

If he but nod Commissions out to kill,  
 But becken Lives of Hereticks to spill;

Let th' *Inquisition* rage, fresh Cruelties  
 Make the dire Engines groan with tortur'd Cries:

Let *Campo Flori* every day be strow'd

With the warm Ashes of the *Lutbran* Brood:

Repeat again *Bohemian* Slaughters o'er,

And *Piedmont* Vallies drown with floating Gore:

Swifter than Murdering Angels, when they fly

On Errands of avenging Destiny.

Fiercer than Storms let loose, with eager haste

Lay Cities, Countries, Realms, whole Nature waste.

Sack, ravish, burn, destroy, slay, massacre,

Till the same Grave their Lives, and Names interr.

These are the Rights to our great *Mussy* due,

The sworn Allegiance of your Sacred Vow:

What

What else we in our Votaries require,  
What other Gift, next follows to enquire.

And first it will our great Advice besit,

What Soldiers to your Lists you ought admit,

To Natives of the Church, and Faith, like you,

The foremost rank of Choice is justly due:

'Mongst whom the chiefest place assign to those,

Whose Zeal has mostly signaliz'd the Cause;

But let not Entrance be to them deny'd,

Who ever shall desert the adverse Side;

Omit no Promises of Wealth, or Power,

That may inveigle Hereticks allure;

Those, whom great Learning, Parts, or Wit re-

Cajole with hopes of Honours, Scarlet Gowns,

Provincialships, and Palls, and Triple Crowns.

This must a Rector, that a Provost be,

A third succeed to the next Abbacy:

Some Princes, Tutors, others Confessors,

To Dukes, and Kings, and Queens, and Emperors:

These are strong Arguments, which seldom fail,

Which more than all your weak disputes prevail.

Ex-

Exclude not those of less desert, decree  
 To all Revolters your Foundation free:  
 To all, whom Gaming, Drunkennells, or Lust,  
 To Need, and Popery shall have reduc'd:  
 To all, whom flighted Love, Ambition crost,  
 Hopes often blurr'd, and Sought Preferment lost,  
 Whom Pride, or Discontent, Revenge, or Spite,  
 Fear, Frenzy, or Despair shall Profelyte:  
 Those powerful Motives, which the most bring in,  
 Most Converts to our Church, and Order win.  
 Reject not those, whom Guilt, and Crimes at home  
 Have made to us for Sanctuary come:  
 Let Sinners of each Hue, and Size, and Kind,  
 Here quick admittance, and safe Refuge find:  
 Be they from Justice of their Country fled,  
 With Blood of Murders, Rapes, and Treasons died:  
 No Varlet, Rogue, or Miscreant refuse,  
 From Gallies, jails, or Hell it self broke loose.  
 By this you shall in Strength, and Numbers grow,  
 And shoals each day to your throng'd Cloisters  
 flow.

So

So *Rome's* and *Mecca's* first great Founders 'did,  
By such wise Methods made their Churches spread.

When shaven Crown, and hallow'd Girdle's  
Power

Has dub'd him Saint, that Villain was before;  
Enter'd, let it his first Endeavour be

To shake off all remains of Modesty,

Dull sneaking Modesty, not more unfit

For needy flatt'ring Poets, when they write,

Or trading Punks, than for a *Jesuit* :

If any Novice feel at first a blush,

Let Wine, and frequent converse with the Stews

Reform the Fop, and shame it out of Use,

Unteach the puling Folly by degrees,

And train him to a well-bred Shamelessness.

Get that great Gift, and Talent, Impudence,

Accomplish'd Mankind's highest Excellence :

'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,

Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate :



Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,  
 An Ass a Bishop, can vil't Blockheads rear  
 To wear Red Hats, and sit in Porph'ry Chair.  
 'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Sense,  
 Worth, Merit, Honour, Vertue, Innocence.

Next for *Religion*, learn what's fit to take,  
 How small a Dram do's the just Compound make.  
 As much as is by th' Crafty *States-men* worn  
 For Fashion only, or to serve a turn:  
 To bigot Fools its idle Practice leave,  
 Think it enough the empty Form to have:  
 The outward Show is seemly, cheap, and light,  
 The Substance Cumberfom, of Cost, and Weight:  
 The Rabble judge by what appears to th' Eye,  
 None, or but few the Thoughts within descry.  
 Make't you an Engine to ambitious Pow'r  
 To stalk behind, and hit your Mark more sure:  
 A Cloak to cover well-hid *Knavery*,  
 Like it, when us'd, to be with ease thrown by:  
 A shifting Card, by which your course to steer,  
 And taught with every changing *Wind* to veer.

Let

Let no Nice, Holy, Conscientious Ass  
 Amongst your better Company find place,  
 Me, and your Foundation to disgrace:  
 Let Truth be banisht, ragged Vertue fly,  
 And poor unprofitable Honesty;  
 Weak Idols, who their wretched Slaves betray;  
 To every Rook, and every Knave a Prey:  
 These lie remote, and wide from Interest,  
 Farther than Heaven from Hell, or *East* from *West*,  
 Far, as they e'er were distant from the brest.

Think not your selves t' Austerities confin'd,  
 Or those strict Rules, which other Orders bind,  
 To *Capuchins*, *Carthusians*, *Cordeliers*  
 Leave Penance, meager Abstinence, and Prayers:  
 In lousie Rags let *Begging Fryars* lye,  
 Content on Straw, or Boards to mortifie:  
 Let them with Sackcloth discipline their Skins,  
 And scourge them for their madness, and their Sins:  
 Let pining *Anchorets* in Grotto's starve,  
 Who from the Liberties of Nature swerve:

Who mak't their chief *Religion* not to eat,  
And place't in nastiness, and want of Meat :  
Live you in *Luxury*, and pamper'd *Ease*,  
As if whole Nature were your *Caterefs*.  
Soft be your Beds, as those, which Monarchs *Whores*  
Lye on, or *Gouts* of *Bed-rid Emperors* :  
Your *Wardrobes* stor'd with choice of Suits, more dear  
Than *Cardinals* on high Processions wear :  
With Dainties load your Boards, whose every  
*Dish*  
May tempt cloy'd *Gluttons*, or *Vitellius Wish*.  
Each fit a longing *Queen* : let richest *Wines*  
With *Mirth* your Heads inflame, with *Lust* your  
Veins :  
Such as the Friends of dying *Popes* would give  
For *Cordials* to prolong their *gasping Life*.  
Ne'er let the *Nazarene*, whose Badg, and Name  
You wear, upbraid you with a Conscious Shame :

Leave

Leave him his slighted *Homilies*, and *Rules*,  
 To stuff the *Squabbles* of the wrangling *Schools*;  
 Disdain, that he, and the poor angling *Tribe*,  
 Should Laws and Government to you prescribe:  
 Let none of those good Fools your *Patterns* make;  
 Instead of them, the mighty *Judas* take.  
 Renown'd *Iscaariot*, fit alone to be  
 Th' Example of our great Society:  
 Whose darling Guilt despis'd the common *Road*,  
 And scorn'd to stoop at Sin beneath a God.

And now 'tis time I should *Instructions* give,  
 What *Wiles*, and *Cheats* the Rabble best deceive:  
 Each *Age* and *Sex*, their different *Passions* wear,  
 To suit with which requires a prudent Care:  
 Youth is *Capricious*, *Headstrong*, *Fickle*, *Vain*,  
 Given to *Lawless Pleasure*, Age to gain:  
 Old *Wives*, in *Superstition* over-grown,  
 With *Chimny-Tales*, and *Stories* best are won:  
 'Tis no mean *Talent* rightly to descry,  
 What several *Baits* to each you ought apply.

The Credulous, and easie of Belief,  
 With *Miracles*, and well-fram'd Lies deceive.  
 Empty whole *Surius*, and the *Talmud*: drain  
 Saint *Francis*, and Saint *Mahomet's Alcoran*:  
 Sooner shall *Popes*, and *Cardinals* want Pride,  
 Than you a *Stock* of Lies, and Legends need.

Tell how blest *Virgin* to come down was seen,  
 Like *Play-House Punk* descending in *Machine*:  
 How she writ *Billets Doux*, and *Love-Discourse*,  
 Made *Assignations*, *Visits*, and *Amours*:  
 How *Hosts* distress, her *Smock* for *Banner* bore,  
 Which vanquish'd *Foes*, and murder'd at twelve  
 Relate how *Fish* in *Conventicles* met, (Score.  
 And *Mackrel* were with Bait of *Doctrine* caught:  
 How *Cattle* have *Judicious Hearers* been,  
 And *Stones* pathetically cry'd *Amen*:  
 How consecrated *Hive* with Bells was hung,  
 And Bees kept *Mafs*, and Holy *Anthems Sung*:  
 How *Pigs* to th' *Ros'ry* kneel'd, and sheep were  
 To bleat *Te Deum*, and *Magnificat*: (taught

How

How *Fly-Flap* of Church-Censure Houses rid  
 Of Insects, which at Curse of *Fryer* dy'd:  
 How travelling Saints, well mounted on a Switch,  
 Ride *Journeys* thro' the *Air*, like *Lapland Witch*:  
 And ferrying Cows *Religious Pilgrims* bore,  
 O'er waves without the help of Sail, or Oar.  
 Nor let *Xavier's* great *Wonders* pass conceal'd,  
 How *Storms* were by th' Almighty *Wafer* quell'd;  
 How *zealous Crab* the Sacred Image bore,  
 And swam a *Catb'lick* to the distant *Shore*:  
 With Shams, like these, the giddy *Rout* misled,  
 Their *Folly*, and their *Superstition* feed.

'Twas found a good, and gainful Art of Old  
 (And much it did our Churches *Pow'r* uphold)  
 To feign *Hobgoblins*, *Elves*, and walking *Sprites*,  
 And *Fairies* dancing *Salenger* a Nights:  
 White Sheets for *Ghosts*, and *Will-a-wisps* have past  
 For Souls in *Purgatory* unrelasht.  
 And Crabs in Church-Yard crawl'd in *Masquerade*,  
 To cheat the Parish, and have *Masses* said.

By this our *Ancestors* in happier Days,  
 Did store of Credit, and Advantage raise:  
 But now the Trade is fall'n, decay'd, and dead,  
 E'er since *Contagious Knowledg* has o'er-spread:  
 With *Scorn* the grinning Rabble now hear tell  
 Of *Hecla*, *Patrick's Hole*, and *Mongibel*;  
 Believ'd no more, than Tales of *Troy*, unless  
 In *Countries* drown'd in *Ignorance*, like this.  
 Henceforth be wary how such things you feign,  
 Except it be beyond the *Cape*, or *Line*:  
 Except at *Mexico*, *Brazile*, *Peru*,  
 At the *Molucco's*, *Goa*, or *Pegu*,  
 Or any distant, and *Remoter Place*,  
 Where they may currant, and unquestion'd pass:  
 Where never *poching Hereticks* resort,  
 To spring the Lye, and make't their *Game*, and  
*Sport*.

But I forget (what should be *mention'd* most)  
*Confession*, our chief Privilege, and *Boast*:  
 That Staple Ware, which ne'er returns in vain,  
 Ne'er balks the *Trader* of expected Gain.

'Tis

'Tis this, that spies through Court intrigues, and  
*Admission* to the Cabinets of Kings: (brings

By this we keep proud Monarchs at our Becks,  
And make our *Foot-stools* of their *Thrones & Necks*:  
Give 'em *Command*, and if they *Disobey*;  
Betray them to th' Ambitious Heir a Prey:  
Hound the Officious Curs on Hereticks,  
The Vermin, which the Church infest, and vex:  
And when our turn is serv'd, and Business done,  
Dispatch 'em for reward, as useless grown:

Nor are these half the Benefits, and Gains,  
Which by wise Manag'ry accrue from thence:  
By this w'unlock the Miser's hoarded Chests,  
And Treasure, though kept close, as States-mens  
Breasts:

This does rich Widows to our Nets decoy,  
Let us their Jointures, and themselves enjoy:  
To us the Merchant does his Customs bring,  
And pays our Duty, tho he cheats his King:  
To us Court-Ministers refund, made great  
By Robbery, and Bankrupt of the State:

Ours



Ours is the Soldier's Plunder, Padder's Prize,  
 Gabels on Lech'ry, and the Stew's Excise:  
 By this our Colleges in Riches shine,  
 And vie with *Becket's*, and *Loretto's* Shrine.

And here I must not grudge a word or two  
 (My younger Vor'ries) of Advice to you.  
 To you, whom Beauties Charms, and gen'rous Fire  
 Of boiling Youth to sports of Love inspire:  
 This is your Harvest, here secure, and cheap  
 You may the Fruits of unbought pleasure reap:  
 Riot in free, and uncontroll'd delight,  
 Where no dull Marriage clogs the Appetite:  
 Taste every dish of Lust's variety,  
 Which *Popes*, and Scarlet Lechers dearly buy,  
 With Bribes, and Bishopricks, and Simony.  
 But this I ever to your care commend,  
 Be wary how you openly offend:  
 Let scoffing lewd Buffoons descry our Shame,  
 And fix disgrace on the great Order's fame.

When the unguarded Maid alone repairs  
 To ease the burthens of her Sins, and Cares;  
 When

When youth in each, and privacy conspire  
To kindle wishes, and besfriend desire;  
If she has practis'd in the Trade before:  
( Few else of Profelytes to us brought o'er )  
Little of Force, or Artifice will need:  
To make you in the Victory succeed:  
But if some untaught Innocence she be,  
Rude, and unknowing in the mystery;  
She'll cost more labor to be made comply.  
Make her by Pumping understand the sport,  
And undermine with secret trains the Fort,  
Sometimes as if you'd blame her gaudy dress,  
Her Naked Pride, her Jewels, Point and Lace;  
Find opportunity her Breasts to press:  
Oft feel her hand, and whisper in her ear,  
You find the secret marks of lewdness there:  
Sometimes with naughty sence her blushes raise,  
And make 'em guilt, she never knew, confess;  
' Thus ( may you say ) with such a leering smile,  
' So languishing a look your hearts beguile:

' Thus

' Thus with your foot, hand, eye, you tokens speak,  
 ' These Signs deny, these Assignations make :  
 ' Thus 'tis you clip, with such a fierce embrace  
 ' You clasp your Lover to your Breast, and Face :  
 ' Thus are your hungry Lips with Kisses cloy'd,  
 ' Thus is your hand, and thus your tongue employ'd.  
     Ply her with talk like this : and, if sh' encline,  
 To help Devotion, give her *Aretine*  
 Instead o'th' Rosary : never despair,  
 She, that to such Discourse will lend an Ear,  
 Tho chaster than cold cloyster'd Nuns she were,  
 Will soon prove soft, and pliant to your use,  
 As *Strumpets* on the *Carnarval* let loose.  
 Credit Experience; I have tri'd 'em all,  
 And never found th' unerring Methods fail :  
 Not *Ovid*, tho'twere his chief Mastery,  
 Had greater skill in these *Intrigues*, than I :  
 Nor *Nero's* Learned *Pimp*, to whom we owe  
 What choice Records of Lust are extant now.  
 This heretofore, when youth, and sprightly *Blood*  
 Ran in my *Veins*, I tasted, and enjoy'd :

Ah

Ah those blest days! — (*here the old Lecher smil'd,*  
*With sweet remembrance of past pleasures fill'd*)  
But they are gone! Wishes alone remain,  
And Dreams of Joy, ne'er to be felt again:  
To abler Youth I now the Practice leave,  
To whom this counsel, and advice I give.

But the dear mention of my grayer days  
Has made me farther, than I would, digress:  
'Tis time we should now in due place expound,  
How guilt is after shrift to be atton'd:  
Enjoyn no *sow'r Repentance, Tear, and Grief*;  
Eyes weep no cash, and you no profit give:  
Sins, tho of the first rate, must punish'd be,  
Not by their own, but th' Actor's Quality:  
The Poor, whose Purse cannot the Penance bear,  
Let whipping serve, bare feet, and shirts of hair:  
The richer Fools to *Compostella* send,  
To *Rome, Monferrat, or the Holy Land*:  
Let Pardons, and the Indulgence Office drain  
Their Coffers, and enrich the *Pope's* with gain:

Make

Make 'em build Churches, Monasteries found  
And dear bought Masses for their crimes compound

Let Law, and Gospel, rigid precepts set,  
And make the paths to Bliss rugged, and strait:  
Teach you a smooth, an easier way to gain  
Heav'n's Joys, yet sweet, and useful sin retain:  
With every frailty, every lust comply,  
T'advance your Spiritual Realm, and Monarchy:  
Pull up weak Vertues fence, give scope and space  
And *Purlieus* to out-lying Consciences:  
Shew that the Needles eye may stretch, and how  
The largest *Camel-vices* may go thro'.

Teach how the *Priest Pluralities* may buy,  
Yet fear no odious Sin of Simony,  
While Thoughts, and *Ducats* will directed be:

Let whores adorn his exemplary life,  
But no lewd heinous Wife a Scandal give.  
Sooth up the *Gaudy Atheist*, who maintains  
No Law, but Sense, and owns no God, but Chance:  
Bid *Thieves* rob on, the *Boisterous Russian* tell,  
He may for Hire, Revenge, or Honor kill:

Bid

Bid *Strumpets* persevere, absolve 'em too,  
 And take their dues *in kind* for what you do:  
 Exhort the painful, and industrious *Bawd*  
 To *Diligence*, and *Labour* in her *Trade*:  
 Nor think her innocent Vocation ill,  
 Whose Incomes do's the sacred Treasure fill:  
 Let Griping Usurers Extortion use,  
 No *Rapine*, *Falshood*, *Perjury* refuse,  
 Stick at no Crime, which covetous Popes would scarce  
 Act to enrich themselves, and Bastard-Heirs:  
 A small Bequest to th' Church can all atone,  
 Wipes off all scores, and *Heav'n*, and *all's* their own.  
 Be these your *Doctrins*, these the *truths*, you preach,  
 But no forbidden *Bible* come in reach:  
 Your Cheats, and *Artifices* to *Impeach*.  
 Lest thence Lay-Fools *Pernicious Knowledge* get,  
 Throw off Obedience, and your Laws forget:  
 Make 'em believ't a spell, more dreadful far,  
 Than *Bacon*, *Haly*, or *Albumazar*.  
 Happy the time, when th' unpretending Crowd  
 No more, than I, its Language understood!

When

When the worm-eaten Book, link'd to a chain,  
In dust lay mouldring in the *Vatican*;  
Despis'd, neglected, and forgot, to none,  
But poring *Rabbies*, or the *Sorbon* known:  
Then in full pow'r our *Sovereign Prelate* sway'd,  
By *Kings*, and all the *Rabble World* Obey'd:  
Here humble Monarch at his feet kneel'd down,  
And beg'd the Alms, and Charity of a Crown:  
There, when in *Solemn State* he pleas'd to ride,  
Poor Scepter'd Slaves ran *Henchboys* by his side:  
None, tho in thought, his grandeur durst Blaspheme,  
Nor in their very sleep a *Treason* dream.

But since the broaching that mischievous Piece,  
Each *Alderman* a *Father Lombard* is:  
And every *Cit* dares impudently know  
More than a Council, *Pope*, and *Conclave too*.  
Hence the late *Damned Frier*, and all the crew  
Of former crawling Sects their poison drew:  
Hence all the Troubles, Plagues, Rebellions breed,  
We've felt, or feel, or may hereafter dread:

Where-

Wherefore enjoyn, that no Lay-coxcomb dare  
About him that unlawful Weapon wear ;  
But charge him chiefly not to touch at all  
The dang'rous Works of that old *Lollard, Paul*;  
That arrant *Wickliffist*, from whom our Foes  
Take all their Batt'ries to attack our Cause;  
Would he in his first years had Martyr'd been,  
Never *Damascus*, nor the Vision seen ;  
Then he our Party was, stout, vigorous,  
And fierce in chace of Hereticks, like us :  
Till heat length, by th' Enemies seduc'd,,  
Forsook us, and the hostile side espous'd.

Had not the mighty *Julian* mist his aims,  
These holy Shreds had all consum'd in flames :  
But since th' immortal Lumber still endures,  
In spite of all his Industry, and ours ;  
Take care at least it may not come abroad,  
To taint with catching Heresie the Crowd :  
Let them be still kept low in sence, they'll pay  
The more respect, more readily obey.



Pray that kind Heav'n would on their hearts  
 A bounteous, and abundant Ignorance, <sup>(sense</sup>  
 That they may never swerve, nor turn awry  
 From sound, and Orthodox Stupidity.

But these are obvious things, easie to know,  
 Common to every *Monk*, as well as you:  
 Greater Affairs, and more important wait  
 To be discuss'd, and call for our debate:  
 Matters, that depth require, and well besit  
 Th' Address, and Conduct of a *Jesuit*. <sup>(Throne,</sup>  
 How Kingdoms are embroil'd, what <sup>shakes</sup>  
 How the first Seeds of Discontent are sown  
 To spring up in Rebellion; how are set  
 The secret snares, that circumvent a *State*:  
 How bubbled Monarchs are at first beguil'd,  
 Trepann'd, and gull'd, at last depos'd, and kill'd.

When some proud Prince, a Rebel to our  
 For disbelieving Holy Churches Creed, <sup>(Head,</sup>  
 And *Peter-pence*, is Heretick decreed;

And

And by a solemn, and unquestion'd Pow'r  
To Death, and Hell, and You deliv'red o'er:  
Chuse first some dext'rous Rogue, well tri'd, and  
known

(Such by Confession your Familiars grown)

Let him by Art and Nature fitted be  
For any great, and gallant Villany,  
Practis'd in every Sin, each kind of Vice,  
Which deepest Casuists in their searches miss,  
Watchful as Jealousie, wary as Fear,  
Fiercer than Lust, and bolder than Despair,  
But close, as plotting Fiends in Council are.  
To him, in firmest Oaths of Silence bound,  
The worth, and merit of the Deed propound:  
Tell of whole Reams of Pardon, new come o'er,  
Indies of Gold, and Blessings, endless store:  
Choice of Preferments, if he overcome,  
And if he fail, undoubted Martyrdom:  
And Bills for Sums in Heav'n, to be drawn  
On Factors there, and at first sight paid down.

With Arts, and Promises, like these, allure,  
And maké him to your great design secure.

And here to know the sundry ways to kill,  
Is worth the *Genius* of a *Machiavel*:

Cull *Northern* Brains, in these deep Arts unbred,  
Know nought but to cut Throats, or knock o'th'  
No slight of Murder of the subt'lest shape, (Head,  
Your busie search, and observation scape:

*Legerdemain* of Killing, that dives in,  
And Juggling steals away a Life unseen:

How gawdy Fate may be in Presents sent,  
And creep insensibly by Touch, or Scent:

How Ribbands, Gloves, or Saddle-Pomel may  
An unperceiv'd, but certain Death convey;

Above the reach of Antidotes, above the Pow'r  
Of the fam'd *Pontick Mountebank* to cure.

What e'er is known to quaint *Italian* spite,  
In studied Pois'ning skill'd; and exquisite:

What e'er great *Borgia*, or his *Sire* could boast,  
Which the Expence of half the Conclave cost.

Thus

Thus may the business be in secret done,  
 Nor Authors, nor the Accessories known,  
 And the flurr'd guilt with ease on others thrown.  
 But if ill Fortune should your Plot betray,  
 And leave you to the rage of Foes a prey;  
 Let none his Crime by weak confession own,  
 Nor shame the Church, while he'd himself atone.  
 Let varnish'd Guile, and feign'd Hypocrisies,  
 Pretended Holiness, and useful Lies,  
 Your well dissembled Villany disguise.  
 A thousand wily Turns, and Doubles try,  
 To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry:  
 Cog, sham, out-face, deny, equivocate,  
 Into a thousand shapes your selves translate:  
 Remember what the crafty *Spartan* taught,  
 Children with Rattles, Men with Oaths are caught:  
 Forswear upon the Rack, and if you fall,  
 Let thir great comfort make amends for all,  
 Those, whom they damn for Rogues, next Age shall  
 Made Advocates i'th' Churches Litany.

Who ever with bold Tongue, or Pen shall dare  
Against your Arts, and Practices declare;  
What Fool shall e'er presumptuously oppose,  
Your Holy Cheats, and godly Frauds disclose;  
Pronounce him Heretick, Firebrand of Hell,  
*Turk, Jew, Fiend, Miscreant, Pagan, Infidel;*  
A thousand blacker Names, worse Calumnies,  
All, Wit can think, and pregnant Spite devise:  
Strike home, gash deep, no Lies, nor Slanders spare;  
A wound, tho cur'd, yet leaves behind a Scar.

Those, whom your Wit, and Reason can't decry,  
Make scandalous with Loads of Infamy:  
Make *Luther* Monster, by a Fiend begot, (Foot:  
Brought forth with Wings, and Tail, and Cloven  
Make Whoredom, Incest, worst of Vice, and shame,  
Pollute, and foul his Manners, Life, and Name.  
Tell how strange Storms usher'd his fatal end,  
And Hells black Troops did for his Soul contend.

Much more I had to say; but now grown faint,  
And Strength, and Spirits for the Subject want:

Be

Be these great Mysteries, I here unfold,  
 Amongst your Order's Institutes enroll'd :  
 Preserve them sacred, close and unreveal'd ;  
 As ancient *Rome* her *Sybil's* Books conceal'd.  
 Let no bold Heretick with sawcy eye  
 Into the hidden unseen Archives pry ;  
 Lest the malicious flouting Rascals turn  
 Our Church to Laughter, Raillery, and Scorn.  
 Let never Rack, or Torture, Pain, or Fear,  
 From your firm Breasts th'important Secrets tear.  
 If any treach'rous Brother of your own  
 Shall to th' World divulge, & make them known,  
 Let him by worst of Deaths his guilt atone.  
 Should but his Thoughts, or Dreams suspected be,  
 Let him for safety, and prevention die,  
 And learn i'th' Grave the Art of Secresie.

But one thing more, and then with joy I go,  
 Nor as a longer stay of Fate below :

Give me again once more your plighted Faith,  
And let each seal it with his dying breath:

As the great *Carthaginian* heretofore

The bloody reeking Altar touch'd, and swore

Eternal Enmity to th' *Roman* Pow'r:

Swear you (and let the Fates confirm the same)

An endless Hatred to the *Luth'ran* Name:

Vow never to admit, or League, or Peace,

Or Truce, or Commerce with the cursed Race:

Now, through all Age, when Time, or Place soe'er

Shall give you pow'r, wage an immortal War:

Like *Theban* Feuds, let yours your selves survive,

And in your very Dust, and Ashes live,

Like mine, be your last Gasp their Curse. — At  
*this*

*They kneel, and all the Sacred Volumn kiss;*

*Vowing to send each year an Hecatomb*

*Of Huguenots, an Off'ring to his Tomb.*

*In vain he would continue; — Abrupt Death*

*A Period puts, and stops his impious Breath:*

*In*

*In broken Accents he is scarce allow'd*

*To faulter out his Blessing on the Crowd.*

*Amen is eccho'd by Infernal Howl,*

*And scrambling Spirits seize his parting Soul.*

---

SATYR

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# SATYR IV.

*S. Ignatius his Image brought in, discovering the Rogueries of the Jesuits, and ridiculous Superstition of the Church of Rome.*

ONce I was common Wood, a shapeless Log,  
 Thrown out a Pissing-post for ev'ry Dog:  
 The Workman yet in doubt, what course to take,  
 Whether I'd best a Saint, or Hog-trough make,  
 After debate resolv'd me for a Saint,  
 And thus fam'd *Loyola* I represent:  
 And well I may resemble him, for he  
 As stupid was, as much a Block as I.  
 My right Leg maim'd, at halt I seem to stand,  
 To tell the Wounds at *Pampelune* sustein'd.

My

My Sword, and Soldiers Armour here had been,  
 But they may in *Monferrats* Church be seen:  
 Those there to *blessed Virgin* I laid down  
 For Cassock, Suringle, and shaven Crown,  
 The spiritual Garb, in which I now am shown.

With due Accoutrements, and fit disguise  
 I might for Centinel of Corn suffice:  
 As once the well-hung *God* of old stood guard,  
 And the invading Crows from Forrage scar'd.  
 Now on my Head the Birds their Relicks leave,  
 And Spiders in my mouth their Arras weave:  
 And persecuted Rats oft find in me  
 A Refuge, and Religious Sanctuary.

But you profaner *Hereticks*, who e'er  
 The *Inquisition*, and its vengeance fear,  
 I charge, stand off, at peril come not near:  
 None at twelve score untruss, break wind, or piss;  
 He enters *Fox* his Lists, that dare transgress:

For

For I'm by Holy Church in Rev'rence had,  
And all good Cath'lick Folk implore my aid.

These Pictures, which you see, my Story give,  
The Acts, and Monuments of me alive:

That Frame, wherein with Pilgrim weeds I stand,  
Contains my Travels to the *Holy Land*.

This me, and my Decemvirate at *Rome*,

When I for Grant of my great Order come.

There with Devotion wrapt, I hang in Air,

With Dove (like *Mab'met's*) whisp'ring in my  
ear.

Here *Virgin* in Galesh of Clouds descends,

To be my safeguard from assaulting Fiends,

Those Tables by, and Crutches of the lame,  
My great Atchievments since my death proclaim:

Pox, Ague, Dropsie, Palsie, Stone, and Gout,

Legions of Maladies by me cast out,

More than the *College* know, or ever fill

Quacks Wiping-paper, and the Weekly Bill.

What

What *Peter's* shadow did of old, the same  
Is fancied done by my all-powerful Name;  
For which some wear't about their Necks, and  
Arms,

To guard from Dangers, Sickneses, and Harms;  
And some on Wombs the barren to relieve,  
A Miracle, I better did alive.

Oft I by crafty *Jesuit* am taught  
Wonders to do, and many a Juggling Fear.

Sometimes with Chafing-dish behind me put,  
I sweat like Clapt Debauch in Hot-House shut,  
And drip like any Spitch-cock'd *Huguenot*:

Sometimes by secret Springs I learn to stir,  
As Paste-board Saints dance by mirac'lous Wire:

Then I *Tradescant's* Rarities out-do,  
*Sands* Water-works, & *German* Clock-work too,  
Or any choice Device at *Barthol'mew*.

Sometimes I utter Oracles, by Priest  
Instead of a Familiar posselt.

The Church I vindicate, *Luther* confute,  
And cause amazement in the gaping Rout.

Such Holy Cheats, such *Hocus* Tricks, as  
these,

For Miracles amongst the Rabble pass.

By this in their esteem I daily grow,

In Wealth enrich'd, increas'd in Vot'ries too.

This draws each year vast Numbers to my  
Tomb,

More than in Pilgrimage to *Mecca* come.

This brings each week new Presents to my Shrine,  
And makes it those of *India* Gods out-shine.

This gives a Chalice, that a Golden Cross,

Another massie Candlesticks bestows,

Some Altar-cloaths of costly work, and price

Plush, Tissue, Ermin, Silks of noblest Dies,

The *Birth*, and *Passion* in Embroideries:

Some Jewels, rich as those, th' *Aegyptian* Punk,

In Jellies to her *Roman* Stallion drunk,

Some

Some offer gorgeous Robes, which serve to wear  
 When I on Holy Days in state appear;  
 When I'm in pomp on high Processions shown,  
 Like Pageants of Lord May'r, or *Skimmington*.  
*Lucullus* could not such a Wardrobe boast,  
 Less those of Popes at their Election cost;  
 Less those, which *Sicily's* Tyrant heretofore  
 From plunder'd Gods, and *Jove's* own Shoulders  
 tore.

Hither, as to some Fair, the Rabble come,  
 To barter for the Merchandize of *Rome*;  
 Where Priests, like Mountebanks, on Stage appear,  
 T' expose the Fripr'y of their hallow'd Ware:  
 This is the Lab'ratory of their Trade;  
 The Shop where all their staple Drugs are made;  
 Prescriptions, and Receipts to bring in Gain;  
 All from the Church Dispensatories ta'en,

The Popes Elixir, Holy Waters here,  
 Which they with Chymick Art distill'd prepare:

Choice above *Goddard's Drops*, and all the Trash  
 Of Modern Quacks; this is that Sovereign Wash  
 For fetching Spots, and Morpew from the Face;  
 And scowring dirty Cloaths, and Consciences.  
 One drop of this, if us'd, had pow'r to fray  
 The Legion from the Hogs of *Gadara*:  
 This would have silenc'd quite the *Wiltshire Drum*,  
 And made the prating Fiend of *Mascon* dumb.

That Vessel consecrated Oyl contains,  
 Kept Sacred, as the fam'd *Ampoule of France*;  
 Which some profaner *Hereticks* would use  
 For liquoring Wheels of Jacks, of Boots, and  
 Shoes:  
 This makes the *Chrism*, which mix'd with Snot of  
 Priests,  
 Anoint young Cath'licks for the Churches lists;  
 And when they're crost, confest, and die; by this  
 Their lanching Souls slide off to endless Bliss:  
 As *Lapland Saints*, when they on Broomsticks fly,  
 By help of Magick Unctions mount the Sky.

You

Yon Altar-Pix of Gold is the Abode,  
 And safe Repository of their God.  
 A Cross is fix'd upon't the Fiends to fright,  
 And Flies which would the Deity belhite;  
 And Mice, which oft might unprepar'd receive,  
 And to lewd Scoffers cause of Scandal give.

Here are perform'd the Conjurings and Spells;  
 For Christning Saints, and Hawks, and Carriers  
     Bells;  
 For hall'wing Shreds, and Grains, and Salts, and  
     Bawms,  
 Shrines, Crosses, Medals, Shells, and Waxen Lambs:  
 Of wondrous Virtue all (you must believe)  
 And from all sorts of Ill preservative;  
 From Plague, Infection, Thunder, Storm, and Hail,  
 Love, Grief, Want, Debt, Sin, and the Devil and all,  
 Here Beads are blest, and *Pater noster* fram'd,  
 (By some the Tallies of Devotion nam'd)  
 Which of their Pray'rs, and Oraisons keep tale,  
 Lest they, and Heav'n should in the reck'ning fail.



Here Sacred Lights, the Altars graceful Pride,  
 Are by Priests Breath perfum'd and Sanctified;  
 Made some of Wax, of *Her'ticks* Tallow some,  
 A Gift, which *Irish Emma* sent to *Rome*:  
 For which great Merit worthily (we're told)  
 She's now amongst her Country-Saints intoll'd.  
 Here holy Banners are reserv'd in store,  
 And Flags, such as the fam'd *Armado* bore:  
 And hallow'd Swords, and Daggers kept for use,  
 When resty Kings the Papal Yoke refuse;  
 And consecrated Rats bane, to be laid  
 For *Her'tick* Vermin, which the Church invade.

But that which brings in most of Wealth, and  
 Gain,  
 Does best the Priests swoln Tripes, and Purfes  
 strain;  
 Here they each Week their constant Auctions hold  
 Of Reliques, which by Candles Inch are sold:  
 Saints by the dozen here are set to sale,  
 Like Mortals wrought in Gingerbread on Stall.

Hither

Hither are loads from emptied Channels brought,  
 And Voiders of the Worms from *Sextons* bought ;  
 Which serve for Retail through the World to  
 vent,

Such as of late were to the *Savoy* sent :

Hair from the Skulls of dying Strumpets shorn,  
 And Felons Bones from rifled Gibbets torn ;  
 Like those, which some old Hag at midnight  
 steals,

For Witchcrafts, Amulets, and Charms, and Spells,  
 Are past for Sacred to the cheap'ning Rout ;

And worn on Fingers, Breasts, and Ears about.

This boasts a Scrap of me, and that a Bit

Of good *St. George*, *St. Patrick*, or *St. Kit*.

These Locks *S. Bridget's* were, and those *S. Clare's* ;

Some for *S. Catharine's* go, and some for *her's*

That wip'd her *Saviour's* feet, wash'd with her  
 tears.

Here you may see my wounded Leg, and here  
 Those, which to *China* bore the great *Xavier*.

Here may you the grand Traitor's Halter see,  
 Some call't the Arms of the Society :  
 Here is his Lanthorn too, but *Faux* his, not,  
 That was embezel'd by the *Huguenot*.  
 Here *Garnet's* Straws, and *Becket's* Bones, and Hair,  
 For murd'ring whom, some Tails are said to wear;  
 As learned *Capgrave* does record their fate,  
 And faithful *British* Histories re'ate.  
 Those are *S. Laurence* Coals expos'd to view,  
 Strangely preserv'd, and kept alive till now.  
 That's the fam'd *Wildefort's* wondrous Beard,  
 For which her Maidenhead the Tyrant spar'd.  
 Yon is the *Baptist's* Coat, and one of's Heads,  
 The rest are shewn in many a place besides;  
 And of his Teeth as many Sets there are,  
 As on their Belts six Operators wear.  
 Here Blessed *Mary's* Milk, not yet turn'd sour,  
 Renown'd (like *Asses*) for its healing pow'r,  
 Ten *Holland* Kine scarce in a year give more.

Here

Here is her *Manteau*, and a Smock of hers,  
 Fellow to that, which once reliev'd *Poitiers*:  
 Besides her *Husbands* Utenfils of Trade,  
 Wherewith some prove, that Images were made.  
 Here is the Soldiers Spear, and Passion-Nails.  
 Whose quantity would serve for building *Pauls*:  
 Chips, some from Holy Cross, from *Tyburn* some  
 Honour'd by many a *Jesuit's* Martyrdom:  
 All held of special, and Mirac'lous Pow'r,  
 Not *Tabor* more approv'd for *Agu's* cure:  
 Here Shoes, which, once perhaps at *Newgate*  
                   hung,  
 Angled their Charity, that pass'd along,  
 Now for *S. Peter's* go, and th'Office bear  
 For Priests, they did for lesser Villains there.

These are the Fathers Implements, and Tools,  
 Their gawdy Trangums for inveigling Fools:  
 These serve for Baits the simple to ensnare,  
 Like Children spirited with Toys at Fair.

Nor are they half the Artifices yet,  
By which the Vulgar they delude, and cheat:  
Which should I undertake, much easier I,  
Much sooner might compute what Sins there be }  
Wip'd off, and pardon'd at a *Jubilee*.

What Bribes enrich the *Datary* each year,  
Or Vices treated on by *Escobar* :

How many Whores in *Rome* profess the Trade,  
Or greater numbers by Confession made.

One undertakes by Scale of Miles to tell  
The Bounds, Dimensions, and Extent of Hell;  
How far, and wide th' Infernal Monarch's Reigns,  
How many *German* Leagues his Realm contains :

Who are his Ministers, pretends to know,  
And all their several Offices below :

How many Chaudrons he each year expends  
In Coals for roasting *Huguenots*, and Fiends :

And

And with as much exactness states the case,  
As if h'ad been Surveyor of the place.

Another frights the Rout with ruful Stories,  
Of wild *Chimæra's*, *Limbo's*, *Purgatories*,  
And bloated Souls in smoaky durance hung,  
Like a *Westphalia* Gammon, or Neats Tongue,  
To be redeem'd with Masses, and a Song.  
A good round Sum must the Deliv'rance buy,  
For none may there swear out on poverty.  
Your rich, and bounteous Shades are only eas'd,  
No *Fleet*, or *Kings-Bench* Ghosts are thence releas'd.

A third, the wicked, and debauch'd to please,  
Cries up the vertue of Indulgences,  
And all the rates of Vices does assess;  
What price they in the *holy Chamber* bear,  
And Customs for each Sin imported there:  
How you at best advantages may buy  
Patents for Sacrilege, and Simony.

What Tax is in the Leach'ry- Office laid  
On Panders, Bawds, and Whores, that ply the  
Trade:

What costs a Rape, or Incest, and how cheap  
You may an Harlot, or an Ingle keep;  
How easie Murder may afforded be  
For one, two, three, or a whole Family;  
But not of *Her'ticks*; there no Pardon lacks,  
'Tis one o'th' Churches meritorious Acts.

For Venial Trifles, less and slighter Faults,  
They ne'er deserve the trouble of your Thoughts.  
Ten *Ave Marias* mumbled to the Cross,  
Clear scores of twice ten thousand such as those:  
Some are at sound of Christen'd Bell forgiven,  
And some by squirt of Holy Water driven:  
Others by Anthems plaid are charm'd away,  
As Men cure Bites of the *Tarantula*.

But nothing with the Crowd does more en-  
hance  
The value of these holy *Charlatans*,

Than

Than when the Wonders of the Mass they view,  
 Where spiritual Jugglers their chief Mast'ry shew :  
*Hey Jingo, Sirs !* What's this ? 'tis Bread you see ;  
*Presto be gone !* 'tis now a Deity.

Two grains of Dough, with Cross, and stamp of  
 Priest,  
 And five small words pronounc'd, make up their  
*Christ.*

To this they all fall down, this all adore,  
 And strait devour, what they ador'd before ;  
 Down goes the tiny *Saviour* at a bit,  
 To be digested, and at length beshit :  
 From Altar to Close-Stool, or Jakes preferr'd,  
 First Wafer, then a God, and then a——

'Tis this, that does the astonish'd Rout amuse,  
 And Reverence to shaven Crown infuse :  
 To see a silly, sinful, mortal Wight  
 His Maker make, create the Infinite.  
 None boggles at th' impossibility ;  
 Alas, 'tis wondrous Heavenly Mystery !

None



None dares the mighty God-maker blaspheme,  
 Nor his most open Crimes, and Vices blame :  
 Saw he those hands that held his God before,  
 Strait grope himself, and by and by a Whore :  
 Should they his aged Father kill, or worse,  
 His Sisters, Daughters, Wife, himself too force.

And here I might ( if I but durst ) reveal  
 What pranks are plaid in the Confessional :  
 How haunted Virgins have been dispossess'd,  
 And Devils were cast out, to let in Priest :  
 What Fathers act with Novices alone,  
 And what to Punks in shrievings Seats is done ;  
 Who thither flock to Ghostly Confessor,  
 To clear old debts, and rick with Heaven for more.  
 Oft have I seen these hallow'd Altars stain'd  
 With Rapes, those Pews which Buggeries profan'd :  
 Not great Cellier, nor any greater Bawd,  
 Of note, and long experience in the Trade,  
 Has more, and fouler Scenes of Lust survey'd.

But

But I these dang'rous Truths forbear to tell,  
For fear I should the Inquisition feel.  
Should I tell all their countless Knaveries,  
Their Cheats, and Shams, and Forgeries, and Lies.  
Their Cringings, Crossings, Censings, Sprinklings,  
Chrisms,  
Their Conjurings, and Spells, and Exorcisms;  
Their Motly Habits, Maniples, and Stoles,  
Albs, Ammits, Rochets, Chimers, Hoods, and  
Cowls:  
Should I tell all their several Services,  
Their Trentals, Masses, Dirges, Rosaries;  
Their solemn Poms, their Pageants, and Parades,  
Their holy Masks, and spiritual Cavalcades,  
With thousand Antick Tricks, and Gambols more;  
'Twould swell the sum to such a mighty score,  
That I at length should more volum'ous grow,  
Than *Crabb*, or *Surins*, lying *Fox*, or *Stow*.

Believe what e'er I have related here,  
As true, as if 'twere spoke from Porphy Chair.

If

If I have feign'd in ought, or broach'd a Lie,  
Let worst of Fates attend me, let me be  
Pist on by Porter, Groom, and Oyster-whore,  
Or find my Grave in Jakes, and Common-shore:  
Or make next Bonfire for the *Powder-Plot*,  
The sport of every sneering *Huguenot*.

There like a Martyr'd Pope in Flames expire,  
And no kind Catholick dare quench the Fire.

---

*Aude*

---

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & carcere dignum,  
Si vis esse aliquis.*—Juven. Sat.

# ODE.

**N**OW Curses on you all! ye vertuous  
Fools,  
Who think to fetter free-born souls,  
And tie 'em to dull Morality, and Rules.

The Sagarite be damn'd, and all the Crew  
Of learned Ideots, who his steps pursue ;  
And those more silly Profelytes, whom his fond-  
precepts drew.

Oh! had his Echicks been with their wild Au-  
thor drown'd,

Or a like Fate with those lost Writings found,

Which

Which that grand Plagiary doom'd to fire,  
And made by unjust Flames expire :

They ne'er had then seduc'd Mortality,  
Ne'er lasted to debauch the World with their lewd  
Pedantry.

But damn'd, and more (if Hell can do't) be that  
thrice ~~curst~~ <sup>curst</sup> name,

Who e'er the Rudiments of Law design'd;  
Who e'er did the first Model of Religion frame,  
And by that double Vassalage enthrall'd Mankind,  
By nought before, but their own Pow'r, or Will  
confin'd :

Now quite abridg'd of all their Prim'tive Li-  
berty,  
And slaves to each capricious Monarch's Tyranny.  
More happy Brutes! who the great Rule of Sense  
observe,

And ne'er from their first Charter swerve.  
Happy! whose lives are meerly to enjoy,  
And feel no stings of Sin, which may their bliss  
annoy.

Still unconcern'd at Epithets of ill, or good,  
Distinctions unadult'rate Nature never understood.

2. Hence

Hence hated Virtue from our goodly Isle,

No more our joys beguile ;

No more, with thy loath'd presence plague our happy state,

Thou enemy to all, that's brisk, or gay, or brave,  
or great.

Be gone with all thy pious meagre Train,

To some unfruitful, unfrequented Land,

And there an Empire gain,

And there extend thy rigorous command :

There where illib'ral Nature's niggard life

Has set a Tax on Vice.

Where the lean barren Region does enhance

The worth of dear Intemperance,

And for each pleasurable sin exacts excise.

We ( thanks to Fate ) more cheaply can offend,

And want no tempting Luxuries,

No good convenient sinning opportunities,

Which Nature's Bounty could bestow, or Heaven's  
Kindness lend.

Go

Go follow that nice Goddess to the Skies,  
 Who heretofore disgusted at increasing Vice,  
 Dislik'd the World, and thought it too pro-  
 fane,  
 And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne'er return'd  
 again.

Hence to those Airy Mansions rove,  
 Converse with Saints, and holy Folks above ;

Those may thy presence woo,  
 Whose lazy ease affords them nothing else to  
 do :

Where haughty scornful I,  
 And my great Friends will ne'er vouchsafe thee  
 company.

Thou'rt now an hard, unpracticable good,  
 Too difficult for flesh and blood :  
 Were I all soul, like them, perhaps I'd learn to  
 practise thee.

3.

Vertue ! thou solemn grave impertinence,  
 Abhor'd by all the Men of Wit, and Sense.

Thou

Thou damn'd Fatigue! that clogst lifes journey here,

Though thou no weight of wealth, or profit  
bear;

Thou pulling fond Green-sickness of the mind!

That mak'st us prove to our own selves unkind,  
Whereby we Coals, and Dirt for diet chase,

And, Pleasur's better food refuse.

Curst Jilt! that lead'st deluded Mortals on,

Till they too late perceive themselves un-  
done,

Chous'd by a Dowry in reversion.

The greatest Votary, thou e'er couldst boast,

( Pity so brave a Soul was on thy service lost ;

What Wonders he in wickedness had done,

Whom thy weak pow'r could so inspire a  
lone? )

Tho long with fond Amours he courted thee,

Yet dying, did recant his vain Idolatry:

At length, though late, he did repent with  
shame,

Forc'd to confess thee nothing, but an empty  
name.

H

So



So was that Lecher gull'd, whose haughty love  
 Design'd a Rape on the Queen Regent of the  
 Gods above:

When he a Goddess thought he had in chase  
 He found a gaudy vapour in the place,  
 And with thin Air beguil'd his starv'd  
 embrace.

Idly he spent his vigour, spent his blood,  
 And tyr'd himself t'oblige an unperforming  
 Cloud.

## 4.

If Human Kind to thee e'er Worship paid;  
 They were by ignorance misled,  
 That only them devout, and thee a Goddess made.  
 Known haply in the worlds rude untaught in-  
 fancy,

Before it had out-grown its childish innocence,  
 Before it had arriv'd at sense,  
 Or reach'd the Man-hood, and discretion of De-  
 bauchery;

Known in those antient goodly duller times,  
 When crafty Pagans had engross'd all crimes:  
 When

When Christian Fools were obstinately good,  
 Nor yet their Gospel-freedom understood.  
 Tame easie Fops ! who could so prodigally bleed,  
 To be thought Saints, and dye a Calendar with  
 red:

No prudent Heathen e'er seduc'd could be,

To suffer Martyrdom for thee :

Only that arrant Ass whom the false Oracle call'd  
 Wife

( No wonder if the Devil utter'd lies )

That sniveling Puritan, who spite of all the  
 mode

Would be unfashionably good,

And exercis'd his whining gifts to rail at Vice :

Him all the Wits of *Athens* damn'd,

And justly with Lampoons defam'd :

But when the mad Fanatick could not silenc'd  
 be

From broaching dang'rous Divinity;

The wise Republick made him for prevention die,

And sent him to the Gods, and better  
 company.

Let fumbling Age be grave, and wise,

And Vertue's poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,

Who never knew, or now are past the sweets of  
Vice ;

While we whose active pulses bear

With lusty youth, and vigorous hear,

Can all their Beards, and Morals too despise,

While my plump veins are fill'd with lust and  
blood,

Let not one thought of her intrude,

Or dare approach my brest,

But know 'tis all posselt

By a more welcome guest :

And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good.

If ever unkind destiny

Shall force long life on me ;

If e'er I must the curse of dotage bear ;

Perhaps I'll dedicate those dregs of Time  
to her,

And come with Crutches her most humble  
Votary.

When

When sprightly Vice retreats from hence,  
 And quits the ruins of decayed sense;  
 She'll serve to usher in a fair pretence,  
 And varnish with her name a well-dissembled im-  
 potence,

When Ptifick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Pal-  
 sies seize,

And all the Bill of Maladies,  
 Which Heaven to punish over-living Mortals  
 sends;

Then let her enter with the numerous infirmi-  
 ties,  
 Her self the greatest plague, which wrinkles, and  
 grey hairs attends.

## 6.

Tell me, ye venerable Sots, who court her most,  
 What small advantage can she boast,  
 Which her great Rival hath not in a greater store  
 ingroft.

Her boasted calm, and peace of mind,  
 In Wine, and Company we better find,  
 Find it with Pleasure too combin'd.

In mighty Wine, where we our senses steep,  
And Lull our Cares, and Consciences a-  
sleep.

But why do I that wild *Chimæra* name?

Conscience! that giddy airy Dream,  
Which does from brain sick heads, or ill digesting  
stomachs steam.

Conscience! the vain fantastick fear  
Of punishments, we know not when, nor  
where:

Project of crafty Statesmen! to support weak  
Law,

Whereby they slavish Spirits awe,  
And dastard Souls to forc'd obedience  
draw.

Grand Wheadle! which our Gown'd Impostors  
use,

The poor unthinking Rabble to abuse.  
Scarecrow! to fright from the forbidden fruit of  
Vice,

Their own beloved Paradise:  
Let those vile Canters wickedness decry,

Whose

Whose Mercenary Tongues take pay

For what they say;

And yet commend in practice what their words  
deny,

While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,

Their holy Cheats descie,

And scorn their Frauds, and scorn their  
sanctified Cajoulery.

None but dull unbred Fools discredit Vice,

Who act their wickedness with an ill grace;

Such their profession scandalize,

And justly forfeit all that praise;

All that esteem, that credit, and applause,

Which we by our wise menage from a sin can raise.

A true, and brave transgressor ought

To sin with the same height of spirit, *Cæsar*  
fought:

Mean-soul'd offenders now no honours gain,

Only debauches of the nobler strain.

Vice well-improv'd yields bliss, and fame beside,

And some for sinning have been deif'd.

H 4

Thus

Thus the lewd Gods of old did move,

By these brave methods to the seats above.

Ev'n Jove himself, the Sovereign Deity,

Father and King of all th' immortal Progeny,

Ascended to that high Degree;

By Crimes above the reach of weak Mortality.

He Heav'n one large Scraglio made,

Each Goddess turn'd a glorious Punk o'th'  
trade;

And all that Sacred Place

Was fill'd with Bastard-Gods of his own race:

Almighty Lech'ry got his first repute,

And everlasting Whoring was his chiefest Attri-  
bute.

8.

How gallant was that Wretch, whose happy guilt

A Fame upon the Ruins of a Temple built!

! Let Fools, said he, Impiety alledg,

'And urge the no great fault of Sacrilege:

! I'll set the Sacred Pile on flame,

! And in its Ashes write my lasting Name,

! My

' My name which thus shall be  
 ' Deathless as its own Deity.  
 ' Thus the vain-glorious *Carian* I'll out-do,  
 ' And *Egypt's* proudest Monarchs too;  
 ' Those lavish Prodigals, who idly did consume  
 ' Their Lives, and Treasures to erect a Tomb,  
 ' And only great by being buried would become :  
 ' At cheaper rates than they I'll buy renown,  
 ' And my loud Fame shall all their silent glories  
     drown.

So spake the daring Hector, so did Prophecie :  
 And so it prov'd : in vain did envious Spite  
     By fruitless methods try  
 To raze his well-built Fame, and Memory  
     Amongst Posterity :

The *Boutefeu* can now Immortal write,  
 While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite,

2.

Yet greater was that mighty Emperor ;  
 ( A greater crime befitted his high Pow'r )

Who



Who sacrific'd a City to a Jest,

And shew'd he knew the grand intrigues of  
humor best:

He made all *Rome* a Bonfire to his fame,

And sung, and play'd, and danc'd amidst the  
Flame;

Bravely begun! yet pity there he stay'd,

One step to Glory more he should have made:

He should have heav'd the noble frolick higher,

And made the People on that Fun'ral pile expire,

Or providently with their Blood put out the Fire.

Had this been done;

The utmost pitch of Glory he had won:

No greater Monument could be

To consecrate him to eternity,

Nor should there need another Herald of his  
praise, but me.

IO.

And thou, yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our  
Isle,

Whom baffled Hell esteems its chiefest Foyl;

Twere

'Twere injury should I omit thy name

Whose Action merits all the breath of Fame.  
Methinks I see the trembling shades below

Around in humble reverence bow ;  
Doubtful they seem, whether to pay their Loyalty  
To their dread Monarch, or to thee :

No wonder he ( grown jealous of thy fear'd success )  
Envy'd Mankind the honour of thy wickedness,  
And spoil'd that brave intent, which must have  
made his grandeur less.

Howe'er regret not, mighty Ghost,  
Thy Plot by treach'rous fortune crost,  
Nor think thy well deserved glory lost.  
Thou the full praise of Villany shalt ever share,  
And all will judge thy Act, compleat enough,  
when thou couldst dare :

So thy great Master fear'd, whose high disdain  
Contemn'd that Heaven, where he could not  
Reign,

When he with bold Ambition strove  
T' usurp the Throne above,  
And led against the Deity an armed Train,  
Though

Tho from his vast designs he fell,  
 O'er-power'd by his Almighty Foe,  
 Yet gain'd he Victory in his overthrow :  
 He gain'd sufficient Triumph, that he durst Rebel,  
 And 'twas some pleasure to be thought the  
 great'st in Hell.

## II.

Tell me, you great Triumvirate, what shall I do  
 To be illustrious as you?  
 Let your examples move me with a gen'rous fire,  
 Let them into my daring thoughts inspire  
 Somewhat compleatly wicked, some vast Gyant-  
 crime,  
 Unknown, unheard, unthought of by all past  
 and present time.  
 Tis done, 'tis done; Methinks, I feel the pow'r-  
 ful charms,  
 And a new heat of sin my spirit warms ;  
 I travel with a glorious mischief, for whose birth,  
 My Soul's too narrow, and weak Fate too feeble  
 to bring forth.

Let

Let the unpitied Vulgar tamely go,  
 And stock for company, the wild Plantations  
 down below :

Such their vile Souls for viler Barter sell,  
 Scarce worth the damning , or their room in  
 Hell.

We are his Grandees, and expect as much prefer-  
 ment there,

For our good Service, as on Earth we share.  
 In them sin is but a meer privative of good,

The frailty, and defect of flesh and blood :  
 In us 'tis a perfection, who profess  
 A studied, and elaborate wickedness.

We are the great *Royal Society* of Vice,  
 Whose Talents are to make discoveries,  
 And advance Sin like other Arts, and Sciences,

'Tis I the bold *Columbus*, only I,  
 Who must new Worlds in Vice descry,  
 And fix the pillars of unpassable iniquity.

12.

How sneaking was the first debauch that sin'd,  
 Who for so small a Crime sold human kind !  
 How

How undeserving that high place,  
 To be thought Parent of our sin, and race,  
 Who by low guilt our Nature doubly did debase!  
 Unworthy was he to be thought  
 Father of the great first-born *Cain*, which he begot;  
 The noble *Cain*, whose bold, and gallant act  
 Proclaim'd him of more high extract:  
 Unworthy me,  
 And all the braver part of his Posterity.  
 Had the just Fates design'd me in his stead;  
 I'd done some great, and unexampled deed:  
 A deed, which should decry  
 The Stoicks dull Equality,  
 And shew that sin admits transcendancy:  
 A deed, wherein the Tempter should not  
 share  
 Above what Heav'n could punish, and  
 above what he could dare.  
 For greater crimes than his I would have fell,  
 And acted somewhat, which might merit more  
 than Hell.

*An*

*An Apology for the foregoing Ode, by way of  
Epilogue.*

**M**Y part is done, and you'll, I hope, excuse  
Th' extravagance of a repenting Muse,  
Pardon what e'er she hath too boldly said,  
She only acted here in Masquerade.  
For the slight Arguments she did produce,  
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce.  
So we Buffoons in Princely Dress expose,  
Not to be gay, but more ridiculous.  
When she an Hector for her Subject had,  
She thought she must be Termagant, and mad:  
That made her speak like a lewd Punk o'th'  
Town,  
Who by converse with Bullies wicked grown,  
Has learn'd the Mode to cry all Virtue down.  
But now the Vizard's off; she changes Scene,  
And turns a modest civil Girl agen.

Our

Our Poet has a different taste of Wit,

Nor will to common Vogue himself submit.

Let some admire the Fops whose Talents lie

In venting dull insipid Blasphemy ;

He swears he cannot with those terms dispense,

Nor will be damn'd for the repute of sense.

Wit's name was never to profaneness due,

For then you see he could be witty too :

He could Lampoon the State, and Libel Kings,

But that he's Loyal, and knows better things,

Than Fame, whose guilty Birth from Treason  
springs.

He likes not Wit, which can't a Licence claim,

To which the Author dares not set his Name.

Wit should be open, court each Reader's eye,

Not lurk in sly unprinted privacy.

But Crim'nal Writers like dull Birds of Night,

For weakness, or for shame avoid the light ;

May such a Jury for their Audience have,

And from the Bench, not Pit, their doom receive.

May

May they the Tow'r for their due merits share,  
And a just wreath of Hemp, not Laurel wear:

He could be Bawdy too, and nick the times,  
In what they dearly love; Damn'd placket  
Rhimes,

Such as our Nobles write——

Whose nauseous Poetry can reach no higher  
Than what the Codpiece, or its God inspire.

So lewd, they spend at quill; you'd justly think;

They wrote with something nastier than Ink.

But he still thought that little Wit, or none,

Which a just modesty must never own,

And a meer Reader with a Blush attone.

If Ribauldry deserv'd the praise of Wit,

He must resign to each illit'rate Citt,

And Prentices, and Car-men challenge it.

Ev'n they too can be smart, and witty there;

For all men on that Subject Poets are.

Henceforth he vows, if evermore he find

Himself to the base itch of Verse inclin'd;



If e'er he's given up so far to write;  
 He never means to make his end delight:  
 Should he do so, he must despair success:  
 For he's not now debauch'd enough to please,  
 And must be damn'd for want of Wickedness.  
 He'll therefore use his Wit another way,  
 And next the ugliness of Vice display.  
 Tho' against Vertue once he drew his Pen,  
 He'll ne'er for ought, but her defence agen.  
 Had he a Genius, and Poetick rage,  
 Great as the Vices of this guilty Age.  
 Were he all Gall, and arm'd with store of spight;  
 'Twere worth his gains to undertake to write;  
 To noble Satyr he'd direct his aim,  
 And by't Mankind, and Poetry reclaim,  
 He'd shoot his Quills just like a Porcupine  
 At Vice, and make them stab in every Line,  
 The world should learn to blush,——

And

And dread the Vengeance of his pointed Wit,  
Which worse than their own Consciences should  
fright;

And all should think him Heav'ns just Plague, de-  
sign'd

To visit for the sins of lewd Mankind.

---

And bend the Vengeance of his pointed Wit  
 Which worse than their own Conscience should  
 And all should think him Heavy, as they  
 To visit for the sins of low Mankind.

THE  
PASSION  
OF  
BYBLIS

IN  
*Ovid's Metamorphosis*  
Imitated in English.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for Jo. Hindmarsh. 1685.

THE  
PASSION  
OF  
BYBLES

Ovid's Metamorphosis

Translated in English.



LONDON

Printed by J. Smith, in Strand.

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THE  
**Passion of Byblis**  
OUT OF  
**Ovid's Metamorphosis, B. 9. F. 11.**

Beginning at

*Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puella.*

And ending with

———*Modumque*  
*Exit, & infelix committit saepe repelli.*

---

**Y**OU heedless Maids, whose young,  
and tender hearts,  
Unwounded yet, have scap'd the fa-  
tal darts;

Let the sad tale of wretched *Byblis* move,  
And learn by her to shun forbidden Love,

Not all the plenty, all the bright resort  
 Of gallant Youth, that grac'd the *Carian Court*,  
 Could charm the haughty Nymphs disdainful heart,  
 Or from a Brother's guilty Love divert;  
*Caunus* the lov'd, not as a Sister sought,  
 But Honour, Blood, and Shame alike forgot:  
*Caunus* alone takes up her Thoughts, and Eyes,  
 For him alone she wishes, grieves and sighs.

At first her new-born Passion owns no name,  
 A glim'ring Spark scarce kindling into flame;  
 She thinks it no offence, if from his Lip  
 She snatch an harmless bliss, if her fond clip  
 With loose embraces oft his Neck surround,  
 And Love is yet in debts of Nature drown'd.

But Love at length grows naughty by degrees,  
 And now she likes, and strives her self to please;  
 Well-drest she comes, & arms her Eyes with darts,  
 Her Smiles with charms, and all the studied arts  
 Which practis'd Love can teach to vanquish  
 hearts.

Indu-

Industrious now, she labours to be fair,  
And envies all, whoever fairer are.

Yet knows she not, she loves, but still does grow,  
Insensibly the thing, she does not know:

Strict honour yet her check'd desires does bind,  
And modest thoughts, on this side with confin'd:

Only within the sooths her pleasing flames,  
And now, the hated terms of Blood disclaims:

*Brother* sounds harsh; she the unpleasing word  
Strives to forget, and oftner calls him *Lord*:

And when the name of *Sister* grates her ear,  
Could wish'd unsaid, and rather *Byblis* hear.

Nor dare she yet with waking thoughts admit  
A wanton hope: but when returning night  
With Sleep's soft gentle spell her Senses charms,  
Kind fancy often brings him to her Arms:  
In them she oft does the lov'd Shadow seem  
To grasp, and joys, yet blushes too in Dream.  
She wakes, and long in wonder silent lies,  
And thinks on her late pleasing Ecstasies:

Now



Now likes, and now abhors her guilty flame,  
 By turns abandon'd to her Love, and Shame:  
 At length her struggling thoughts an utterance  
 find,

And vent the wild disorders of her mind.

' Ah me! ( she cries ) kind Heaven avert ! what  
 means

' This boading form, that nightly rides my dreams ?

' Grant 'em untrue ! why should lewd hope di-  
 vine ?

' Ah ! why was this too charming Vision seen ?

' Tis true, by the most envious wretch, that sees,

' He's own'd all fair, and lovely, own'd a prize,

' Worthy the conquest of the brightest eyes :

' A prize that wou'd my high'st Ambition fill,

' All I could wish ; — but he's my Brother still !

' That cruel word for ever must disjoyn,

' Nor can I hope, but thus, to have him mine.

' Since then I waking never must possess ;

' Let me in sleep at least enjoy the bliss,

' And sure nice Vertue can't forbid me this :

' Kind

- Kind sleep does no malicious spies admit;
- Yet yields a lively semblance of delight:
- Gods! what a scene of joy was that! how fast
- I clasp'd the Vision to my panting brest!
- With what fierce bounds I sprung to meet my  
bliss,
- While my wrapt soul flew out in every kiss!
- Till breathless, faint, and softly sunk away,
- I all dissolv'd in reeking pleasures lay!
- How sweet is the remembrance yet! though  
night
- Too hasty fled, drove on by envious light.
- O that we might the Laws of Nature break!
- How well would *Cannus* me an Husband make!
- How well to Wife might he his *Byblis* take!
- Wou'd God! in all things we had partners bin
- Besides our Parents, and our fatal Kin;
- Wou'd thou wert nobler, I more meanly born,
- Then guiltless I'd despair'd, and suffer'd scorn:
- Happy that Maid unknown, whoe'er sh<sup>ll</sup> prove
- So blest, so envied to deserve thy love.

Un-

' Unhappy me! whom the same womb did joyn,  
 ' Which now forbids me ever to be thine:  
 ' Curs'd fate! that we alone in that agree,  
 ' By which we ever must divided be.  
 ' And must we be? what meant my vision then?  
 ' Are they, and all their dear presages vain?  
 ' Have Dreams no credit, but with easie love?  
 ' Or do they hit sometimes, and faithful prove?  
 ' The Gods forbid! yet those whom I invoke,  
 ' Have lov'd like me, have their own Sisters took:  
 ' Great Saturn, and his greater Offspring Jove,  
 ' Both stock'd their Heaven with incestuous Love:  
 ' Gods have their privilege: why do I strive  
 ' To strain my Hopes to their Prerogative?  
 ' No, let me banish this forbidden fire,  
 ' Or quench it with my Blood, and with't expire:  
 ' Unstain'd in honour, and unhurt in fame,  
 ' Let the Grave bury my Love, and Shame:  
 ' But when at my last hour I gasping lie,  
 ' Let only my kind Murderer be by:

Let

- Let him, while I breath out my soul in sighs,
- Or gaz't away, look on with pitying eyes.
- Let him ( for sure he can't deny me this )
- Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kiss.
- Besides, 'twere vain should I alone agree
- To what anothers Will must ratifie ;
- Cou'd I be so abandon'd to consent ;
- What I have pass for good and innocent,
- He may perhaps as worst of Crimes resent.
- Yet we amongst our Race examples find
- Of Brothers, who have been to Sisters kind :
- Fam'd *Canace* cou'd he thus successful prove,
- Cou'd Crown her wishes in a Brother's love.
- But whence cou'd I these instances produce ?
- How came I witty to my ruin thus ?
- Whither will this mad frenzy hurry on ?
- Hence, hence, you naughty flames, far hence  
be gone,
- Nor let me e'er the shameful Passion own.

• And

- ' And yet thou'd he address; I shou'd forgive,  
 ' I fear, I fear, I should his suit receive:  
 ' Shall therefore I, who cou'd not love disown  
 ' Offer'd by him, nor mine to make him known?  
 ' And canst thou speak? can thy bold tongue de-  
     clare?  
 ' Yes Love shall force: — and now methinks I  
     dare.  
 ' But lest fond modesty at length refuse,  
 ' I will some sure, and better method chuse:  
 ' A Letter shall my secret flames disclose,  
 ' And hide my Blushes, but reveal their cause.

This takes, and 'tis resolv'd as soon as said;  
 With this she rais'd her self upon her Bed,  
 And propping with her hand her leaning head:  
 ' Happen what will (says she) I'll make him know  
 ' What pains, what raging pains I undergo:  
 ' Ah me! I rave! what tempests shake my brest?  
 ' And where? O where will this distraction rest?  
 Trembling, her thoughts endite, and oft her Eye  
 Looks back for fear of conscious spies too nigh:

One

One hand her Paper, t'other holds her Pen,  
And Tears supply that Ink her Lines must drain.

Now she begins, now stops, and stopping  
frames

New Doubts, now writes, and now her writing  
damns.

She writes, defaces, alters, likes, and blames:

Oft throws in haft her Pen, and Paper by :

Then takes 'em up again as hastily :

Unstuddy her resolves, fickle, and vain,

No sooner made, but strait unmade again :

What her desires would have, she does not know,

Displeas'd with all, what e'er she goes to do :

At once contending, shame, and hope, and fear,

Wrack her tost mind, and in her looks appear.

*Sister* was wrote ; but soon misguiding doubt

Recalls it, and the guilty word blots out.

Again she pauses, and again begins,

At length her Pen drops out these hasty Lines.

' Kind

'Kind health, which you, and only you can  
grant.

'Which, if deny'd, she must for ever want

'To you your Lover sends: ah! blushing Shame

'In silence bids her Paper hide her name:

'Wou'd God the fatal Message might be done

'Without annexing it, nor *Byblis* known,

'E'er blest success her hopes, and wishes crown.

'And had I now my smother'd grief conceal'd,

'It might by tokens past have been reveal'd:

'A thousand proofs were ready to impart

'The inward anguish of my wounded heart:

'Oft, as your sight a sudden blush did raise,

'My blood came up to meet you at my face:

'Oft (if you call to mind) my longing Eyes

'Betray'd in looks my souls too thin disguise:

'Think how their Tears, think how my heaving  
Brest

'Oft in deep sighs some cause unknown confess:

'Think how these Arms did oft with fierce em-  
brace,

'Eager

- ' Eager as my desires, about you press :
- ' These Lips too, when they cou'd so happy  
prove,
- ' (Had you but mark'd ) with close warm kisses  
strove
- ' To whisper something more than Sisters Love.
- ' And yet, though rankling grief my mind di-  
strest,
- ' Tho raging flames within burn up my brest,
- ' Long time I did the mighty pain endure,
- ' Long strove to bring the fierce disease to cure :
- ' Witness, ye cruel Pow'rs, who did inspire
- ' This strange, this fatal, this resistless fire,
- ' Witness, what pains ( for you alone can know )
- ' This helpless wretch to quench't did undergo :
- ' A thousand Racks, and Martyrdoms, and more
- ' Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore :
- ' O'ermatch'd in pow'r at last, I'm forc'd to yield,
- ' And to the conqu'ring God resign the field :
- ' To you, dear cause of all, I make address,
- ' From you with humble pray'rs I beg redress :

K

You



- ' You rule alone my arbitrary fate,
- ' And life, and death on your disposal wait:
- ' Ordain, as you think fit; deny, or grant,
- ' Yet know no stranger is your suppliant.
- ' But she, who, tho to you by Blood allied
- ' In nearest bonds, in nearer wou'd be tied.
- ' Let doting age debate of Law, and Right,
- ' And gravely state the bounds of just, and fit;
- ' Whose Wisdom's but their envy, to destroy
- ' And bar those pleasures, which they can't enjoy:
- ' Our blooming years, more sprightly, and more gay,
- ' By Nature we're design'd for love and play:
- ' Youth knows no check, but leaps weak Vertu's fence,
- ' And briskly hunts the noble chase of Sense:
- ' Without dull thinking we enjoyment trace,
- ' And call that lawful, whatsoe'er does please.
- ' Nor will our guilt want instances alone,
- ' 'Tis what the glorious Gods above have done:

: Let's

- ' Let's follow where those great examples went,
- ' Nor think that Sin, where Heaven's a precedent.
- ' Let neither awe of Fathers frowns, nor  
shame
- ' For ought that can be told by blabbing fame,
- ' Nor any gastlier fantom, fear can frame,
- ' Frighten or stop us in our way to bliss,
- ' But boldly let us rush on happiness:
- ' Where glorious hazards shall enhance delight,
- ' And that, that makes it dang'rous, make it great:
- ' Relation too, which does our fault increase,
- ' Will serve that fault the better to disguise:
- ' That lets us now in private often meet
- ' Bless'd opportunities for stoln delight:
- ' In publick often we embrace, and kiss,
- ' And fear no jealous, no suspecting eyes.
- ' How little more remains for me to crave!
- ' How little more for you to give! O save
- ' A wretched Maid undone by Love, and you,
- ' Who does in tears, and dying accents sue;

K a

' Who

' Who bleeds that Passion, she had ne'er reveal'd,  
 ' If not by Love, Almighty Love compell'd :  
 ' Nor ever let her mournful Tomb complain,  
 ' *Here Byblis lies, kill'd by your cold disdain.*

Here forc'd to end, for want of room, not will  
 To add, her lines the crowded Margin fill,  
 Nor space allow for more: she trembling, folds  
 The Paper, which her shameful Message holds;  
 And sealing, as she wept with boading fear,  
 She wet her Signet with a falling Tear.

This done, a trusty Messenger she call'd,  
 And in kind words the whisper'd Errand told :

' Go, carry this with faithful care, she said,  
 ' To my dear, — there she paus'd a while, and  
     staid,

And by and by--- *Brother*---was heard to add:

As she deliver'd it with her commands,  
 The Letter fell from out her trembling hands,  
 Dismay'd with the ill *Omen*, she anew  
 Doubted success, and held, yet bad him go.

He

He goes, and after quick admission got,  
To *Caurus* hands the fatal secret brought:  
Soon as the doubtful Youth a glance had cast  
On the first lines, and guest by them the rest,  
Strait horror, and amazement fill'd his breast:  
Impatient with his rage, he could not stay  
To see the end, but threw't half read away.  
Scarce could his hands the trembling wretch forbear,  
Nor did his tongue those angry threatnings spare:  
'Fly hence, nor longer my chaf'd fury trust,  
'Thou cursed Pander of detested Lust;  
'Fly quickly hence, and to thy swiftness owe  
'Thy life, a forfeit to my vengeance due:  
'Which, had not danger of my Honour cross'd,  
'Thou'dst paid by this, and been sent back a Ghost.

He the rough orders strait obeys, and bears  
The killing news to wretched *Byblis* ears;  
Like striking Thunder the fierce tidings stun,  
And to her heart quicker than lightning run:

The frighted blood forsakes her ghastly face,  
 And a short death doth every member seize :  
 But soon as sense returns, her frenzy too  
 Returns, and in these words breaks forth anew.

‘ And justly serv’d ; — for why did foolish I  
 ‘ Consent to make this rash discovery ?  
 ‘ Why did I thus in hasty lines reveal  
 ‘ That dang’rous secret, Honour wou’d conceal ?  
 ‘ I shou’d have first with art disguis’d the hook,  
 ‘ And seen how well the gawdy bait had took,  
 ‘ And found him hung at least before I strook :  
 ‘ From shore I shou’d have first descri’d the wind  
 ‘ Whether ’twould prove to my adventure kind,  
 ‘ Ere I to untry’d Seas my self resign’d :  
 ‘ Now dash’d on Rocks, unable to retire,  
 ‘ I must ith’ wreck of all my hopes expire,  
 ‘ And was not I by tokens plain enough  
 ‘ Fore-warn’d to quit my inauspicious Love ?  
 ‘ Did not the Fates my ill success foretell,  
 ‘ When from my hands th’unhappy Letter fell ?

‘ So

' So should my hopes have done, and my design,  
 ' That, or the day should then have alter'd been;  
 ' But rather the unlucky day; when Heaven  
 ' Such ominous proofs of its dislike had given:  
 ' And so it had, had not mad Passion sway'd,  
 ' And Reason been by blinder Love misled.  
 ' Besides ( alas! I shou'd my self have gone,  
 ' Nor made my Pen a proxy to my Tongue;  
 ' Much more I cou'd have spoke, much more have  
   told,  
 ' Than a short Letter's narrow room would hold:  
 ' He might have seen my looks, my wishing Eyes,  
 ' My melting Tears, and heard my begging Sighs;  
 ' About his Neck I could have flung my Arms,  
 ' And been all over Love, all over Charms;  
 ' Grasp'd, and hung on his Knees, and there have  
   dyed,  
 ' There breath'd my gasping Soul out, if denied:  
 ' This and ten thousand things I might have done  
 ' To make my Passion with advantage known;

' Which if they each could not have bent his mind,

' Yet surely all had forc'd him to be kind.

' Perhaps he, whom I sent, was too in fault,

' Nor rightly tim'd his Message, as he ought;

' I fear he went in some ill-chosen hour,

' When cloudy weather made his temper lour.

' Not those calm seasons of the mind, which prove,

' The fittest to receive the seeds of Love;

' These things have ruin'd me; for doubtless he

' Is made of human flesh, and blood, like me;

' He suck'd no Tygres sure, nor Mountain Bear,

' Nor does his Brest relentless Marble wear.

' He must, he shall consent, again I'll try,

' And try again, if he again deny:

' No scorn, no harsh repulse, or rough defeat

' Shall ever my desire, or hopes rebate.

' My earnest suits shall never give him rest,

' While Life, and Love more durable, shall last:

' Alive I'll press, till breath in pray'rs be lost,

' And after come a kind beseeching Ghost.

' For,

' For, if I might, what I have done, recall,  
 ' The first point were, not to have don't at all;  
 ' But since 'tis done, the second to be gain'd  
 ' Is now to have, what I have sought, attain'd :  
 ' For he, though I should now my wishes quit,  
 ' Can never my unchast attempts forget :  
 ' Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I  
 ' By slightly asking, taught him to deny ;  
 ' Or that I tempted him with wily fraud,  
 ' And snares for his unwary honour laid :  
 ' Or, what I sent ( and the belief were just )  
 ' Were not th' efforts of Love, but shameful  
     Lust.

' In fine, I now dare any thing that's ill ;  
 ' I've writ, I have solicited, my will  
 ' Has been debauch'd ; and shou'd I thus give  
     out,  
 ' I cannot chast, and innocent be thought :  
 ' Much there is wanting still to be fulfill'd,  
 ' Much to my wish, but little to my guilt.

She



She spoke; but such is her unsettled mind,  
It shifts from thought to thought, like veering  
wind,

Now to this point, and now to that inclin'd:

What she could wish had unattempted been:

She strait is eager to attempt agen:

What she repents, she acts; and now lets loose

The Reins to Love, nor any bounds allows,

Repulse upon Repulse unmov'd she bears,

And still sues on, while she her suit despairs.

---

A S A-

A

## SATYR

*Upon a WOMAN, who by her Falshood and  
Scorn was the Death of my Friend.*

**N**O she shall ne'er escape, ~~in~~ Gods there  
be,  
Unless they perjur'd grow, and false  
as she;

Though no strange Judgment yet the Murd'ress  
seize

To punish her, and quit the partial Skies:

Though no revenging lightning yet has flash'd

From thence, that might her criminal beauties  
blast:

Tho they in their old lustre still prevail,

By no disease, nor guilt it self made pale.

Guilt

Guilt, which, should blackest *Moors* themselves but  
own,

Would make through all their night new blushes  
dawn:

Though that kind soul, who now augments the  
blest,

Thither too soon by her unkindness chas'd.

( Where may it be her small'st, and lightest doom,  
( For that's not half my curse ) never to come )

Though he, when prompted by the high'st de-  
spair,

Ne'er mention'd her without an Hymn, or  
Prayer,

And could by all her scorn be forc'd no more  
Than Martyrs to revile what they adore.

Who, had he curst her with his dying breath ;

Had done but just, and Heaven had forgave:

Tho ill-made Law no sentence has ordain'd

For her, no Statute has her Guilt arraign'd.

( For Hangmen , Womens Scorn , and Doctors  
skill,

All by a licenc'd way of murder kill. )

Tho

Tho she from Justice of all these go free  
 And boasts perhaps in her success, and cry,  
 'Twas but a little harmless perjury:  
 Yet think she not, she still secure shall prove,  
 Or that none dare avenge an injur'd Love:  
 I rise in Judgment, am to be to her  
 Both Witness, Judge, and Executioner:  
 Arm'd with dire Satyr, and resentful spite,  
 I come to haunt her with the ghosts of Wit.  
 My Ink unbid starts out, and flies on her,  
 Like blood upon some touching Murderer:  
 And shou'd that fail, rather than want, I wou'd,  
 Like Haggs, to curse her, write in my own blood.

Yespightful pow'rs (if any there can be,  
 That boast a worse, and keener spight than I)  
 Assist with Malice, and your mighty aid  
 My sworn Revenge, and help me Rhime her  
 dead:

Grant I may fix such brands of Infamy,  
 So plain, so deeply grav'd on her, that she,

Her

Her Skill, Patches, nor Paint, all joyn'd can hide,  
 And which shall last as her Soul abide:  
 Grant my strong hate may such strong poison cast,  
 That every breath may taint, and rot, and blast,  
 Till one large Gangrene quite o'erspread her fame  
 With foul contagion; till her odious name,  
 Spit at, and curst by every mouth like mine,  
 Be terror to her self, and all her line.

Vilest of that viler Sex, who damn'd us all!  
 Ordain'd to cause, and plague us for our fall!  
*WOMAN!* nay worse! for she can nought be  
 said,

But Mummy by some Dev'l inhabited:  
 Not made in Heaven's Mint, but basely coin'd,  
 She wears an human Image stamp't on Fiend;  
 And whose Marriage would with her contract,  
 Is Witch by Law, and that a meer compact,  
 Her Soul ( if any Soul in her there be )  
 By Hell was breath'd into her in a lye,  
 And its whole stock of falshood there was lent,  
 As if hereafter to be true it meant :

Bawd

Bawd Nature taught her jilting, when she made  
And by her make, design'd her for the trade:  
Hence 'twas she daub'd her with a painted Face,  
That she at once might better cheat, and please:  
All those gay charming looks, that court the Eye,  
Are but an ambush to hide treachery;  
Mischief adorn'd with pomp, and smooth disguise,  
A painted skin stuff'd full of guile and lyes;  
Within a gawdy Case, a nasty Soul,  
Like T——of quality in a gilt Close-stool:  
Such on a Cloud those flatt'ring Colours are,  
Which only serve to dress a Tempest fair.  
So Men upon this Earth's fair surface dwell,  
Within are Fiends, and at the center Hell:  
Court-promises, the Leagues, which States-men  
make  
With more convenience, and more ease to break,  
The Faith, a Jesuit in allegiance swears,  
Or a Town-jilt to keeping Coxcombs bears,  
Are firm, and certain all, compar'd with hers:

Early

Early in falshood, at her Font she lied,  
 And should ev'n then for Perjury been tried :  
 Her Conscience stretch'd, and open as the Stews,  
 But laughs at Oaths, and plays with solemn Vows,  
 And at her mouth swallows down perjur'd  
 breath,

More glib than bits of Lechery beneath :  
 Less serious known, when she doth most protest,  
 Than thoughts of arrantest Buffoons in jest :

More cheap, than the vile mercenariest Squire,  
 That plies for Half-crown Fees at *Westminster*,  
 And trades in staple Oaths, and Swears to hire : }

Less Guilt than hers, less breach of Oath, and  
 Word

Has stood aloft, and look'd through Penance  
 board ;

And he that trusts her in a Death-bed Prayer,  
 Has Faith to merit, and save any thing, but her.

But since her Guilt description does out-go ;  
 I'll try if it out-strip my Curfes too ;

Curfes

Curfes, which may they equal my juſt hate,  
 My Wiſh, and her deſert, be each ſo great,  
 Each heard like Pray'rs, and Heavens make 'em  
 fate.

First, for her Beauties, which the Miſchief  
 brought,

May ſhe affected, they be borrow'd thought,  
 By her own hand, not that of Nature wrought:  
 Her Credit, Honour, Portion, Health, and thoſe  
 Prove light, and frail, as her broke Faith, and Vows.  
 Some baſe unnam'd Diſeaſe, her Carcaſs foul,  
 And make her Body ugly, as her Soul.  
 Cankers, and Ulcers eat her, till ſhe be,  
 Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like Infamy.

Strength quite expir'd, may ſhe alone retain  
 The ſnuff of Life, may that unquench'd remain,  
 As in the damn'd, to keep her freſh for pain:  
 Hot Luſt light on her, and the Plague of Pride  
 On that, this ever ſcorn'd, as that denied:  
 Ach, Anguiſh, Horror, Grief, Diſhonor, Shame  
 Purſue at once her Body, Soul, and fame:

L

If



If e'er the Devil-love must enter her  
(For nothing sure but Fiends can enter there)  
May she a just and true tormenter find,  
And that like an ill conscience rack her mind:  
Be some Diseas'd, and ugly wretch her fate,  
She doom'd to love of one, whom all else hate.  
May he hate her, and may her destiny  
Be to despair, and yet love on, and die;  
Or to invent some wittier punishment,  
May he, to plague her, out of spite consent;  
May the old Fumbler, though disabled quite,  
Have strength to give her Claps, but no delight:  
May he of her unjustly jealous be  
For one that's worse, and uglier far than he:  
May's Impotence balk, and torment her lust,  
Yet scarcely her to dreams, or wishes trust:  
Forc'd to be chaste, may she suspected be,  
Share none o'th' Pleasure, all the Infamy.

In

In fine, that I all Curses may compleat  
(For I've but curs'd in jest, raillied yet)  
Whate'er the Sex deserves, or feels, or fears,  
May all those plagues be hers, and only hers;  
Whate'er great Favourites turn'd out of doors,  
Scorn'd Lovers, bilk'd and disappointed Whores,  
Or losing Gamesters vent, what Curses e'er  
Are spoke by sinners raving in despair:  
All those fall on her, as they're all her due,  
Till spite can't think, nor Heav'n inflict anew:  
May then (for once I will be kind, and pray)  
No madness take her use of Sense away;  
But may she in full strength of Reason be,  
To feel, and understand her misery;  
Plagu'd so, till she think damning a release,  
And humbly pray to go to Hell for ease:  
Yet may not all these suff'rings here atone  
Her sin, and may she still go sinning on,

Tick up in Perjury, and run o'th' Score;

Till on her Soul she can get trust no more: (140)

Then may she Stupid, and Repentless die, and

And Heav'n it self forgive no more than I, } (141)

But so be damn'd of meer necessity. (142)

**F I N I S.**

# POEMS AND Translations.

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BY  
JOHN OLDHAM.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the *Golden-Ball*  
in *Cornhil*. MDCLXXIV.

POEMS

AND

Translations

BY

JOHN G. DUNN

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**B**Eing to appear anew in the World, it may be expected, that I should say something concerning these ensuing Tristles, which I shall endeavour to do with as much briefness, as I did before what I last publish'd in this kind.

I doubt not but the Reader will think me guilty of as high presumption in adventuring upon a Translation of The Art of Poetry, after two such great Hands as have gone before me in the same attempts: I need not acquaint him, that I mean Ben Johnson, and the Earl of Roscommon, the one being of so establish'd an Authority, that what ever he did is held as Sacred; the other having lately performed it with such admirable success, as almost cuts off all hope in any after Pretenders of ever coming up to what he has done. Howbeit when I let him know, that it was a Task imposed upon me, and not what I voluntarily engaged in; I hope he will be the more favourable in his Censures. I would indeed very willingly have wav'd the undertaking upon the forementioned account, and urged it as a reason for my declining the same, but it would not be allowed as sufficient to excuse me therefrom. Wherefore, being prevailed upon to make an Essay, I fell to thinking of some course, whereby I might serve my self of the Advantages, which those that went before me, have either not minded, or scrupulously abridged themselves of. This  
I soon

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*I soon imagined was to be effected by putting Horace into a more modern dress, then hitherto he has appeared in, that is by making him speak, as if he were living, and writing now. I therefore resolved to alter the scene from Rome to London, and to make use of English names of Men, Places, and Customs, where the Parallel would decently permit, which I conceived would give a kind of new Air in the Poem, and render it more agreeable to the relish of the present Age.*

*With these Considerations I set upon the Work, and pursued it accordingly. I have not, I acknowledge, been ever nice in keeping to the words of the Original, for that were to transgress a Rule therein contained. Nevertheless I have been religiously strict to its sense, and express'd it in as plain, and intelligible a manner, as the Subject would bear. Where I may be thought to have varied from it (which is not above once or twice, and in Passages not much material) the skilful Reader will perceive 'twas necessary for carrying on my proposed design, and the Author himself, were he again alive, would (I believe) forgive me. I have been careful to avoid stiffness, and made it my endeavour to hit (as near as I could) the easy and familiar way of writing, which is peculiar to Horace in his Epistles, and was his proper Talent above any of mankind. After all, 'tis humbly submitted to the judgment of the truly knowing, how I have acquitted my self herein. Let the success be what it will, I shall not however wholly repent of my undertaking, being (I reckon*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

reckon) in some measure recompenced for my pains by the advantage I have reaped of fixing these admirable Rules of Sense so well in my memory.

The Satyr and Odes of the Author, which follow next in order, I have translated after the same libertine way. In them also I labour'd under the disadvantages of coming after other persons. The Satyr had been made into a Scene by Ben Johnson, in a Play of his, called the Poetaster. After I had finished my imitation thereof, I came to learn, that it had been done likewise by Dr. Sprat, and since I have had the sight of it amongst the Printed Translations of Horace's Works. The Odes are there done too, but not so excellently well, as to discourage any farther endeavours. If these of mine meet with good entertainment in the world, I may perhaps find leisure to attempt some other of them, which at present suffer as much from their Translators; as the Psalms of David from Sternhold and Hopkins.

The two sacred Odes I designed not to have made publick now, forasmuch as they might seem unfit to appear among Subjects of this nature, and were intended to come forth apart hereafter in company of others of their own kind. But, having suffer'd Copies of them to straggle abroad in Manuscript, and remembring the Fate of some other Pieces of mine, which have formerly stoln into the Press without my leave, or knowledge, and be exposed to the World abominably false and uncorrect; to prevent the same misfortune likely enough to befall these, I have been

per-



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perswaded to yield my consent to their Publishing amongst the rest. Nor is the Printing of such Miscellanies altogether so unprecedented, but that it may be seen in the Editions of Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley's Works, whether done by their own appointment, or the sole direction of the Stationers, I am not able to determine.

As for the two Essays out of Greek, they were occasion'd by a report, that some Persons found fault with the roughness of my Satyrs formerly published, tho' upon what ground they should do it, I could be glad to be informed. Unless I am mistaken, there are not many Lines but will endure the reading without shocking any Reader, that is not so nice, and censorious. I confess, I did not so much mind the Cadence, as the Sense and expressiveness of my words, and therefore chose not those, which were best disposed to placing themselves in Rhyme, but rather the most keen, and tasty, as being the most suitable to my Argument. And certainly no one that pretends to distinguish the several Colours of Poetry, would expect that Juvenal, when he is lashing of Vice and Villany, should flow so smoothly, as Ovid, or Tibullus, when they are describing Amours and Gallantries, and having nothing to disturb and ruffle the evenness of their Style.

Howbeit, to shew that the way I took, was out of choice, not want of Judgment, and that my Genius is not wholly unsapable of performing upon more gay and agreeable Subjects, if my humour inclined me to exercise it, I have pitch'd upon these two, which  
the

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the greatest men of Sense have allowed to be some of the softest and tenderest of all Antiquity. Nay, if we will believe Rapine, one of the best Criticks which these latter Ages have produced; they have no other fault, than that they are too exquisitely delicate for the Character of Pastoral, which should not seem too labour'd, and whose chief beauty is an unaffected air of plainness and simplicity.

That, which laments the Death of Adonis has been attempted in Latine by several great Masters, namely, Vulcanius, Douza, and Monsieur le Fevre. The last of them has done it Paraphrastically, but left good part of the Poem toward the latter end untouch'd, perhaps because he thought it not so capable of Ornament, as the rest. Him I chiefly chose to follow, as being most agreeable to my way of translating, and where I was at a loss for want of his guidance, I was content to steer by my own Fancy.

The Translation of that upon Bion was begun by another Hand, as far as the first fifteen Verses, but who was the Author I could never yet learn. I have been told that they were done by the Earl of Rochester; but I could not well believe it, both because he seldom medled with such Subjects, and more especially by reason of an uncorrect line, or two to be found amongst them, at their first coming to my hands, which never us'd to flow from his excellent Pen. Conceiving it to be in the Original, a piece of as much Art, Grace, and Tenderneß, as perhaps was ever offered to the Albes of a Poet, I thought fit to dedicate it to the memory of that incomparable Person, of whom nothing can

## ADVERTISEMENT.

be said, or thought so choice and curious, which his Deserts do not surmount. If it be thought mean to have borrowed the sense of another to praise him in, yet at least it argues at the same time a value and reverence, that I durst not think any thing of my own good enough for his Commendation.

This is all, which I judg material to be said of these following Resveries. As for what others are to be found in the parcel, I reckon them not worth mentioning in particular, but leave them wholly open and unguarded to the mercy of the Reader; let him make his Attaques how, and where he please.

---

H O.

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# HORACE

HIS ART of  
POETRY,

Imitated in *English*.

*Address'd by way of Letter to a Friend.*

**S**hould some ill Painter in a wild design  
To a man's Head an Horse's Shoulders joyn,  
Or Fishes Tail to a fair Woman's waste;  
Or draw the Limbs of many a different Beast,  
Ill match'd, and with as motly Feathers drest;  
If you by chance were to pass by his Shop;  
Could you forbear from laughing at the Fop,  
And not believe him whimsical, or mad?  
Credit me, Sir, that Book is quite as bad;  
As worthy laughter, which throughout is fill'd  
With monstrous inconsistencies, more vain, and  
wild A 2 Than

2 Horace *his Art of Poetry.*

Than sick mens Dreams, whose neither head, nor  
Nor any parts in due proportion fall. (tail,

But 'twill be said, *None ever did deny*  
*Painters and Poets their free liberty*

*Offeigning any thing*: We grant it true,

And the same privilege crave and allow:

But to mix natures clearly opposite,

To make the Serpent and the Dove unite,

Or Lambs from savage Tygers seek defence,

Shocks Reason, and the Rules of common Sense.

Some, who would have us think they meant  
to treat

At first on Arguments of greatest weight,

Are proud, when here and there a glittering line

Does through the mass of their coarse rubbish  
shine:

In gay digressions they delight to rove,

Describing here a Temple, there a Grove,

A Vale enamel'd o'er with pleasant streams,

A painted Rainbow, or the gliding *Thames*.

But

Horace *his Art of Poetry.*

3

But how does this relate to their design?

Though good elsewhere, 'tis here but foisted in.

A common Dawber may perhaps have skill

To paint a Tavern Sign, or Landskip well:

But what is this to drawing of a Fight,

A Wrack, a Storm, or the *last Judgment* right?

When the fair Model, and Foundation shews,

That you some great *Escorial* would produce,

How comes it dwindled to a Cottage thus?

In fine, what ever work you mean to frame,

Be uniform, and every where the same.

Most Poets, Sir, ('tis easie to observe)

Into the worst of faults are apt to swerve;

Through a false hope of reaching excellence,

Avoiding length, we often cramp our Sense,

And make't obscure; oft, when we'd have our stile

Easie, and flowing, lose its force the while:

Some, striving to surmount the common flight,

Soar up in airy Bombast out of sight.

A 3

Others

Others, who fear to a bold pitch to trust  
 Themselves, flag low, & humbly sweep the dust;  
 And many fond of seeming marvellous,  
 While they too carelessly transgress the Laws  
 Of likelihood, most odd *Chimeras* feign,  
 Dolphins in Woods, and Bears upon the Main.  
 Thus they, who would take aim, but want the  
 skill,  
 Miss always, and shoot wide, or narrow still.

One of the meanest Workmen in the Town  
 Can imitate the Nails, or Hair in Stone,  
 And to the life enough perhaps, who yet  
 Wants mastery to make the Work complete:  
 Troth, Sir, if 'twere my fancy to compose,  
 Rather than be this bungling Wretch, I'd  
 choose  
 To wear a crooked and unsightly Nose  
 'Mongst other handsome features of a Face  
 Which only would set off my ugliness.

Be sure all you that undertake to write,  
 To chuse a Subject for your Genius fit:

Try

Horace *his Art of Poetry.*

Try long and often what your Talents are,  
What is the burthen, which your parts will bear,  
And where they'l fail: he that discerns with skill  
To cull his Argument, and matter well,  
Will never be to seek for Eloquence  
To dress, or method to dispose his Sense.  
They the chief Art, and Grace in order show  
(If I may claim any pretence to know)  
Who time discreetly what's to be discours'd,  
What should be said at last, and what at first:  
Some passages at present may be heard,  
Others still afterward are best deferr'd:  
Verse, which disdains the Laws of History,  
Speaks things not as they are, but ought to be:  
Whoever will in Poetry excell,  
Must learn, and use his hidden secret well.

'Tis next to be observ'd, that care is due,  
And sparingness in framing words anew:  
You shew your mast'ry, if you have the knack  
So to make use of what known word you take,



To give't a newer sense: If there be need  
 For some uncommon matter to be said;  
 Pow'r of inventing terms may be allow'd,  
 Which *Chaucer* and his age ne'er understood;  
 Provided always, as 'twas said before,  
 We seldom, and discreetly use that pow'r.  
 Words new and forein may be best brought in,  
 If borrow'd from a Language near akin:  
 Why should the peevish Criticks now forbid  
 To *Lee*, and *Dryden*, what was not deny'd  
 To *Shakespear*, *Ben*, and *Fletcher* heretofore,  
 For which they Praise, & Commendation bore?  
 If *Spencers* Muse be justly so ador'd  
 For that rich copiousness, wherewith he stor'd  
 Our Native Tongue; for Gods sake why  
 should I  
 Strait be thought arrogant; if modestly  
 I claim and use the self-same liberty?  
 This the just Right of Poets ever was, (please,  
 And will be still, to coin what words they  
 Well fitted to the present Age, and Place.

Words

Words with the Leaves of Trees a semblance  
 Hold  
 In this respect, where every year the old  
 Fall off, and new ones in their places grow:  
 Death is the Fate of all things here below:  
 Nature her self by Art has changes felt,  
 The *Tangier* Mole (by our great *Monarch* built)  
 Like a vast Bulwark in the Ocean set,  
 From Pyrats, and from Storms defends our Fleet:  
 Fense every day are drain'd, and Men now Plow,  
 And Sow, and Reap, where they before might  
 Row,  
 And Rivers have been taught by *Middleton*  
 From their old course within new Banks to  
 run,  
 And pay their useful Tribute to the Town.  
 If Mans and Natures works submit to Fate,  
 Much less must words expect a lasting date:  
 Many which we approve for currant now,  
 In the next Age out of request shall grow:  
 And others which are now thrown out of doors,  
 Shall be reviv'd, and come again in force,

If

If custom please : from whence their Vogue they  
draw,

Which of our Speech is the sole Judg, and Law.

*Hamper* first shew'd us in Heroick strains

To write of Wars, of Battles, and Campaigns,

Kings and great Leaders, mighty in Renown,

And him we still for our chief Pattern own,

Soft Elegy, design'd for grief, and tears,

Was first devis'd to grace some mournful Herse:

Since to a brisker Note 'tis taught to move,

And cloaths our gayest Passions, Joy, and Love.

But, who was first Inventer of the kind,

Criticks have fought, but never yet could find.

Gods, Heroes, Warriors, and the lofty praise

Of peaceful Conquerors in *Pisa's* Race,

The Mirth and Joys, which Love and Wine  
produce,

With other wanton fallies of a Muse,

The stately Ode does for its Subjects choose.

*Archilochus* to vent his Gall and Spite,

In keen Iambicks first was known to write:

Dra-

Dramatick Authors us'd this sort of Verse

On all the *Greek* and *Roman* Theatres,

As for Discourse and Conversation fit,

And apt't to drown the noises of the Pit.

If I discern not the true stile and air,

Nor how to give the proper Character

To every kind of work ; how dare I claim,

And challenge to my self a Poets Name?

And why had I with awkward modesty,

Rather than learn, always unskilful be?

*Volpone* and *Morose* will not admit

Of *Catiline's* high strains, nor is it fit

To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear

In the low dress, which Comick persons wear.

What e'er the Subject be, on which you write,

Give each thing its due place, and time aright:

Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her stile,

And angry *Chremes* is allow'd to swell,

And Tragedy alike sometimes has leave

To throw off Majesty, when 'tis to grieve:

*Peleus*

To Horace his *Art of Poetry*.

*Peleus* and *Telephus* in misery,

Lay their big words, and blustering language  
by,

If they expect to make their Audience cry.

'Tis not enough to have your Plays succeed ;

That they be elegant : they must not need

Those warm and moving touches which im-  
part

A kind concernment to each Hearers heart,

And ravish it which way they please with Art.

Where Joy and Sorrow put on good disguise,

Ours with the persons looks streight sympathize:

Would'ft have me weep ? thy self must first be-  
gin :

Then, *Telephus*, to pity I incline,

And think thy case, & all thy suff'rings mine ;

But if thou'rt made to act thy part amiss,

I can't forbear to sleep, or laugh, or hiss,

Let words express the looks, which speakers  
wear ;

Sad, fit a mournful, and dejected air ;

The passionate must huff, and storm, and rave ;

The gay be pleasant, and the serious grave.

For

For Nature works, and moulds our Frame within,  
To take all manner of Impressions in.

Now makes us hot, and ready to take fire,

Now hope, now joy, now sorrow does inspire,

And all these Passions in our Face appear,

Of which the Tongue is sole Interpreter:

But he whose Words, and Fortunes do not suit,

By Pit and Gall'ry both, is hooted out.

Observe what Characters your persons fit,

Whether the Master speak, or *Todelet*:

Whether a man, that's elderly in growth,

Or a brisk Hotspur in his boiling youth:

A roaring Bully, or a shirking Cheat,

A Court-bred Lady, or a tawdry Cit:

A prating Gossip, or a jilting Whore,

A travell'd Merchant, or an home-spun Boor:

*Spaniard*, or *French*, *Italian*, *Dutch*, or *Dane*;

Native of *Turkey*, *India*, or *Japan*.

Either from History your Persons take,

Or let them nothing inconsistent speak:

If

If you bring great *Achilles* on the Stage;  
 Let him be fierce and brave; all heat and rage;  
 Inflexable, and head-strong to all Laws,  
 But those, which Arms and his own will impose.  
 Cruel *Medea* must no pity have,  
*Ixion* must be treacherous, *Ino* grieve,  
*To* must wander, and *Orestes* rave,  
 But if you dare to tread in paths unknown,  
 And boldly start new persons of your own;  
 Be sure to make them in one strain agree,  
 And let the end like the beginning be.

'Tis difficult for Writers to succeed  
 On Arguments, which none before have try'd:  
 The *Iliad*, or the *Odyssée* with ease  
 Will better furnish Subjects for your Plays,  
 Than that you should your own Invention trust,  
 And broach unheard of things your self the first.  
 In copying others works, to make them pass,  
 And seem your own, let these few Rules take  
 place :

When

When you some of their Story represent,  
Take care that you new Episodes invent:  
Be not too nice the Authors words to trace,  
But vary all with a fresh air, and grace;  
Nor such strict rules of imitation choose,  
Which you must still be tied to follow close,  
Or forc'd to a retreat for want of room,  
Give over, and ridiculous become.

Do not like that affected Fool begin,  
*King Priams Fate, and Troy's fam'd War, I sing.*  
What will this mighty promiser produce?  
You look for Mountains, and out creeps a Mouse.  
How short is this of *Homer's* fine Address,  
And Art, who ne'er says any thing amiss?  
*Muse, speak the man, who since Troy's laying waste*  
*Into such numerous Dangers has been cast,*  
*So many Towns, and various People past:*  
He does not lavish at a blaze his Fire,  
To glare a while, and in a Snuff expire:

But



But modesty at first conceals his light,  
 In dazling wonders, then breaks forth to fight;  
 Sirprises you with Miracles all o'er,  
 Makes dreadful *Scilla* and *Charybdis* roar,  
*Cyclops*, and bloody *Lestrygons* devour :  
 Nor does he time in long Preambles spend,  
 Describing *Meleagar's* ruful end,  
 When he's of *Diomed's* return to treat;  
 Nor when he would the *Trojan* War relate,  
 The Tale of brooding *Leda's* Eggs repeat.  
 But still to the design'd event hastes on,  
 And at first dash, as if before 'twere known,  
 Embarques you in the middle of the Plot,  
 And what is unimprovable leaves out,  
 And mixes Truth and Fiction skilfully,  
 That nothing in the whole may disagree.

Who e'er you are, that set your selves to write,  
 If you expect to have your Audience sit  
 Till the fifth A&t be done, and Curtain fall;  
 Mind what Instructions I shall further tell :

Our

Our Guise, and Manners alter with our Age,  
And such they must be brought upon the Stage.

A Child, who newly has to Speech attain'd,  
And now: ~~can go without the Nurses hand,~~  
To play with those of his own growth la-  
pleas'd,  
Suddenly angry, and as soon appeas'd,  
Fond of new Trifles, and as quickly cloy'd,  
And loaths next hour, what he the last enjoy'd.

The beardless Youth from Pedagogue got  
loose,  
Does Dogs and Horses for his pleasure choose;  
Yielding, and soft to every print of Vice,  
Resty to those who would his Faults chastise,  
Careless of Profit, of Expenses vain,  
Haughty, and eager his desires t'obtain.  
And swift to quit the same desires again.

Those, who to many years, & sense are grown,  
Seek Wealth and Friendship, Honour and Re-  
nown:  
And are discreet, and fearful how to act  
What after they must alter and correct.

Diseases, Ills, and Troubles numberless  
Attend old Men, and with their Age increase:

In painful toil they spend their wretched years,  
Still heaping Wealth, and with that wealth new  
cares :

Fond to possess, and fearful to enjoy ;  
Slow, and suspicious in their managery,  
Full of Delays, and Hopes, lovers of ease,  
Greedy of life, morose, and hard to please,  
Envious at Pleasures of the young and gay,  
Where they themselves now want a stock to  
play ;

Ill natur'd Censors of the present Age,  
And what has past since they have quit the stage:  
But loud Admirers of Queen Bess's time,  
And what was done when they were in their  
prime.

Thus, what our tide of flowing years brings in,  
Still with our ebb of Life goes out again:  
The humours of fourscore will never hit  
One of Fifteen, nor a Boys part best  
A full-grown man : it shews no mean Address,  
If you the temper of each Age express.

Some things are best to act, others to tell ;  
Those by the ear convey'd, do not so well,

Nor

Not half so movingly affect the mind,  
 As what is to our eyes presented find.  
 Yet there are many things, which should not  
 In view, nor pass beyond the Tiring Room:  
 Which, after inexpressive Language told,  
 Shall please the Audience more than to behold:  
 Let not *Medea* shew her fatal rage;  
 And cut her Childrens Throats upon the Stage:  
 Nor *Oedipus* tear out his eye-balls there,  
 Nor bloody *Atræus* his dire Feast prepare:  
*Edmon*, nor *Progne* their odd changes take;  
 This to a Bird, the other to a Snake:  
 What ever so incredible you show,  
 Shocks my belief, and strait does nauseous grow,  
 Five Acts, no more, nor less, your Play must  
 have,  
 If you'll an handsom Third Days share receive,  
 Let not a God be summon'd to attend  
 On a slight Errand, nor on Wire descend,  
 Unless th' importance of the Plot engage;  
 And let but Three at once speak on the Stage.  
 Be sure to make the *Chorus* still promote  
 The chief Intrigue and business of the Plot:

Betwixt the Acts there must be nothing Sung,  
 Which does not to the main Design belong:  
 The praises of the good must here be told,  
 The Passions curb'd, and Foes of Vice extoll'd;  
 Here Thrift and Temperance, and wholesom  
 Laws,  
 Strict Justice, and the gentle calms of Peace,  
 Must have their Commendations, and Ap-  
 plause:  
 And Prayers must be sent to Heaven to guide  
 Blind Fortunes Blessings to the juster side,  
 To raise the Poor, and lower prosp'rous Pride.

At first the Musick of our Stage was rude,  
 Whilst in the *Cock-pit* and *Black-Friars* it stood  
 And this might please enough in former Reigns,  
 A thrifty, thin, and bashfull Audience:  
 When *Bussy d'Ambois* and his Fustian took,  
 And men were ravish'd with *Queen Gordobuck*.  
 But since our Monarch by kind Heaven sent,  
 Brought back the Arts with him from Banish-  
 ment,  
 And by his gentle influence gave increase  
 To all the harmless Luxuries of Peace:

Favour'd

Favour'd by him, our Stage has flourish'd too,  
 And every day in outward Splendor grew  
 In Musick, Song, and Dance of every kind,  
 And all the grace of Action 'tis refin'd;  
 And since that Opera's at length came in,  
 Our Players have so well improv'd the Scene  
 With gallantry of Habit, and Machine,  
 As makes our Theatre in Glory vie  
 With the best Ages of Antiquity:  
 And mighty *Roscins* were he living now,  
 Would envy both our Stage and Acting too.

Those, who did first in Tragedy essay  
 (When a vile Goat was all the Poets day)  
 Us'd to allay their Subjects gravity  
 With interludes of Mirth, and Raillery:  
 Here they brought rough, and naked Satyrs in,  
 Whose Farce-like Gesture, Motion, Speech,  
 and Meen  
 Resemble those of modern *Harlequin*,  
 Because such anrick Tricks, and odd grimace,  
 After their drunken Feasts on Holidays,  
 The giddy and hot-headed Rout would please:

As

As the wild Fears of Merry Andrews now  
Divert the senseless Crowd at Bartholmea.

But he, that would in this Mock-way excell,  
And exercise the Art of Railing well,  
Had need with diligence observe this Rule,  
In turning serious things to ridicule;  
If he an Hero, or a God bring in,  
With Kingly Robes and Scepter lately seen,  
Let them not speak like Burlesque Characters,  
The wit of *Billingsgate* and *Temple stairs*:  
Nor, while they of those meannesses beware,  
In tearing lines of *Bajazet* appear.  
Majestick Tragedy as much disdains  
To condescend to low, and trivial strains:  
As a Court-Lady thinks herself disgrac'd  
To Dance with Dowdies at a May-pole Feast.

If in this kind you will attempt to write,  
You must no broad and clownish words admit:  
Nor must you so confound your Characters,  
As not to mind what person 'tis appears.  
Take a known Subject, and invent it well,  
And let your stile be smooth and natural:

Though

Though others think it easie to attain,  
They'll find it hard, and imitate in vain:  
So much does method and connexion grace  
The common'st things, the plainest matters  
raise.

In my opinion 'tis absurd and odd,  
To make wild Satyrs, coming from the Wood,  
Speak the fine Language of the *Park* and *Mall*,  
As if they had their Training at *Whitehall*:  
Yet, tho I would not have their Words too  
quaint,  
Much less can I allow them impudent:  
For men of Breeding, and of Quality  
Must needs be shock'd with fulsom Ribaldry:  
Which, though it pass the Footboy and the Cit,  
Is always nauseous to the Box, and Pit.

There are but few, who have such skilful ears  
To judg of artless, and ill-measured Verse.  
This still of late was hardly understood,  
And still there's too much liberty allow'd.  
But will you therefore be so much a Fool  
To write at random, and neglect a Rule?



Or, while your Faults are set to general view,  
 Hope all men should be blind, or pardon you?  
 Who would not such fool-hardiness condemn,  
 Where, tho perohance you may escape from  
 blame,

Yet praise you never can expect, or claim?

Therefore be sure you study to apply

To the great Patterns of Antiquity:

Ne'er lay the Greeks and Romans out of sight;

Ply them by day, and think on them by night.

Rough hobbling numbers were allow'd for  
 Rhyme,

And clench for deep conceit in former time:

With too much patience (not to call it worse)

Both were applauded in our Ancestors:

If you, or I have sense to judg aright

Betwixt a Quibble, and true sterling Wit:

Orear enough to give the difference

Of sweet well sounding Verse from doggrel  
 strains.

*The/pis* ('tis said) did Tragedy devise,

Upkown before, and rude, at its first rise:

In Carts the Gypſie Actors ſtrow'd about,  
 With faces ſmea'd With Lees of Wine and  
 Soot,  
 And through the Towns amus'd the won-  
 d'ring rout;  
 Till *Aſchylus* appearing to the Age,  
 Contriv'd a Play-houſe, and convenient Stage.  
 Found out the uſe of Vizards, and a Dreſs,  
 (An handſomer, and more gentile Diſguiſe )  
 And taught the Actors with a ſtately Air,  
 And Meen to Speak, and Tread, and whatſo-  
 e'er  
 Gave Port, and Grandure to the Theatre.

Next this ſucceeded ancient Comedy,  
 With good applauſe, till too much liberty  
 Uſurp'd by Writers, had debauch'd the Stage,  
 And made it grow the Grievance of the Age ;  
 No merit was ſecure, no perſon free  
 From its licentious Buffoonery ;  
 Till for redreſs the Majeſtrate was ſain  
 By Law thoſe Inſolences to reſtrain.

Our Authors in each kind their Praise may  
 claim,

Who leave no paths untrod, that lead to fame :

And

And well they merit it, who scorn'd to be  
 So much the Vassals of Antiquity,  
 As those, who know no better then to cloy  
 With the old muffy Tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*:

But boldly the dull beaten Track forsook,  
 And Subjects from our Country story took.  
 Nor would our Nation less in Wit appear,  
 Than in its great performances of War;  
 Were there encouragements to bribe our care,  
 Would we to file, and finish spare the pains,  
 And add but justness to our manly sense.

But, Sir, let nothing tempt you to bely  
 Your skill, and judgment, by mean flattery:  
 Never pretend to like a piece of Wit,  
 But what, you're certain, is correctly writ:  
 But what has stood all tests, and is allow'd  
 By all to be unquestionably good:

Because some wild Enthusiasts there be,  
 Who bar the Rules of Art and Poetry.

Would have it rapture all, and scarce admit  
 A man of sober sense to be a Wit:

Othess

Others by this conceit have been misled  
 So much, that they're grown statutable mad:  
 The Sots affect to be retir'd alone,  
 Court Solitude, and Conversation shun,  
 In dirty Cloaths, and a wild Garb appear,  
 And scarce are brought to cut their Nails and  
 Hair,  
 And hope to purchase credit and esteem,  
 When they, like Cromwell's Porter, frantick seem,  
 Strange! that the very height of Lunacy,  
 Beyond the cure of *Allen*, e'er should be  
 A mark of the Elect in Poetry.  
 How much an Ass am I that us'd to Bleed,  
 And take a Purge each Spring to clear my Head?  
 None otherwise would be so good as I,  
 At lofty strains, and rants of Poetry:  
 But, Faith, I am not yet so fond of Fame,  
 To lose my Reason for a Poets name.  
 Tho I my self am not dispos'd to write;  
 In others I may serve to sharpen Wit:  
 Acquaint them what a Poet's duty is,  
 And how he shall perform it with success.

Whence

Whence the materials for his work are sought,  
 And how with Skilful Art they must be  
 wrought:

And shew what is and is not decency,

And where his faults and excellencies lie.

Good sense must be the certain standard still

To all that will pretend to writing well:

If you'll arrive at that, you needs must be

Well vers'd and grounded in Philosophy:

Then choose a Subject, which you thoroughly  
 know,

And words unsought thereon will easie flow.

Whoe'er will write, must diligently mind

The several sorts and ranks of humane kind:

He that has learnt, what to his Country's due,

What we to Parents, Friends, and Kindred owe,

What charge a Statesman, or a Judge does bear,

And what the parts of a Commander are;

Will never be at loss (he may be sure)

To give each person their due portraiture.

Take humane life for your original,

Keep but your Draughts to that, you'll never fail.

Some-

Sometimes in Plays, tho' else but badly wro't  
With nought of Force, or Grace, of Art, or Wit,  
Some one well humour'd Character we meet  
That takes us more, than all the empty Scenes,  
And jingling Toys of more elaborate Pens.

Greece had command of Language, Wit & Sense,  
For cultivating which she spar'd no pains;  
Glory her sole design, and all her aim  
Was how to gain her self immortal Fame;  
Our English Youth another way are bred,  
They're fitted for a Prentiship, and Trade,  
And *Wingate's* all the Authors, which they've  
read.

The Boy has been a year at Writing-School,  
Has learnt Division, and the Golden Rule;  
Scholar enough! cries the old doting Fool,  
I'll hold a Piece, he'll prove an Alderman,  
And come to sit at Church with Furs and Chain.  
This is the top design, the only praise,  
And sole ambition of the booby Race:  
While this base spirit in the Age does reign,  
And men mind nought but Wealth and sordid  
gain

Can

Can we expect or hope it should bring forth  
 A Work in Poetry of any worth,  
 Fit for the learned *Soddy* to admit  
 Among its Sacred Monuments of Wit

A Poet should inform us, or divert,  
 But joyning both he shews his chiefest Art.  
 Whatever precepts you pretend to give,  
 Be sure to lay them down both clear and brief  
 By that they are easier far to apprehend,  
 By this more faithfully preserv'd in mind:  
 All things superfluous are apt to cloy  
 The Judgment, and surcharge the Memory.

Let whatsoe'er of Fiction you bring in,  
 Be so like Truth, to seem at least akin:  
 Do not improbabilities conceive,  
 And hope to ram them into my belief:  
 Ne'er make a Witch upon the Stage appear,  
 Riding enchanted Broomstick through the Air:  
 Nor Canibal a living Infant spew,  
 Which he had murther'd, and devour'd but now.  
 The graver sort dislike all Poetry,  
 Which does not (as they call it) edifie:

And

And youthful sparks as much that Wit despise,  
Which is not strew'd with pleasant Gaieties,  
But he, that has the knack of mingling well  
What is of use with what's agreeable,  
That knows at once how to instruct and please,  
Is justly crown'd by all men's Suffrages:  
These are the works, which valued every where,  
Enrich Paul's Church-Yard and the Stationer:  
Their admiration through all Nations claim,  
And through all Ages spread their Authors  
Fame:

Yet there are faults where with we ought  
to bear;

An Instrument may sometimes chance to jar  
In the best hand, in spite of all its care:  
Nor have I known that skilful Marks-man yet  
So fortunate, who never mist the White.

But where many excellencies find,  
I'm not so nicely critical to mind  
Each slight mistake an Author may produce,  
Which humane frailty justly may excuse,  
Yet he, who having oft been taught to mend  
A Fault, will still pursue it to the end,

Is



Is like that scraping Fool, who the same Note  
 Is ever playing, and is ever out,  
 And silly as that bubble every whit,  
 Who at the self-same blow is always hit,  
 When such a lewd incorrigible Sot  
 Lucks by meer chance upon some happy thought,  
 Among such filthy Trash, I vex to see't,  
 And wonder how (the Devil!) he came by't,  
 In works of bulk and length we now and then  
 May grant an Author to be overseen;  
 Homer himself, how sacred e'er he is,

Yet claims not a pretence to Faultlessness.

Poems with Pictures a resemblance bear;  
 Some (best at distance) shun a view too near:  
 Others are bolder, and stand off to fight;  
 These love the shade, those choose the clearest  
 light,

And dare the survey of the skillfull'st eyes:  
 Some once, and some ten thousand times will  
 please.

Sir, tho your self so much of knowledg own  
 In these Affairs, that you can learn of none,  
 Yet mind this certain truth which I lay down:

Most

Most Callings else do difference allow;  
 Where ordinary Parts, and Skill may do:  
 I've known Physicians, who respect might claim,  
 Tho they ne'er rose to *Willis* his great fame:  
 And there are Preachers who have great renown,  
 Yet ne're come up to *Sprat*, or *Tillotson*:  
 And Counsellors, or Pleadèrs in the Hall  
 May have esteem, and practice; tho they fall  
 Far short of smooth tongu'd *Finch* in Eloquence,  
 Tho they want *Selden's* Learning, *Vaughan's*  
 Sense;

But Verse alone does of no mean admit,  
 Who e'er will please, must please us to the height:  
 He must a *Cowley* or a *Fleckno* be,  
 For there's no second Rate in Poetry:  
 A dull insipid Writer none can bear;  
 In every place he is the publick jeer,  
 And Lumber of the Shops and Stationer.

}  
}

No man that understands to make a Feast,  
 With a coarse Dessert will offend his Guest,  
 Or bring ill Musick in to grate the ear,  
 Because 'tis what the entertain might spare:

C

Ti

'Tis the same case with those that deal in Wit,  
 Whose main design and end should be delight:  
 They must by this same sentence stand, or fall,  
 Be highly excellent, or not at all.

In all things else, save only Poetry,  
 Men shew some signs of common modesty:  
 You'll hardly find a Fencer so unwise,  
 Who at *Bear-garden* e'er will fight a Prize,  
 Not having learnt before: nor at a Wake  
 One, that wants skill and strength, the Girdle  
     take,  
 Or be so vain the pond'rous Weight to fling,  
 For fear they should be hiss'd out of the Ring.  
 Yet every Coxcomb will pretend to Verse,  
 And write in spight of Nature, and his Stars;  
 All sorts of Subjects challenge at this time  
 The Liberty, and Property of Rhime.  
 The Sot of honour, fond of being great  
 By something else than Title, and Estate,  
 As if a Patent gave him claim to sense,  
 Or 'twere entail'd with an Inheritance,

Believes

Believes a cast of Foot-boys, and a set  
Of *Flanders* must advance him to a Wit.  
But you who have the judgment to descry  
Where you excel, which way your Talents lie,  
I'm sure, will never be induc'd to strain  
Your genius, or attempt against your vein.  
Yet (this let me advise) if e'er you write,  
Let none of your composurés see the light,  
Till they've been thoroughly weigh'd, and past  
the Test

Of all those Judges who are thought the best:  
While in your Desk they're lock'd up from the  
Press,  
You've power to correct them as you please:  
But when they once come forth to view of all,  
Your Faults are Cronieled, and past recall.

*Orpheus* the first of the inspir'd Train,  
By force of powerful numbers did restrain  
Mankind from rage, and bloody cruelty,  
And taught the barbarous world civility,  
Hence rose the Fiction, which the Poets fram'd,  
That Lions were by's tuneful Magick tam'd,

And Tygers, charm'd by his harmonious lays,  
 Grew gentle, and laid by their savageness :  
 Hence that, which of *Ampion* too they tell,  
 The pow'r of whose miraculous Lute could call  
 The well-plac'd stones into the *Theban* Wall.  
 Wondrous were the effects of primitive Verse,  
 Which settled and reform'd the Universe :  
 This did all things to their due ends reduce,  
 To publick, private, sacred, civil use :  
 Marriage for weighty causes was ordain'd,  
 That bridled lust, and lawless Love restrain'd :  
 Cities with Walls, and Rampiers were inclos'd,  
 And property with wholsom Laws dispos'd :  
 And bounds were fix'd of Equity and Right,  
 To guard weak Innocence from wrongful might.  
 Hence Poets have been held a sacred name,  
 And plac'd with first Rates in the Lists of Fame.  
 Next these, great *Homer* to the world appear'd,  
 Around the Globe his loud alarms were heard,  
 Which all the brave to war-like action fir'd :

And

And *Hesiod* after him with useful skill  
Gave lessons to instruct the Plough-mans toil.  
Verse was the language of the Gods of old,  
In which their sacred Oracles were told :  
In Verse were the first rules of Virtue taught,  
And Doctrine thence, as now from Pulpits  
sought :

By Verse some have the love of Princes gain'd,  
Who oft vouchsafe so to be entertain'd,  
And with a Muse their weighty cares unbend.  
Then think it no disparagement, dear Sir,  
To own your self a Member of that Choire  
Whom Kings esteem, and Heaven does inspire.

Concerning Poets there has been contest,  
Whether they're made by Art, or Nature best :  
But if I may presume in this Affair,  
Amongst the rest my judgment to declare,  
No Art without a Genius will avail,  
And Parts without the help of Art will fail :  
But both Ingredients joyntly must unite  
To make the happy Character complete.

None at *New-market* ever won the Prize,  
 But us'd his Airings, and his Exercise,  
 His Courses and his Diets long before,  
 And Wine, and Women for a time forbore :  
 Nor is there any Singing-man, we know,  
 Of good Repute in a Cathedral now,  
 But was a Learner once ( he'll freely own )  
 And by long Practice to that Skill has grown :  
 But each conceited Dunce, without pretence  
 To the least grain of Learning, Parts, or Sense, }  
 Or any thing but harden'd impudence,  
 Sets up for Poetry, and dares engage  
 With all the topping Writers of the Age :

*" Why should not he put in among the rest ?*

*" Damn him ! he scorns to come behind the best :*

*" Declares himself a Wit, and vows to draw*

*" On the next man, who e'er disowns him so.*

Scriblers of Quality who have Estate,  
 To gain applauding Fools at any rate,  
 Practise as many tricks as Shop-keepers  
 To force a Trade, and put off naughty wares :

Some

Some hire the House their Follies to expose,  
And are at charge to be ridiculous:  
Others with Wine, and Ordinaries treat  
A needy Rabble to cry up their Wit:  
'Tis strange, that such should the true difference  
find

Betwixt a sponging Knave and faithful Friend.

Take heed how you e'er prostitute your sense  
To such a fawning crew of Sycophants:

All signs of being pleas'd the Rogues will feign,  
Wonder, and bless themselves at every line.

Swearing, "*'Tis soft! 'tis charming! 'tis divine!*"

Here they'll look pale, as if surpriz'd, and there

In a disguise of grief squeeze out a tear:

Oft seem transported with a sudden joy,

Stamp and lift up their hands in extasie:

But, if by chance your back once turn'd appear,

You'll have'em strait put out their tongues in  
jeer,

Or point, or gibe you with a scornful sneer.

As they who truly grieve at Funerals, shew

Less outward sorrow than hir'd mourners do;



So true Admirers less concernment wear  
Before your face than the sham-Flatterer.

They tell of Kings, who never would admit  
A Confident, or bosom-Favourite,  
Till store of Wine had made his secrets float,  
And by that means they'd found his temper out ;  
Twere well if Poets knew some way like this,  
How to discern their friends from enemies.

Had you consulted learned *Ben* of old,  
He would your faults impartially have told :

*"This Verse correction wants ( he would have said )*

*"And so does this :* If you replied, you had  
To little purpose several trials made ;  
He presently would bid you strike a dash  
On all, and put in better in the place :  
But if he found you once a stubborn sot,  
That would not be corrected in a fault ;  
He would no more his pains and counsel spend  
On an abandon'd Fool that scorn'd to mend ;  
But

But bid you in the Devils name go on,  
And hug your dear impertinence alone.

A trusty knowing Friend will boldly dare  
To give his sense and judgment, wherefoe'er  
He sees a Fault: "*Here, Sir, good faith, you're*  
*low,*

*" And must some brightning on the place bestow:*

*" There, if you mind, the Rhime is harsh, and rough,*

*" And should be soft'ned to go smoothlier off:*

*" Your strokes are here of Varnish left too bare,*

*" Your Colours there too thick laid on appear:*

*" Your Metaphor is coarse, that Phrase not pure,*

*" This Word improper, and that sense obscure.*

In fine, you'll find him a strict Censurer,

That will not your least negligences spare

Through a vain fear of disobliging you:

They are but slight, and trivial things, 'tis true:

Yet these same Trifles (take a Poets word)

Matter of high importance will afford,

When

40 Horace *his Art of Poetry.*

When e'er by means of them you come to be  
Expos'd to Laughter, Scorn, and Infamy.

Not those with *Lord* have mercy on their doors,  
Venom of Adders, or infected Whores,  
Are dreaded worse by men of Sense, and Wit,  
Than a mad scribler in his raving fit :  
Like Dog, whose tail is pegg'd into a bone,  
The hooting Rabble all about the Town,  
Pursue the Cur, and pelt him up and down.  
Should this poor Frantick, as he pass'd along,  
Intent on's Rhiming work amidst the throng,  
Into *Fleet-Ditch*, or some deep Cellar fall,  
And till he rent his Throat for succour bawl,  
No one would lend an helping hand at call :  
For who (the Plague!) could guess at his design,  
Whether he did not for the nonce drop in?  
I'd tell you, Sir, but questionless you've heard  
Of the odd end of a *Sicilian* Bard :  
Fond to be deem'd a god, this fool (it seems)  
In's fit leapt headlong into *Aetna's* Flames.

Troth,

Troth, I could be content an Act might pass,  
Such Poets should have leave, when e'er they  
please,  
To die, and rid us of our Grievances.

A God's name let 'em hang, or drown, or  
choose  
What other way they will themselves dispose,  
Why should we life against their wills impose?  
Might that same fool I mention'd, now revive,  
He would not be reclaim'd, I dare believe,  
But soon be playing his old freaks again,  
And still the same capricious hopes retain.

'Tis hard to guess, and harder to alledg  
Whether for Parricide, or Sacriledg,  
Or some more strange, unknown, and horrid  
crime,  
Done in there own, or thereFore-Fathers time,  
These scribbling Wretches have been damn'd  
to Rhime:  
But certain 'tis, for such a crack'd-braind Race  
*Bedlam*, or *Hogsdon* is the fittest place:

Without

Without their Keepers you had better choose  
To meet the Lions of the *Tower* broke loose,  
Than these wild savage Rhymers in the street,  
Who with their Verses worry all they meet:  
In vain you would release your self; so close  
The Leeches cleave, that there's no getting loose,  
Remorseless they to no entreaties yield,  
Till you are with inhumane non-sense kill'd.

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An

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Hop

An Imitation of  
**HORACE.**

BOOK I. SATYR IX.

Written in June, 1681.

*Ibam fortè viâ sacrâ, &c.*

**A**S I was walking in the *Mall* of late,  
 Alone, and musing on I know not what;  
 Comes a familiar Fop, whom hardly I  
 Knew by his Name, and rudely seizes me:  
*Dear Sir, I'm mighty glad to meet with you:*  
*And pray, how have you done this Age, or two?*  
*"Well, I thank God (said I) as times are now:*  
*"I wish the same to you. And so pass'd on,*  
 Hoping with this, the Coxcomb would be gone.  
 But

But when I saw I could not thus get free;

I ask'd, what business else he had with me?

*Sir* (answer'd he) *If Learning, Parts, or Sense*

*Merits your friendship; I have just pretense*

*"I honour you (said I) upon that score,*

*"And shall be glad to serve you to my power.*

Mean time, wild to get loose, I try all ways

To shake him off: Sometimes I walk apace,

Sometimes stand still: I frown, I chafe, I fret,

Shrug, turn my back, as in the *Baigno*, sweat:

And shew all kind of signs to make him guess

At my impatience, and uneasiness.

*"Happy the folk in Newgate! (whisper'd I)*

*"Who, tho in Chains are from this torment free:*

*"Would I were like rough Manly in the Play,*

*To send Impertinents with kicks away!*

He all the while baits me with tedious chat,  
Speaks much about the drought, and how the  
rate

Of Hay is rais'd, and what it now goes at:

Tells me of a new Comet at the *Hague*,

Portending God knows what, a Dearth, or  
Plague:

Names

Names every Wench, that passes through the  
Park,

How much she is allow'd, and who the Spark,  
That keeps her: points, who lately got a Clap,  
And who at the Groom-porters had ill hap

Three nights ago, in play with such a Lord:  
When he observ'd, I minded not a word,  
And did no answer to his trash afford;

*Sir, I perceive you stand on Thorns (said he)*  
*And fain would part: but, faith, it must not be:*

*Come, let us take a Bottle. (I cried) "No;*  
*"Sir, I am in a Course, and dare not now.*

*Then tell me whither you desire to go:*

*'ll wait upon you. "Oh! Sir, 'tis too far:*

*"I visit cross the Water: therefore spare*

*"Your needless trouble. Trouble! Sir, 'tis none*

*'Tis more by half to leave you here alone*

*I have no present business to attend,*

*At least, which I'll not quit for such a Friend:*

*Tell me not of the distance: for I vow,*

*I'll cut the Line, double the Cape for you,*

Good



*Good faith, I will not leave you: make no words:*

*Go you to Lambeth? Is it to my Lords?*

*His Steward I most intimately know,*

*Have often drunk with his Comptroller too.*

*By this I found my Wheadle would not pass;*

*But rather serv'd my suff'rings to increase:*

*And seeing 'twas in vain to vex, or fret,*

*I patiently submitted to my Fate:*

*Strait he begins again: Sir, if you knew*

*My worth but half so thoroughly as I do;*

*I'm sure, you would not value any Friend*

*You have, like me: but that I won't commend*

*Myself, and my own Talents; I might tell*

*How many ways to wonder I excel.*

*None has a greater guist in Poetry,*

*Or writes more Verses with more ease than I:*

*I'm grown the envy of the men of Wit,*

*I kill'd ev'n Rochester with grief, and spight:*

*Next for the Dancing part I all surpass,*

*S. Andrew never mov'd with such a grace:*

*And*

And 'tis well known, when e'er I sing, or set,  
Humphreys, nor Blow could ever match me yet.

Here I got room to interrupt *"Have you"*

*"A Mother, Sir, or Kindred living now?"*

Not one: they are all dead. *"I trust so I guess:"*

*"The happier they (said I) who are at rest:"*

*"Poor I, am only left unmurder'd yet:"*

*"Haste, I beseech you, and dispatch me quite:"*

*"For I am well convinc'd, my time is come:"*

*"When I was young, a Gypsie told my doom:"*

This Lad (said she) and look'd upon my hand)

Shall not by Sword, or Poison come to end,

Nor by the Fever, Dropsie, Gout, or Stone,

But he shall die by an eternal Torment

Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wise,

Let him avoid great Talkers, I advise.

By this time we were got to Westminster,

Where he by chance a Trial had to hear,

And, if he were not there, his Cause must fall:

Sir, if you love me, step into the Hall

D

For

And

For one half hour, "The Devil take me now,"  
 " (Said I) if I know any thing of Law:  
 " Besides I told you whither I'm to go:  
 Hereat he made a stand, pull'd down his Hat  
 Over his eyes, and mus'd in deep debates:  
 I'm in a straight (says he) what I shall do, and so't  
 Whether forsake my business, Sir, or you.  
 " Me by all means (say I) no (says my Sot)  
 I fear you'll take it ill, if I should do't:  
 I'm sure, you will. " Not I, by all that's good,  
 But I've more breeding, than to be so rude.  
 " Pray, don't neglect your own concerns for me;  
 " Your Cause, good Sir! My Cause be damn'd (says he)  
 I value't less than your dear Company.  
 With this he came up to me, and would lead  
 The way; I sneaking after, hung my head.  
 Next he begins to plague me with the Plot,  
 Asks, whether I were known to Ours, or no:  
 Not I, thank Heaven! I no Priest have been:  
 " Have never Doway, nor S. Omers seen,  
 What

What think you, Sir, will ~~the~~ the Joyner try?

Will he die, think you? Yes, most certainly.

I mean, be hang'd. "Would thou wert so (with'd I.)"

Religion came in next; tho' he'd no more

Than th' Noble Peer, his Whore, or Confessor.

Oh! the sad times, if once the King should die!

Sir, are you not afraid of Popery?

"No more than my Superiors: why should I?"

"Come Popery, come any thing (thought I)

"So Heav'n would bless me to get rid of thee:

"But 'tis some comfort, that my Hell is here:

"I need no punishment hereafter fear.

Scarce had I thought, but he falls on anew;  
How stands it, Sir, betwixt his Grace, and you?

"Sir, he's a man of sense above the Crowd,

"And shuns the Converse of a Multitude.

Ay, Sir, (says he) you're happy, who are near  
His Grace, and have the favour of his ear:

But let me tell you, if you'll recommend

This person here, your point will soon be gain'd.

D<sub>a</sub>

Gad,

Gad, Sir, I'll die, if my own single Word  
 Don't For his Minions, and displacement quite;  
 And make your self his only Favourite.

"No, you are out abundantly (said I)

"We live not, as you think: no Family

"Throughout the whole three Kingdoms is more free

"From those ill Customs, which are us'd to swarm

"In great mens Houses; none e'er does me harm,

"Because more Learned, or more Rich, than I:

"But each man keeps his Place, and his Degree,

"Tis mighty strange (says he) what you relate,

"But nothing truer, take my word for that.

You make me long to be admitted too

Amongst his Creatures: Sir, I beg, that you

Will stand my Friend: Your Interest is such,

You may prevail, I'm sure, you can do much,

He's one, that may be won upon, I've heard,

Tho at the first approach access be hard,

I'll spare no trouble of my own, or Friends,

No cost in Fees, and Bribes to gain my ends:

I'll seek all opportunities to meet  
With him, accost him in the very streets:  
Hang on his Coach, and wait upon him home,  
Fawn, Scrape and Gringe to him, nay, to his Groom.  
Faith, Sir, this must be done, if we'll be great:  
Preferment comes not at a cheaper rate.

While at this savage rate he worried me;  
By chance a Doctor, my dear Friend came by,  
That knew the Fellow's humour passing well:  
Glad of the sight, I joyn him; we stand still:  
Whence came you, Sir? and whither go you now?  
And such like questions pass'd betwixt us two:  
Strait I begin to pull him by the sleeve,  
Nod, wink upon him, touch my Nose, and give  
A thousand hints, to let him know, that I  
Needed his help for my delivery:  
He, naughty Wag, with an Arch fleering smile  
Seems ignorant of what I mean the while;  
I grow stark wild with rage. "Sir, said not you,  
"You'd somewhat to discourse, not long ago,  
D 3 "Wish

"With me in private? I remember't well;  
 Some other time he sure; I will not fail;  
 Now I am in great haste upon my Word:  
 A Messenger came from me from a Lord,  
 That's in a bad condition, like to die;  
 "Oh! Sir, he can't be in a worse than I;  
 "Therefore for God's sake do not stir from hence,  
 Sweet Sir! your pardon: 'tis of consequence:  
 I hope you're kinder than to press my stay,  
 Which may be Heav'n knows what out of my way.

This said, he left me to my murderer:  
 Seeing no hopes of my relief appear;  
 "Confounded be the Stars (said I) that smay'd  
 "This fatal day! would I had kept my Bed  
 "With sickness, rather then be visited  
 "With this worse Plague! what ill have I e'er done,  
 "To pull this curse, this heavy Judgment down?

While I was thus lamenting my ill hap,  
 Comes aid at length: a brace of Bailiffs clap  
 The Rascal on the back: "Here take your Feet,  
 "Kind Gentlemen (said I) for my release,

He

He would have had me Bail. " *Excuse me, Sir,*

" *I've made a Vow ne'er to be Surety more:*

" *My Father was undone by't heretofore.*

Thus I got off, and blest'd the Fates that he  
Was Prisoner made, I set at liberty.

Book I. Ode XXXI.

D 4

Para



Paraphrase upon

# HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE. XXXI.

*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem  
Vates? &c.*

I.

**W**Hat does the Poet's modest wish re-  
quire?

What Boon does he of gracious Heav'n desire?

Not the large Crops of *Essex*'s goodly Soil,

Which tire the Mower's, and the Reapers toil;

Nor the soft Flocks, on hilly *Cotswold* fed,

Nor *Zemster* Fields with living Fleeces clad:

He does not ask the Grounds, where gentle  
*Thames*,

Or *Severn* spread their fat'ning Streams;

Where

Where they with wanton windings play,  
And eat their widen'd Banks insensibly away :  
He does not ask the Wealth of *Lombard-street*,  
Which Consciences, & Souls are pawn'd to get.

Nor those exhaustless Mines of Gold,  
Which *Gunny* and *Peru* in their rich bosoms hold.

Let those that live in the *Canary Isles*,  
On which indulgent Nature ever smiles,  
Take pleasure in their plenteous Vintages,  
And from the juicy Grape its racy Liquor press :

Let wealthy Merchants, when they Dine,  
Run o're their costly names of Wine,

Their *Chefts of Florence*, and their *Mont-  
Albine*.

Their *Mants, Champagns, Chablees, Frontiniacks* tell,

Their Aums of *Hock*, of *Backrag* and *Mosell*:

He envies not their Luxury,  
Which they with so much pains, and danger  
buy

For

For which so many Storms, and Wrecks they  
 bear,  
 For which they Pass the *Streights* so oft each  
 year.  
 And scape so narrowly the Bondage of *Argier*.

He wants no *Cyprian* Birds, nor *Oriental*;  
 Nor Dainties fetch'd from far to please his Sense,

Cheap wholsom Herbs content his frugal  
 Board,

The food of unfaul Innocence,  
 Which the mean'st Village Garden does afford:  
 Grant him, kind Hea'vn, the sum of his de-  
 serts,

What Nature, not what Luxury requires:

He only does a Competency claim,  
 And, When he has it, wit to use the same:  
 Grant him sound Health, impair'd by no Dis-  
 ease,

Nor by his own Excess;

Let him in strength of Mind, and Body live,  
 But not his Reason, nor his Sense survive:

His



## Paraphrase upon

## HORACE.

## BOOK II. ODE XIV.

*Eben fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,  
Labuntur anni, &c.*

## I.

**A** Las! dear Friend, alas! time hastes away,  
Nor is it in our pow'r to bribe its stay:  
The rolling years with constant motion run,  
Lo! while I speak, the present minute's gone,  
And following hours urge the foregoing on.

'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Power,  
Tis not thy Piety can thee secure:

They're all too feeble to withstand  
Grey Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidless  
end.

When

When once thy Glass is run,

When once thy utmost Thread is spun,  
Twill then be fruitless to expect Reprieve:  
Could'st thou ten thousand Kingdoms give

In purchase for each hour of longer life,

They would not buy one gasp of breath,  
Not move one jot inexorable Death.

2.

All the vast stock of humane Progeny,

Which now like swarms of Insects crawl  
Upon the Surface of Earth's spacious Ball,  
Must quit this Hillock of Mortality,

And in its Bowels buried lie.

The mightiest King, and proudest Parentate,  
In spite of all his Pomp, and all his State,  
Must pay this necessary Tribute unto Fate.

The busie restless *Monarch* of the World, which

now  
Keeps such a pother, and so much ado

To fill Gazettes alive,  
And after in some lying Annal to survive;

Even

Ev'n He, ev'n that great mortal man must die.

And stink, and rot as well as thou, and I.

As well as the poor tatter'd Wretch, that begs  
his bread.

And is with scraps out of the common Basket fed.

3.

**In vain from dangers of the bloody Field we keep**

In vain we of care

The sultry *Line*, and stormy *Cape*,

And all the treacheries of the faithless, Deep :

In vain for health to foreign Countries we repair,

And change our English for Montpellier Air

In hope to leave our fears of dying there:

**In vain with costly far-fetch'd Drugs we strive**

**To keep the wafting vital Lamp alive:**

In vain on Doctors feeble Art rely ;

**Against resistless Death there is no remedy.**

Both we, and they for all their skill must die,

And fill alike the Bedrocks of Mortality.

Thou

4.

Thou must, thou must resign to Fate, my  
Friend,

And leave thy House, thy Wife, and Family be-  
hind :

Thou must thy fair, and goodly Mannors leave,

Of these thy Trees thou shalt not with thee  
take,

Save just as much as will thy Coffin make :—

Nor wilt thou be allow'd of all thy Land, to have,

But the small pittance of a six foot Grave.

Then shall thy prodigal young Heir

Lavish the wealth, which thou for many a year

Hast hoarded up with so much pains and care :

Then shall he drain thy Cellars of their Stores,  
Kept sacred now as vaults of buried Ancestors :

Shall set th' enlarged Butts at liberty,

Which there close Pris'ners underdurance lie,

And wash these stately Floors with better Wine

Than that of consecrated Prelates when they  
dine.

The



# THE PRAISE OF HOMER.

## ODE.

**H**ail God of Verse! pardon that this I  
take in vain  
Thy sacred, everlasting Name,  
And in unhallowed lines blaspheme:

Pardon, that with strange Fire thy Affairs I pro-  
fane.

Hail thou! to whom we mortal Bards, our Faith  
submit,

Whom we acknowledge our soul Text, and ho-  
ly White:

None other Judge infallible we own,

But Thou, who art the Canon of authentick Wit  
alone.

Thou

Thou art the unexhausted Ocean, whence  
Spring forth, and still do flow the Fountains of  
Sense:

Thou art the source of our Art Divine we owe,  
From whom it had its Rise, and full perfection  
too.

Thou art the mighty Bank, that ever dost supply  
Throughtout the world the whole Poetical Com-  
pany:

With thy vast stock alone they traffick for a  
name,

And send their glorious Ventures out to all the  
Coasts of Fame.

But farther does surpass, and farther does delay,

How true it is, how true it is, how true it is,

Who fasten'd that unjust Reproach on Thee?

Who can the senseless Tale belide?

Who can to the false Legend credence give?

Or think thou wantest sight, by whom all o-  
thers see?

What Land, or Region, how remote so'er,  
Does not so well describ'd in thy great Draughts  
appear,

By Thee so well communicated

That

That each thy native Country seems to be,  
And each 't have been survey'd, and measur'd out  
by thee?

Whatever Bank does in her pregnant Bowels  
bear,  
Or on her fruitful Surface wear,  
From whom it had its life and full perfection

Where'er the spacious Fields of Air contain  
Or far extended Territories of the Main:  
Is by thy skilful Pencil so exactly showing  
We scarce discern where thou, or where'st best  
has drawn;

Nor is thy quick all-seeing Eye  
Or check'd, or bounded here:

But farther does surpass, and farther does descry,

Beyond the Travels of the Sun, and Year;  
Beyond this glorious Scene of Earthly Tapestry,

Where the vast Purview of the Sky,

And boundless waste of Nature lies;

This Voyages thou mak'st, and bold Discoveries

What there the Gods in Parliament debate,

What Votes, or Acts 'tth Heav'nly Houses  
signify,

By Thee so well communicated was;

As

As if thou hadst been of that Cabal of State,  
As if thou hadst been sworn the Privy Counsellor  
of Fate,  
What Chief, who does thy Warrior's great Ex-  
ploits survey,

Will not aspire to Deeds as great as they?

What generous Readers would he not inspire  
With the same gallant Heat, the same ambitious  
Fire?

Methinks from Ida's top with noble Joy I view  
The warliok Squadrons by his daring Conduct  
led,  
I see th' immortal Host engaging on his side,

And him the blushing Gods out-do.  
Where e'er he does his dreadful Standards  
bear,  
Horror stalks in the Van, and Slaughter in the  
Rere.

Whole Swarms of Enemies his Sward does  
mow,  
And Limbs of Mangled Chiefs his passage  
strow,

And founts of reeking Gore the Field o'er-  
flow:

While Heav'n's dread Monarch from his  
Throne of State,

With high concern upon the sight looks down,  
And wrinkles his Majestick Brow into a Frown,  
To feeble Man, like him, distribute Fate.

While the great Macedonian Youth in Nonage  
grew,

Nor yet by Charter of his years set free

From Gaurdians, and their slavish tyranny,

No Tutor, but the Budg Philosphers he knew:

And well enough the grave, and useful Tools

Might serve to read him Lectures, & to please

With unintelligible Jargon of the Schools,

And airy Terms and Notions of the Colleges:

They might the Art of Prating, and of Brawling  
teach,

And some insipid Homilies of Virtue preach:

But when the mighty Pupil had outgrown

Their musty Discipline, when manlier Thoughts  
possess'd

His generous Princely Breast,

Now

Now ripe for Empire, and a Crown,  
And fill'd with lust of Honour, and Renown;  
He then learnt to contemn

The despicable things, the men of Flegm:

Strait he to the dull Pedants gave Release;

And a more noble Master straight took place:

Thou, who the *Grecian* Warriour so could'st  
praise,

As might in him just envy raise,

Who (one would think) had been himself too  
high

To envy any thing of all Mortality,

'Twas thou that taught'st him Lessons loftier,  
far,

The Art of Reigning, and the Art of War:

And wondrous was the Progress, which he  
made,

While he the Acts of thy great Pattern read:

The World too narrow for his boundless Con-  
quests grew,

He Conquer'd one, and wish'd, and wept for  
new:

From thence he did those Miracles produce,  
And Fought, and Vanquish'd by the Conduct of  
a Muse.

No wonder rival Nations quarrell'd for thy Birth,

A Prize of greater and of higher worth

Than that, which led whole Greece, and ~~off~~ forth,

Than that for which thy mighty Hero fought,  
And Troy with ten years War, and its destruction bought.

Well did they think it noble to have bore that Name,

Which the whole World would with ambition claim:

Well did they Temples raise  
To Thee, at whom Nature her self stood in a-maze.

A work, she never tried to amend, nor cou'd  
In which mistaking Man, by chance, she form'd a God.

How gladly would our willing *Ile* resign  
Her fabulous *Arthur*, and her boasted *Constantine*,  
And half her Worthies of the *Norman* Line,  
And quit the honour of their Births to be ensur'd to Thine?

How justly might it the wise choice approve,  
Prouder in this than *Crete* to have brought forth  
Almighty *Jove*?

No Nation yet has done to posterity  
 Unhappy we, thy ~~Birth~~ <sup>Birth</sup> on Spring-day  
 Who strive by thy great Model Monuments to  
 Now ~~W~~ <sup>W</sup> ~~ear~~ <sup>ear</sup> ~~the World~~ <sup>the World</sup> ~~thou~~ <sup>thou</sup> ~~bring~~ <sup>bring</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup>

In vain for worthless Fame we toil,  
 That's pent in the strait limits of a narrow ~~Isle~~ <sup>Isle</sup>:

In vain our Force, and Art we spend,  
 With noble labours to enrich our Land,  
 Which none beyond our Shires couch safe to ~~W~~ <sup>W</sup>  
 derstand.

Be the fair structure ne'er so well defin'd,  
 The parts with ne'er so much proportion  
 joyn'd;  
 Yet foreign Bards (such is their Pride, or Pre-  
 judice)  
 All the choice Workmanship for the Materials  
 fake despise.

But happier thou thy Genius didst dispence  
 In language universal as thy sense:  
 All the rich Bullion, which thy Sovereign Stamp  
 does wear  
 On every Coast of Wit does equal value bear,  
 Allow'd by all, and currant every where.



No Nation yet has been so barbarous found,

Where thy transcendent Worth was not re-  
nown'd.

Throughout the World thou art with Won-  
der read,

Where ever Learning does its Commerce  
spread,

Where ever Fame with all her Tongues can  
speak,

Whichever the bright God of Wit does his first  
Journeys take.

Happy above Maeking that envied Name,  
Which Fate ordain'd to be thy glorious  
Theme.

What greater Gift could bounteous Heaven  
bestow

On its chief Favourite below?

What nobler Trophy could his high Deserts  
best,

Than these thy vast erected Pyramids of Wit?

Not Statutes cast in solid Braſe.

Nor those, which Art in breathing Marble does  
express,

Can boast an equal Life, or lastingness  
With

*The Breast of Hattusar*

71

Which heid well polished Images, which claim  
A Niche in thy Majestick Monument of Fame.  
Here, their souls are m'd into triumphable memories  
On proudest *Esquins*, and *Escur* lab'd spoils,  
And all the needles helps in *Egypt*, costly Vanities.

No Blasts of Heaven, or Ruin of the Spheres,  
Nor all the washing Tides of rolling years,  
Nor the whole Race of batt'ring time shall e'er  
wear out

The great Inscription, which thy Hand has  
wrought.  
Here thou, and they shall live, and bear an end-  
less date,  
Firm, as enroll'd in the eternal Register of Fate.

For ever shall be that man's *Emperour*,  
(And curs'd enough he is be sure)  
May future Poets on his hard Name  
Shed all their Gall, and foulest Infamy,  
And may it here stand branded with eternal  
shame,

Who thought thy Works could mortal be,  
And sought the glorious Fabrick to destroy :

In

And the great Ruler with a savage Joy survey'd  
 Heberd's but what might be his bolts and his  
 made.

But did the impious Wretch's fatted Herd  
 And had not the whole Agg' nor And could cer  
 repair  
 Not that vast universal Flame,

Which at the first Doom  
 This beauteous Work of Nature must con-  
 sume; but will last yet, and they shall live, and  
 And Heav'n and all its Glories in one Urn en-  
 tomb;  
 Will burn a nobler, or more lasting Frame  
 As firm, and strong as that it shall endure,  
 Through all the injuries of Time secure  
 Nor die, till the whole world in Funeral Pile be-  
 come.

And may it be so? And may it be so?  
 Who thought the Work could mortal be  
 Two

Two Pastorals out of the Greek.

72

But thou, O Liliacum, more vigorous grow  
In mountain's crevices thy last glory show,

## Two Pastorals out of the Greek.

For Bion, the beloved Bion's dead,

B I O N.

### A Pastoral, in Imitation of the Greek of Moschus, bewailing the Death of the Earle of ROCHESTER

**M**ourn all ye Groves, in darker shades be  
seen,

Let Groans be heard, where gentle Winds have  
been,

Ye *Albion* Rivers, weep your Fountains dry,

And all ye Plants your moisture spend, and die:

Ye melancholy Flowers, which once were Men,

Lament, until you be transform'd again:

Let every Rose pale as the Lilly be,

And Winter Frost seize the Anemone.

In

But

74 Two Pastorals out of the Greek.

But thou, O *Hyacinth*, more vigorous grow

In mournful Letters thy sad glory show,

Enlarge thy grief, and flourish in thy woe

For *Bion*, the beloved *Bion*'s dead,

His voice is gone, his tuneful breath is fled.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's  
Herse*

*With never fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*  
Mourn ye sweet Nightingales in the thick  
Woods,

Tell the sad news to all the *British* Floods:

See it to *Isis*, and to *Cham* convey'd,

To *Thames*, to *Humber*, and to utmost *Tweed*:

And bid them waite the bitter tidings on,

How *Bion*'s dead, how the lov'd Swain is gone,

And with him all the Art of Graceful Song.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the shepherd's  
Herse*

*With never fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Ye gentle Swans, that haunte the Brooks, and  
Springs,

Pine with sad grief, and droop your sickly  
Wings:

In

In

*Two Pastorals out of the Greek.*

In doleful notes the heavy loss bewail,  
 Such as you sing at your own Funeral,  
 Such as you sing when your lov'd Orpheus fell.  
 Tell it to all the Rivers, Hills, and Plains,  
 Tell it to all the *Erinyes* Nymphs and Swans,  
 And bid them too the dismal tidings spread  
 Of *Bion's* fate, of *England's* Orpheus dead,  
 Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the *Shepherd's*  
 With never fading Garlands, never dying Kongs.  
 No more, alas! no more that lovely Swain  
 Charms with his tuneful Pipe the wondring  
 Plain:  
 Cease are those Days, cease are those *Spring*  
 That woo'd our Souls into our ravish'd Harbours  
 For which the list'ning Streams forgot to run,  
 And Trees lean'd their attentive branches down  
 While the glad Hills, loth the sweet Sounds to  
 Lengthen'd in Echoes every heavenly close.  
 Down to the melancholy Shades he's gone,  
 And there to *Zeror's* Banks reports his moan  
 Nothing

Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now

But pensive Herds that for their Master low

Stragling and comfortless about they rove,

Unmindful of their Pasture, and their Love.

Come, *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's

Verse,

With never-fading Garlands, never-aging Verse.

For thee, dear Swain, for thee, his much lov'd

Does *Phoebus* Clouds of mourning black put on :

For thee the *Winds* and the rustick *Fauns*

Sigh and lament through all the Woods and

Lawns :

For thee the *Fairies* grieve, and cease to dance

In *spightful* Rings by night upon the Plains,

The water *Nymphs* alike thy absence mourn,

And all their Springs to tears and sorrow turn :

Sad *Zeus* too does sigh in deep silence moan,

Since thou art mute, since thou art speechless

grown

She finds nought worth her pains to imitate,

Now thy sweet breath's Stopt by untimely fate :

Trees drop their Leaves to dress thy Funeral,

And all their Fruit before its Autumn fall :

Nothing

Each

*The Person's out of the Greek*

87

Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd head,  
And scorns to thrive, or live now thou art dead:  
Their bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill,  
The painful Bees neglect their wonted toil:

Alex what bones is now their lives and store  
With theirish spoils of every people's Flowers.

When thou, thyself, all these things, and I  
And all the teacher's Choir, that used to throng

Consult on Music, now, when the Shepherd's  
Here,

With never fading Garlands, never-dying Verse  
And with kind Notes repay their Teachers Art:

Ne'er did the Dolphins on the lonely Shore

In such loud plaints utter their grief before:

Never in such sad Notes did Philomel

To the relenting Rocks her sorrow tell:

Ne'er on the Beech did poor Aleyone

So weep, when she her floating Lover saw:

Nor that dead Lover, to a Sea-fowl turn'd

Upon those Waves, where he was drown'd, so

mourn'd:

Nor did the Bird of Memnon with such grief

Bedew those Ashes, which late gave him life:

As



*And ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's  
The painful Bee needs their assistance  
And ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's*  
Each flower that grows in my way  
And ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's

*With never-fading Garland, and bays, and rose.*  
In every Wood, and every Tree, and Bush  
The Lark, the Linnet, the Nightingale, and Thrush,  
And all the feather'd Choir, that us'd to throng  
In Whining Flocks, to hear the Moll and Song;  
Now each in the sad Consort bear a part,  
And with kind Notes repay their Teachers Art:  
Ye Turtles too (I charge you) here assist,  
Let not your Murmurs in the crowd be mist:  
To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,  
That taught you how to sing, and how to love.  
*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's  
Hence*

*With never-fading Garland, and bays, and rose.*  
Whom hast thou left behind thee, O kind Swain,  
That dares aspire to reach thy matchless strain?  
Bedew those Altars, which late gave thee life:

Who

Who is there after thee, that dares pretend  
Rashly to take thy warbling Pipe in hand?  
Thy Notes remain yet fresh in every ear,  
And give us all delight, and all despair:  
Pleas'd *Eccho* still does on them meditate,  
And to the whistling *Reeds* their sounds repeat.  
*Pan* only e're can equal thee in Song,  
That task does only to great *Pan* belong:  
But *Pan* himself perhaps will fear to try,  
Will fear perhaps to be out-done by thee.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's  
Herse*

*With never fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Fair *Galatea* too laments thy death,  
Laments the ceasing of thy tuneful breath:  
Oft she, kind Nymph, resorted heretofore  
To hear thy artful measures from the shore: *hear*  
Not harsh like the rude *Cyclops* were thy lays,  
Whose grating sounds did her soft ears displease:  
Such was the force of thy enchanting Tongue,  
That she for ever could have heard thy Song,

F

And

And chid the hours, that did so swiftly run,  
 And thought the Sun too hasty to go down,  
 Now does that lovely *Nereid* for thy sake  
 The Sea, and all her fellow Nymphs forsake:  
 Pensive upon the Beach, she sits alone,  
 And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'rt  
 gone.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's  
 Herse,*

*With never fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

With thee, sweet *Bion*, all the grace of Song,  
 And all the *Muses* boasted Art is gone:  
 Mute is thy Voice, which could all hearts com-  
 mand,  
 Whose pow'r no Shepherdess could e'er with-  
 stand:

All the soft weeping *Loves* about thee moan,  
 At once their Mothers darling, and their own:  
 Dearer wast thou to *Venus* than her *Loves*,  
 Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful  
 Doves,  
 Than the last gasping Kisses, which in death  
*Adonis* gave, and with them gave his breath.

This

This, *Thames*, ah! this is now the second loss,  
For which in tears thy weeping Current flows:

*Spencer*, the Muses glory, went before,

He pass'd long since to the *Elisian* shore:

For him (they say) for him, thy dear lov'd Son,

Thy waves did long in sobbing murmurs  
groan

Long fill'd the Sea with their complaint, and  
moan:

But now, alas! thou do'st afresh bewail,

Another Son does now thy sorrow call:

To part with either thou alike wast loth,

Both dear to Thee, dear to the Fountains both:

He largely drank the Rills of sacred *Cham*,

And this no less of *Isis* nobler stream:

He sung of Hero's, and of hardy Knights

Far fam'd in Battles, and renown'd Exploits:

This meddled not with bloody Fights and  
Wars,

*Pan* was his Song, & Shepherds harmless jars,

Loves peaceful Combats, and its gentle Cares.

Love ever was the subject of his Lays,  
And his soft Lays did *Venus* ever please.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's  
Herse*

*With never fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Thou, sacred *Bion*, art lamented more  
Than all our tuneful Bards, that dy'd before:  
Old *Chaucer*, who first taught the use of Verse,  
No longer has the tribute of our tears:  
*Milton*, whose Muse with such a daring flight  
Led out the warring *Seraphims* to fight:  
Blest *Cowly* too, who on the banks of *Cham*  
So sweetly sigh'd his wrongs, and told his flame:  
And *He*, whose Song rais'd *Cooper's Hill* so high,  
As made its glory with *Parnassus* vie:  
And soft *Orinda*, whose bright shining name  
Strands next great *Sappho's* in the ranks of fame:  
All now unwept, and unrelented pass,  
And in our grief no longer share a place:

*Bion* alone does all our tears engross,

Our tears are all too few for *Bion's* loss.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's  
Herse*

*Wish never fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Thee all the Herdsmen mourn in gentlest Lays,

And rival one another in thy praise :

In spreading Letters they engrave thy Name

On every Bark, that's worthy of the same :

Thy Name is warbled forth by every tongue,

Thy Name the Burthen of each Shepherd's Song :

*Waller*, the sweet'ft of living Bards, prepares

For thee his tender'ft, and his mournfull'ft airs,

And I, the meanest of the British Swains,

Amongst the rest offer these humble strains :

If I am reckon'd not unblest in Song,

'Tis what I owe to thy all-teaching tongue :

Some of thy Art, some of thy tuneful breath

Thou did'st by Will to worthless me bequeath :

Others thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,  
To me thou didst thy Pipe, and Skill vouchsafe.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shephard's  
Herse*

*With never-fading Garlands, never dying Verse.*

Alas ! by what ill Fate, to man unkind,  
Were we to so severe a lot design'd ?

The meanest Flowers which the Gardens yield,  
The vilest Weeds that flourish in the Field,

Which must ere long lie dead in Winter's Snow,  
Shall spring again, again more vigorous grow :

Yon Sun, and this bright glory of the day,  
Which night is hasting now to snatch away,  
Shall rise anew more shining and more gay :

But wretched we must harder measure find,  
The great'st, the bray'st, the witti'st of mankind,  
When Death has once put out their light, in vain  
Ever expect the dawn of Life again :

In the dark Grave insensible they lie,  
And there sleep out endless Eternity.

There

There thou to silence ever art confin'd,  
 While less deserving Swains are left behind:  
 So please the Fates to deal with us below,  
 They cull out thee, and let dull *Mevius* go:  
*Mevius* still lives; still let him live for me,  
 He, and his Pipe shall ne'er my envy be:  
 None e'er that heard thy sweet, thy Artful  
 Tongue,  
 Will grate their ears with his rough untun'd  
 Song.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's  
 Verse*

*With never-fading Garland, never-dying Verse.*  
 A fierce Disease, sent by ungentle Death,  
 Snatch'd *Bion* hence, and stop'd his hallow'd  
 breath;  
 A fatal damp put out that heav'nly fire,  
 That sacred heat which did his breast inspire,  
 Ah! what malignant ill could boast that power,  
 Which his sweet voice's Magick could not cure?  
 Ah cruel Fate! how could'st thou chuse but spare?  
 How could'st thou exercise thy rigour here?  
 Would thou had'st thrown thy Dart at worthless  
 me,  
 And let this dear, this valued life go free:



Better ten thousand meaner Swains had dy'd,  
Than this best work of Nature been destroy'd.

*Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's  
Hersè*

*With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

Ah! would kind Death alike had sent me hence;  
But grief shall do the work, and save its pains;

Grief shall accomplish my desired doom,

And soon dispatch me to *Elysium*:

There, *Bion*, would I be, there gladly know,

How with thy voice thou charm'st the Shades  
below.

Sing, Shepherd, sing one of thy strains divine,

Such as may melt the fierce *Elisium* Queen:

She once her self was pleas'd with tuneful strains,

And sung, and danc'd on the *Sicilian* Plains:

Fear not, thy Song should unsuccessful prove,

Fear not, but 'twill the pitying Goddess move:

She once was won by *Orpheus* heav'nly Lays,

And gave his fair *Eurydice* release.

And

And thine as Pow'rful (question not, dear  
—fwain)

Shall bring thee back to the foglad Hills again.

Ev'n I my self, did I at all excel,

Would try the utmost of my voice and skill,

Would try to move the rigid king of Hell.

imitated out of the Greek of Bion

OF SWINBURNE

PASTORAL

The

Com and love, come higher and higher

The charming sweet voice dead and gone

Wife from the Purple Isle, and rich Above

Thou on the gay and Great Queen of Love

Henceforth in the and mountain weeds appears

And still the marks of grief and sorrow wear

And

The Lamentation for  
**ADONIS.**  
 Imitated out of the *Greek* of *Bion*  
 of *Smyrna*.

PASTORAL.

**I** Mourn *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead,  
 He's dead, and all that's lovely with him  
 fled:

Come all ye Loves, come hither and bemoan  
 The charming sweet *Adonis* dead and gone:  
 Rise from thy Purple Bed, and rich Alcove,  
 Throw off thy gay attire, great Queen of Love  
 Henceforth in sad and mournful weeds appear,  
 And all the marks of grief, and sorrow wear,

And

And rear thy locks, and beat thy panting breast,  
And cry, *My dear Adonis is decess.*

I mourn *Adonis*, the soft Loves bemoan

The gentle sweet *Adonis* dead and gone.

On the cold mountain lies the wretched Youth,

Kill'd by a savage Boar's unpitying Tooth:

In his white Thigh the fatal stroke is found,

Nor whiter was that Tooth, that gave the  
wound:

From the wide wound fast flows the streaming  
gore

And stains that skin which was all snow before:

His breath with quick short tremblings comes  
and goes,

And Death his fainting eyes begins to close:

From his pale lips the ruddy colour's fled,

Fled, and has left his kisses cold and dead:

Yet *Venus* never will his kisses leave,

The Goddess ever to his lips will cleave:

The kifs of her dear Youth does please her still

But her poor Youth does not the pleasure feel:

Dead he feels not her Love, feels not her Grief,

Feels not her kifs, which might ev'n life retrieve.

I mourn *Adonis* the sad Loves bemoan

The comely fair *Adonis* dead and gone.

Deep in his Thigh, deep went the killing smart,

But deeper far it goes in *Venus* heart;

His faithful Dogs about the Mountain yell,

And the hard Fate of their dead Master tell:

The troubled Nymphs alike in doleful strains

Proclaim his death through all the Fields and

Plains:

But the sad Goddess, most of all forlorn,

With Love distracted, and with Sorrow torn,

Wild in her look, and rueful in her air,

With Garments rent, and with dishevel'd hair,

Through Brakes, through Thickets, and through

pathless ways,

Through Woods, through Haunts, and Dens of

Savages,

Undrest, unshod, careless of Honour, Fame,

And Danger, flies, and calls on his lov'd name:

Rude Brambles, as she goes, her body tear,

And her cut feet with blood the stones besmear.

She

*Two Pastorals out of the Greek.*

91

She thoughtless of the unfelt smart flies on,  
And fills the Woods and Valleys, with her moan,  
Lowdly does on the Stars and Fates complain,  
And prays them give *Adonis* back again:  
But he, alas! the Wretched Youth, alas!  
Lies cold and stiff, extended on the grass:  
There lies he steep'd in gore, there lies he drown'd,  
In purple streams, that gush from his own wound.

All the soft band of Loves their Mother  
mourn,  
At once of beauty, and of Love forlorn.  
*Venus* has lost her Lover, and each grace,  
That fate before in triumph in her face,  
By grief chas'd thence, has now forsook the  
place.

That day which snatch'd *Adonis* from her arms  
That day bereft the Goddess of her charms.

The Woods and Trees in murmuring sighs  
bemoan

The fate of her *Adonis* dead and gone.  
The Rivers too, as if they would deplore  
His death, with grief swell higher than before:

The



Look up one minute, give one parting kiss,

"One kiss, dear Youth, to dry these flowing eyes:

"One kiss as thy last Legacy I'd fain

"Preserve, no God shall take it off again.

"Kiss, while I watch thy swimming eye-balls  
roul,

"Watch thy last gasp, and catch thy springing  
soul.

"Ill suek it in, I'll hoard it in my heart,

"I with that sacred Pledg will never part,

"But thou wilt part, but thou art gone, far gone

"To the dark shades, and leav'st me here alone

"Thou dy'st, but hopeless I must suffer life,

"Must pine away with endless endless grief.

"Why was I born a Goddess? why was I

"Made such a wretch to want the pow'r to die?

"If I by death my sorrows might redress,

"If the cold Grave could to my pains give ease,

"I'd gladly die, I'd rather nothing be

"Than thus condemn'd to immortality:

"In that vast empty void, and boundless wast,

"We mind not what's to come, nor what is past.

"Of



"Of life, or death we know no difference,

"Nor hopes, nor fears at all affect our sense!

"But those who are of pleasure once bereft,

"And must survive, are most unhappy left:

"To ravenous sorrow they are left a prey,

"Nor can they ever drive despair away.

"Take, cruel *Proserpine*, take my lov'd Boy,

"Rich with my spoils, do thou my loss enjoy:

"Take him relentless Goddess, for thy own,

"Never till now wast thou my envy grown.

"Hard Fate! that thus the best of things must be

"Always the plunder of the Grave, and thee:

"The Grave, and thou now all my hopes engross

"And I for ever must *Adonis* lose.

"Thou'rt dead, alas! alas! my Youth, thou'rt  
dead,

"And with thee all my pleasures too are fled:

"They're all like fleeting vanish'd dreams  
pass'd ore,

"And nought but the remembrance left in  
store

"Of tasted joys ne'er to be tasted more:

"With

"With thee my *Cestus*, all my charms are gone,

"Thy *Venus* must thy absence ever moan,

"And spend the tedious live-long nights alone.

"Ah! heedless Boy, why would'st thou rashly  
choose

"Thy self to dang'rous pleasures to expose?

"Why would'st thou hunt? why would'st thou  
any more

"Venture with Dogs to chase the foaming  
Boar?

"Thou wast all fair to mine, to humane eyes,

"But not (alafs!) to those wild Savages.

"One would have thought thy sweetness might  
have charm'd

"The roughest kind, the fiercest rage disarm'd:

"Mine (I am sure) it could; but wo is thee!

"All wear not eyes, all wear not breasts like me.

In such sad words the Dame her grief did vent,  
While the Wing'd Loves kept time with her  
complaint:

As many drops of Bloud as from the wound  
Of slain *Adonis* fell upon the ground,

96      *Two Pastorals out of the Greek.*

So many tears, and more you might have told,  
That dew the cheeks of weeping *Venus* rould:  
Both tears, and bloud to new-born flow'rs give  
rise,  
Hence *Roses* spring, and thence *Anemonies*.

Cease, *Venus*, in the Woods to mourn thy Love,  
Thou'lt vented sighs, thou'lt lavish'd tears e-  
nough:

See, Goddess, where a glorious bed of State  
Does ready for thy dear *Adonis* wait:

This bed was once the Scene of Love, and Joy,  
But now must bear the wretched, murder'd Boy:  
There lies he, like a pale, and wither'd Flower,  
Which some rude hand had cropt before its hour:  
Yet smiles, and beauties still live in his face,  
Which death can never frighten from their  
place.

There let him lie upon that conscious bed,  
Where you loves mysteries so oft have tried:  
When you've enjoy'd so many an happy night,  
Each lengthen'd into ages of delight.

There

There let him lie, there heaps of Flowers strow,  
 Roses and Lillies store upon him throw,  
 And myrtle Garlands lavishly bestow:  
 Pour Myrrh, and Balm, and costliest Ointments  
 on,  
 Flowers are faded, Ointments worthless grown,  
 Now thy *Adonis*, now thy Youth is gone,  
 Who was all sweetnesse compriz'd in one.

In purple wrapt, *Adonis* lies in state,  
 A Troop of mourning Loves about him wait:  
 Each does some mark of their kind sorrow show,  
 One breaks his Shafts, t'other unstrings his Bow,  
 A third upon his Quiver wreaks his hate,  
 As the sad causes of his hasty fate:

This plucks his bloody garments off, that  
 brings  
 Water in vessels from the neigh'bring Springs,  
 Some wash his Wound, some fan him with  
 their Wings:

All equally their Mothers loss bemoan,

All moan for poor *Adonis* dead and gone.

Sad *Hymen* too the fatal loss does mourn,  
 His Tapers all to Funeral Tapers turn,  
 And all his wither'd Nuptial Garlands burn:  
 His gay, and airy Songs are heard no more,  
 But mournful Strains, that hopeless love deplore.  
 Nor do the *Graces* fail to bear a part  
 With wretched *Venus* in her pain and smart:  
 The poor *Adonis* dead! by turns they cry,  
 And strive in grief the Goddess to out-vie.  
 The *Muses* too in softest Lays bewail  
 The hapless Youth, and his fled Soul recal:  
 But all in vain; ——— ah! numbers are too weak  
 To call the lost, the dead *Adonis* back:  
 Not all the pow'rs of Verse, or charms of Love  
 The deaf remorseless *Proserpine* can move.

Cease then, sad Queen of Love, thy plaints  
 give o'er  
 Till the next year reserve thy grief in store:  
 Reserve thy Sighs, and Tears in store till then,  
 Then thou must sigh, then thou must weep agen.

*Para-*

---

*Paraphrase upon the 137. Psalm.*

---

I.

V.I. **F**AR from our pleasant native *Palestine*,  
Where great *Euphrates* with a mighty Current flows,

And does in watry limits *Babylon* confine,

Curs'd *Babylon*! the cause, and author of our woes;

There on the Rivers side

Sate wretched, Captive we,

And in sad Tears bewail'd our misery.

Tears, whose vast store increas'd the neighbouring Tide:

We wept, & strait our grief before us brought

A thousand distant Objects to our thought.

As oft as we survey'd the gliding Stream,

Lov'd *Jordan* did our sad remembrance claim:

As oft as we th' adjoining City view'd,

Dear *Sions* razed Walls our Grief renew'd:

G 3

We

We thought on all the Pleasures of our happy  
Land,

Late ravish'd by a cruel Conqu'rous hand:

We thought on every piteous, every mournful  
thing,

That might excess to our enlarged sorrows bring;

2. Deep silence told the greatness of our Grief,

Of Grief too great by Vent to find relief:

Our Harps as mute and dumb, as we,

Hung uleless, and neglected by,

And now and then a broken string would lend  
a sigh,

As if with us they felt a sympathy,

And mourn'd their own, and our Captivity:

The gentle River too, as if compassionate grown,

As 'twould its Natives cruelty atone,

As it pass'd by, in murmurs gave a pitying Groan.

2.

3. There the proud Conquerors, who gave us  
Chains,

Who all our sufferings and misfortunes gave,

Did with rude Insolence our Sorrows brave,

And with insulting Raillery thus mock'd our  
Pains: Play

Play us (said they) some brisk, and airy strain,

Such as your Ancestors were wont to hear

On Shilo's pleasant Plain,

Where all the Virgins met in Dances once a year:

Or one of those,

Which your illustrious David did compose,

While he sitt'd Israel's happy Throne,

Great Soldier, Poet, and Musician, all in one:

Oft (have we heard) he went with Harp in hand,

Captain of all th' harmonious Band,

And vanquish'd all the Choir with's single skill alone:

4. Forbid it Heav'n! forbid thou great thrice  
hallow'd Name,

We should thy Sacred Hymns defame,

Or them with impious ears profane.

No, no, inhumane slaves, is this a time

(Oh cruel, and preposterous demand!)

When every Joy, and every Smile's a crime,

A Treason to our poor unhappy native Land?



Is this a time for sprightly Airs,  
 When every look the Badg of sorrow wears,  
 And Livery of our Miseries,  
 Sad miseries that call for all our Breath in sighs,  
 And all the Tribute of our eyes,  
 And moisture of our Veins our very blood in  
 tears?  
 When nought can claim our Thoughts, *Jerusa-*  
*lem*, but thou,  
 Nought, but thy sad Destruction, Fall, and Over-  
 throw?

## 3.

Oh dearest City! late our Nations justest  
 Pride!  
 Envy of all the wond'ring world beside!  
 Oh sacred Temple, once th' Almighty's blest'd  
 abode,  
 Now quite forsaken by our angry God!  
 Shall ever distant time, or Place  
 Your firm Ideas from my Soul deface?  
 Shall they not still take up my Breast  
 As long as that, and Life, and I shall last?

Grant

Grant Heav'n (nor shall my Pray'rs, the Curse  
withstand)

That this my learned, skilful hand

(Which now o'er all the tuneful strings can boast  
command,

Which does as quick, as ready, and unerring  
proof,

As nature, when it would its joynts or fingers  
move)

Grant it forget its Art and feeling too,

When I forget to think, to wish, to pray for you;

6. For ever tied with Dumbness be my tongue,

When it speaks ought that shall not to your

Praise belong,

If that be not the constant Subject of my Muse,  
and Song.

7. Remember, Heav'n, remember ~~Edom~~ on that  
day,

And with like sufferings their spight repay,

Who made our Miseries their cruel Mirth and  
Scorn,

Who laugh'd to see our flaming City burn,

And wish'd it might to Ashes turn:

Raze,

*Raze, raze it (was their cursed cry)*

*Raze all its stately Structures, down,*

*And lay its Palaces, and Temple level with the  
ground,*

*Till Sion buried in his dismal Ruines lie,*

*Forgot alike its Place, its Name, and Memory.*

8. *And thou proud Babylon! just Object of our  
Hate,*

*Thou too shalt feel the sad reverse of Fate,*

*Tho' thou art now exalted high,*

*And with thy lofty head o'ertop'st the Sky,*

*As if thou would'st the Pow'rs above defie;*

*Thou (if those Pow'rs (and sure they will)  
prove just,*

*If my Prophetick Grief can ought foresee)*

*Ere long shalt lay that lofty head in dust,*

*And blush in Bloud for all thy present Cruelty;*

*How lowdly then shall we retort these bitter  
Taunts!*

*How gladly to the Musick of thy Betters dance!*

Who tears out Infants from their Mothers  
5. Womb

A day will come (oh might I see't!) ere long

That shall revenge our mighty wrong;

Then blest'd, for ever blest'd be he

Whoever shall return't on thee,

And gave it deep, and pay't with bloody Usury:

May neither aged Groans, nor Infants Cries,

Nor pitious Mothers Tears, nor ravish'd Virgins  
Sighs,

Soften thy unrelenting Enemies,

Let them as thou to us inexorable prove,

Nor Age nor Sex their deaf compassion move;

Rapes, Murders, Slaughters, Funerals,

And all thou durst attempt within our Sions Wall,

May'st thou endure, and more, till joyful we  
Confess thy self out-done in artful cruelty.

Blest'd, yea, thrice blessed be that barbarous  
Hand

(Oh grief, that I such dire Revenge commend!)

Who

Who tears out Infants from their Mothers  
Womb,

And hurls them yet unborn unto their Tomb:

Bless'd he who plucks them from their Parents  
Arms,

That Sanctuary from all common harms,

Who with their Skulls, and Bones shall pave thy  
Streets all o'er,

And fill thy galled Channels with their Scat-  
ter'd Brains and Gore.

*Para-*

*Paraphrase upon the* **HYMN** *of*  
**S. AMBROSE.**

**O D E.**

I.

**T**O Thee, O God, we thy just Praises sing,  
 To Thee we thy great Name re-  
 hearse:

We are thy Vassals, & this humble Tribute bring  
 To thee, acknowledg'd only Lord and King,  
 Acknowledg'd Sole and Sovereign Monarch of  
 the Universe.

All parts of this wide Universe adore,

Eternal Father, thy Almighty power:

The Skies, and Stars, Fire, Air, and Earth, and  
 Sea,

With all their numerous nameless Progeny

Con-

— Confess, and their due Homage pay to thee;  
For why? thou spak'st the Word, and mad'st them  
all from Nothing be.

To thee all Angels, all thy glorious Court on  
high,

Seraph and Cherub, the Nobility,

And whatsoever Spirits be

Of lesser Honour, less Degree;

To Thee in heav'nly Lays

They sing loud Anthems of immortal Praise:

Still Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hosts they cry,

This is their bus'ness, this their sole employ,

And thus they spend their long and blest Eter-  
nity.

## 2.

Farther than Natures utmost shoars and limits  
stretch

The streams of thy unbounded Glory reach;

Beyond the straits of scanty Time, and Place,

Beyond the ebbs and flows of matter's narrow  
Seas

They reach, and fill the Ocean of Eternity and  
Space.

In

Infus'd like some vast mighty Soul,

Thou do'st inform and actuate this spacious whole:

Thy unseen hand does the well-joynted Frame sustain,

Which else would to its primitive Nothing shrink again.

But most thou do'st thy Majesty display

In the bright Realms of everlasting Day:

There is thy residence, there do'st thou reign,

There on a State of dazzling Lustre sit,

There shine in Robes of pure refined Light;

Where Sun's coarse Rays are but a Foil and Stain,

And refuse Stars the Sweepings of thy glorious Train.

3.

There all thy Family of menial Saints,

Huge Colonies of bless'd Inhabitants,

Which Death through countless Ages has transplanted hence,

Now on thy Throne for ever wait,

And fill the large Retinue of thy heav'nly State.  
There



There reverend Prophets stand, a pompous good-  
ly Show,

Of old thy Envoys extraordinary here,

Who brought thy sacred Embassies of Peace and  
War,

That to th' obedient, this the rebel world below.

By them the mighty Twelve have their abode,  
Companions once of the Incarnate suff'ring God,

Partakers now of all his Triumphs there,

As they on earth did in his Miseries share.

Of Martyrs next a crown'd and glorious  
Choire,

Illustrious Heroes, who have gain'd  
Through dangers, and Red Seas of Bloud, the  
Promis'd Land,

And pass'd through Ordeal Flames to the Eter-  
nity in Fire.

There all make up the Confort of thy Praise,

To Thee they sing (and never cease)

Loud Hymns, and Hallelujah's of applause;

An Angel-Laureat does the Sense and Strains  
compose,

Sense

Sense far above the reach of mortal Verse,  
Strains far above the reach of mortal ears,  
And all, a Muse unglorified can fancy, or rehearse.

4

Nor is this Comfort only kept above,  
Nor is it to the bless'd alone confin'd;  
But Earth, and all the faithful here are joyn'd,  
And strive to vie with them in Duty and in Love:  
And, tho they cannot equal Notes and Measures raise,  
Strive to return th' imperfect Ecchoes of thy Praise.

They through all Nations own thy glorious Name,  
And every where the great Three-One proclaim,  
Thee, Father of the World, and Us, and him,  
Who must Mankind, whom thou didst make,  
Redeem,  
Thee, blessed Saviour, the ador'd, true, only Son  
To man debas'd, to rescue Man undone:

H

And

And Thee, Eternal, Holy Power,

Who do it by Grace exalted Man restore

To all, he lost by the old Fall, and Sin before:

You bless'd and glorious Trinity,

Riddle to baffled Knowledge and Philosophy,

Which cannot comprehend the mighty Mystery

Of numerous One, and the unnumber'd Three.

Vast topless Pile of Wonders! at whose sight

Reason it self turns giddy with the height,

Above the fluttering pitch of humane Wit,

And all, but the strong wings of Faith, that Ea-  
gle's towering flight.

Bless'd Jesu! how shall we enough adore,

Or thy unbounded Love, or thy unbounded  
pow'r?

Thou art the Prince of Heav'n, thou art the Al-

mighty's Heir, &c.

Thou art th' Eternal Off-spring of th' Eternal

Sire:

Hail thou the Worlds Redeemer! whom to

free

From bonds of Death and endless misery,

Thou

Thou thought'st it no disdain to be

Inhabiter to low mortality :

Th' Almighty thought it no disdain

To dwell in the pure Virgins spotless Womb;

There did the boundless Godhead, and whole  
Heav'n find room,

And a small point the Circle of Infinity contain.

Hail Ransom of Mankind, all-great, all-good !

Who didst atone us with thy Blood,

Thy self the Offering, Alter, Priest, and God !

Thy self didst die to be our glorious Bail

From Deaths Arrests, and the eternal Flaming  
Jail :

Thy self thou gav'st the inestimable Price,

To Purchase and Redeem our mortgag'd Heav'n  
and Happiness,

Thither, when thy great Work on Earth had  
end,

When Death it self was slain and dead,

And Hell with all its Powers captive led,

Thou didst again triumphantly Ascend :

H 2

There

There do'st Thou now by Thy great Father sit  
on high,

With equal Glory, equal Majesty,  
Joynt-Ruler of the everlasting Monarchy.

6

Again from thence thou shalt with greater tri-  
umph come,

When the last Trumpet sounds the general  
Doom:

And (lo!) thou com'st, and (lo!) the direful  
sound does make

Through deaths wide Realm Mortality a-  
wake:

And (lo!) they all appear

At Thy Dread Bar,

And all receive th' unalterable Sentence there.

Affrighted Nature trembles at the dismal Day,

And shrinks for fear, and vanishes away:

Both that, and Time breath out their last, and  
now they die,

And now are swallow'd up and lost in vast Eter-  
nity.

Mercy,

Mercy, O mercy, angry God !

Stop, stop thy flaming Wrath, too fierce to be  
withstood,

And quench it with the Deluge of thy Blood ;

Thy precious Blood which was so freely spilt

To wash us from the stains of Sin and Guilt :

O write us with it in the Book of Fate

Amongst thy Chosen, and Predestinate,

Free Denizens of Heav'n, of the Immortal State.

7.

Guide us, O Saviour ! guide thy Church be-  
low,

Both Way, and Star, Compass, and Pilot  
Thou :

Do thou this frail and tott'ring Vessel steer

Through Lifes tempestuous Ocean here,

Through all the tossing Waves of Fear,

And dang'rous Rocks of black Despair.

Safe under Thee we shall to the wish'd Haven  
move,

And reach the undiscover'd Lands of Bliss above.

Thus low (behold ! ) to thy great Name we bow,

And thus we ever wish to grow :

Constant, as Time does thy fix'd Laws obey,  
 To thee our Worship and our Thanks we pay:  
 With these we wake the chearful Light,  
 With these we Sleep, and Rest invite;  
 And thus we spend our Breath, and thus we  
 spend our Days,  
 And never cease to Sing, and never cease to Praise.

8

While thus each Breast, and Mouth, and  
 Ear  
 Are fill'd with thy Praise, and Love, and Fear,  
 Let never Sin get room, or entrance there:  
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, through this and all our  
 days  
 To gaurd us with Thy pow'rful Grace:  
 Within our hearts let no usurping Lust be found,  
 No rebel Passion tumult raise,  
 To break thy Laws, or break our Peace,  
 But set thy watch of Angels on the Place,  
 And keep the Tempter still from that forbidden  
 ground.

Ever

Ever, O Lord, to us thy mercies grant,

Never, O Lord, let us thy mercies want,

Ne'er want Thy Favour, Bounty, Liberality,

But let them ever on us be,

Constant as our one Hope and Trust on Thee:

On Thee we all our Hope and Trust repose;

O never leave us to our Foes,

Never, O Lord, desert our Cause:

Thus aided and upheld by thee,

We'll fear no Danger, Death, nor Misery;

Fearless we thus will stand a falling world

With crushing Ruins all about us hurl'd,

And face wide gaping Hell, and all its flighted

Pow'rs desc.



*A Letter from the Country to a Friend  
in Town, giving an Account of the  
Author's Inclinations to P O E T R Y.*

Written in *July*, 1678.

**A**S to that *Poet* ( if so great a one, as he,  
May suffer in comparison with me )  
When heretofore in *Scythian* exile pent,  
To which he to ungrateful *Rome* was sent,  
If a kind Paper from his Country came,  
And wore subscrib'd some known, and faithful  
Name ;  
That like a pow'rful Cordial, did infuse  
New life into his speechless gasping Muse,  
And strait his Genius, which before did seem  
Bound up in Ice, and frozen as the Clime,  
By its warm force, and friendly influence thaw'd,  
Dissolv'd apace, and in soft numbers flow'd :  
Such welcome here, dear Sir, your Letter had  
With me shut up in close constraint as bad:

Not

Not eager Lovers, held in long suspense,  
With warmer Joy, and a more tender sense,  
Meet those kind Lines, which all their wishes  
bless,  
And Sign, and Seal deliver'd Happiness:  
My grateful Thoughts so throng to get abroad,  
They over-run each other in the crowd:  
To you with hasty flight they take their way,  
And hardly for the dress of words will stay.

Yet pardon, if this only fault I find,  
That while you praise too much, you are less  
kind:  
Consider, Sir, 'tis ill and dang'rous thus  
To over-lay a young and tender Muse:  
Praise, the fine Diet, which we're apt to love,  
If given to excess, does hurtful prove:  
Where it does weak, distemper'd Stomachs meet,  
That surfeits, which should nourishment create.  
Your rich Perfumes such fragrancy dispense,  
Their sweetness overcomes, and palls my sense;

On

On my weak head you heap so many Bays,  
 I sink beneath 'em, quite oppress'd with Praise,  
 And a resembling fate with him receive,  
 Who in too kind a triumph found his Grave,

Smother'd with Garlands, which Applauders  
 gave.

To you these Praises justlier all belong,  
 By alienating which, your self you wrong:  
 Whom better can such commendations fit  
 Than you, who so well teach and practise Wit?  
 Verse, the great boast of drudging Fools, from  
 some,  
 Nay most of Scriblers, with much straining  
 come:

They void 'em dribbling, and in pain they write,  
 As if they had a Strangury of Wit:  
 Your Pen uncalls'd they readily obey,  
 And scorn your Ink should flow so fast as they:  
 Each strain of yours so easie does appear,  
 Each such a graceful negligence does wear,  
 As shews you have none, and yet want no care.  
 None of your serious pains or time they cost,  
 But what thrown by, you can afford for lost:

If

If such the fruits of your loose leisure be;  
Your careless minutes yield such Poetry;  
We guess what proofs your Genius would impart,

Did it employ you, as it does divert :  
But happy you, more prudent, and more wise,  
With better aims have fix'd your noble choice.  
While silly I all thriving Arts refuse,  
And all my hopes, and all my vigour lose,  
In service on that worst of Jilts, a Muse,  
For gainful business court ignoble ease,  
And in gay Trifles waste my ill-spent days.

Little I thought, my dearest Friend, that you  
Would thus contribute to my Ruin too:  
O're-run with filthy Poetry, and Rhyme,  
The present reigning evil of the time,  
I lack'd, and ( well I did my self assure )  
From your kind hand I should receive a cure :  
When ( lo ! ) instead of healing Remedies,  
You cherish, and encourage the Disease:  
Inhumane you help the Distemper on,  
Which was before but too inveterate grown :

As

As a kind looker on, who int'rest shares,  
 Tho' not in's stake, yet in his hopes and fears,  
 Would to his Friend a pushing Gamester do,  
 Recall his Elbow when he hastes to throw;  
 Such a wise course you should have took with  
 me,

A rash and vent'ring fool in Poetry.  
 Poets are Cullies, whom Rook Fame draws in,  
 And wheedles with deluding hopes to win:  
 But, when they hit, and most successful are,  
 They scarce come off with a bare saving share.

Oft ( I remember ) did wise Friends dissuade,  
 And bid me quit the trifling barren Trade.  
 Oft have I tried ( Heav'n knows ) to mortifie  
 This vile, and wicked lust of Poetry:  
 But still unconquer'd it remains within,  
 Fix'd as an Habit, or some darling Sin.  
 In vain I better studies there would sow,  
 Often I've tried, but none will thrive, or grow:  
 All my best thoughts, when I'd most serious be,  
 Are never from its foul infection free;

Nay

Nay ( God forgive me ) when I say my Prayers,  
I scarce can help polluting them with Verse ;  
That fabulous *Wretch* of old rever'sd I seem,  
Who turn whate'er I touch to Dross and Rhyme.

Oft to divert the wild Caprice, I try  
If Sovereign Wisdom and Philosophy  
Rightly applied, will give a remedy :  
Strait the great *Stagyrite* I take in hand,  
Seek Nature, and my Self to understand :  
Much I reflect on his vast Worth and Fame,  
And much my low, & groveling aims condemn,  
And quarrel, that my ill-pack'd Fate should be  
This vain, this worthless thing call'd Poetry :  
But when I find this unregarded Toy  
Could his important Thoughts, and Pains im-  
ploy,

By reading there I am but more undone,  
And meet that danger, which I went to shun.  
Oft when ill Humour, Shagrin, Discontent  
Give leisure my wild Follies to resent,  
I thus against my self my Passion vent.

Enough

"Enough, mad rhyming Sot, enough for shame;  
 "Give o'er, and all thy Quills to Tooth-picks  
 Damn;  
 "Didst ever thou the Alter rob, or worse,  
 "Kill the Priest there, and Maids receiving  
 force?  
 "What else could merit this so heavy Curse?  
 "The greatest Curse, I can, I wish on him,  
 "( If there be any greater than to rhyme )  
 "Who first did of the lewd invention think,  
 "First made two lines with sounds resembling  
 clink,  
 "And, swerving from the easie paths of Prose,  
 "Fetters, and Chains did on free Sense impose:  
 "Curs'd too be all the fools, who since have went  
 "Misl'd in steps of that ill President:  
 "Want be entail'd their lot:— and on I go,  
 Wreaking my Spight on all the jingling Crew:  
 Scarce the beloved *Conly* escapes, tho I  
 Might sooner my own curses fear, than he:  
 And thus resolv'd against the scribbling vein,  
 I deeply swear never to write again.

But

But when bad Company and Wine conspire  
 To kindle, and renew the foolish Fire,  
 Straitways relaps'd, I feel the raving fit  
 Return, and strait I all my Oaths forget:  
 The Spirit, which I thought cast out before,  
 Enters again with stronger force, and power,  
 Worse then at first, and tyrannizes more.  
 No sober good advice will then prevail,  
 Nor from the raging Frenzy me recal:  
 Cool Reason's dictates me no more can move  
 Than men in Drink, in Bedlam, or in Love:  
 Deaf to all means which might most proper seem  
 Towards my cure, I run stark mad in Rhyme:  
 A sad poor haunted Wretch, whom nothing less  
 Than Prayers of the Church can dispossess.  
 Sometimes, after a tedious day half spent,  
 When fancy long has hunted on cold Scent,  
 Tir'd in the dull, and fruitless chase of Thought,  
 Despairing I grow weary, and give out:  
 As a dry Lecher pump'd of all my store,  
 I loath the thing, cause I can't do't no more:

But



But, when I once begin to find again,  
Recruits of matter in my pregnant Brain,  
Again more eager I the haunt pursue,  
And with fresh vigour the lov'd sport renew :  
Tickled with some strange pleasure, which I find,  
And think a secresie to all mankind,  
I please my self with the vain, false delight,  
And count none happy, but the Fops that write.  
'Tis endless, Sir, to tell the many ways,  
Wherein my poor deluded self I please :  
How, when the Fancy lab'ring for a Birth,  
With unfeelt Throws brings its rude issue forth :  
How after, when imperfect shapeless Thoughts  
Is by the Judgment into Fashion wrought.  
When at first search I traverse o'er my mind,  
Nought but a dark, and empty Void I find :  
Some little hints at length, like sparks, break  
thence,  
And glimm'ring Thoughts just dawning into  
sense :  
Confus'd a while the mixt Idea's lie,  
With nought of mark to be discover'd by,

Like

Like colours undistinguish'd in the night,  
Till the dusk Images, mov'd to the light,  
Teach the discerning Faculty to chuse,  
Which it had best adopt, and which refuse.  
Here rougher strokes, touch'd with a careless  
Resemble the first setting of a Face : dash,  
There finish'd draughts in form more full appear  
And to their justness ask no further care.

Mean while with inward joy I proud am grown,  
To see the work successfully go on :

And prize my self in a creating power (before  
That could make something, what was nought

Sometimes a stiff, unwieldy thought I meet,  
Which to my Laws will scarce be made submit:

But, when, after expence of Pains and Time,

'Tis manag'd well, and taught to yoke in Rhyme,

I triumph more, than joyful Warriours wou'd,

Had they some stout, and hardy Foe subdu'd :

And idly think, less goes to their Command,

That makes arm'd Troops in well plac'd order  
stand, I Than

Than to the conduct of my words, when they  
March in due ranks, are set in just array.

Sometimes on wings of Thought I seem  
on high,  
As men in sleep, though motionless they lie,  
Fledg'd by a Dream, believe they mount and fly:  
So Witches some enchanted Wand beset,  
And think they through the airy Regions ride,  
Where Fancy is both Traveller Way & Guide!  
Then straight I grow a strange exalted thing,  
And equal in conceit, at least a King:  
As the poor Drunkard, when wine stuns his  
brains,  
Anointed with that Liquor, thinks he reigns.  
Bewitch'd by these delusions 'tis I write,  
(The Tricks some pleasant Devil plays in spight)  
And when I'm in the freakish Trance, which I  
Fond silly Wretch, mistake for Ecstasie,  
I find all former Resolutions vain,  
And thus recant them, and make new again.

“What”

- "What was't, I rashly vow'd? shall ever I  
 "Quit my beloved Mistress, Poetry?  
 "Thou sweet beguiler of my lonely hours,  
 "Which thus glide unperceiv'd with silent  
 "course:  
 "Thou gentle Spell, which undisturb'd do'st  
 "keep  
 "My Brest, and charm intruding Care asleep:  
 "They say, thou'rt poor, and unendow'd, what  
 "tho?  
 "For thee I this vain, worthless World forego:  
 "Let Wealth, and Honour be for Fortunes Slaves,  
 "The Alms of Fools, and Prize of crafty Knaves:  
 "To me thou art, whate'er the ambitious crave,  
 "And all that greedy Misers want, or have:  
 "In Youth, or Age, in Travel, or at Home,  
 "Here, or in Town, at *London*, or at *Rome*,  
 "Rich, or a Begger, free, or in the Fleet,  
 "Whate'er my Fate is, 'tis my Fate to write.

Thus I have made my thrifred Muse confess,  
 Her secret Feebles, and her Weaknesses:  
 All her hid Faults she sets expos'd to view,  
 And hopes a gentle Confessor in you:

She hopes an easie pardon for her sin,  
 Sinc'tis but what she is not wilful in,  
 Nor yet has scandalous nor open been.

Try if your ghostly council can reclaim  
 The heedless wanton from her Guilt and Shame:  
 At least be not ungenerous to reproach  
 That wretched frailty, which you've help'd de-  
 bauch,

'Tis now high time to end, for fear I grow  
 More tedious than old Doaters, when they woo,  
 Than travell'd Fops, when far-fetch'd lies they  
 prate,  
 Or flatt'ring Poets, when they dedicate.

No dull forgiveness I presume to crave,  
 Nor vainly for my tiresom lenght ask leave:  
 Left I, as often formal Coxcombs use,  
 Prolong that very fault, I would excuse:  
 May this the same kind welcome find with you,  
 As yours did here, and ever shall; Adieu.

Upon

*Upon a PRINTER that exposed  
him by Printing a Piece of his  
grossly Mangled, and Faulty.*

**D**ULL, and unthinking! had'st thou none but  
me  
To plague, and urge to thine own Infamy?  
Had I some raine and sneaking Authour been,  
Whose Muse to Love, and Softness did incline,  
Some small adventurer in Song, that whines  
*Chloris* and *Phyllis* out in charming Lines,  
Fit to divert mine Hostess, and mislead  
The heart of some poor tawdry Waiting-Maid;  
Perhaps I might have then forgiven thee,  
And thou had'st escap'd from my resentments  
free.

But I whom Spleen, and manly Rage inspire,  
Brook no Affront, at each offence take fire:  
Born to chastise the Vices of the Age,  
Which Pulpits dare not, nor the very Stage:  
Sworn to lash Knaves of all degrees, and spare  
None of the kind, however great they are:  
*Satyr's* my only Province, and Delight,  
For whose dear sake alone I've vow'd to write;  
For this I seek occasions, court Abuse,  
To shew my Parts, and signalize my Muse:  
Fond

Fond of a Quarrel, as young Bullies are  
 To make their Mettle, and their Skill appear:  
 And did'st thou think I would a wrong acquit,  
 That touch'd my tender <sup>st</sup> part of Honour, Wit?  
 No, Villain, may my Sins ne'er pardon'd be  
 By Heav'n it self, if e'er I pardon thee.

*Members* from Treach of Priviledge deter  
 By threatening *Topham* and a Messenger:  
*Scrogs*, and the Brothers of the Coif oppose,  
 By force and dint of Statutes, and the Laws:  
 Strumpets of *Biltinggate* redress their Wrongs  
 By the sole noise, and foulness of their Tongues:  
 And I go always arm'd for my defence,  
 To punish, and revenge an Insolence.  
 I wear my Pen, as others do their Sword,  
 To each affronting Sot, I meet, the Word  
 Is *satisfaction*: itrait to Thrusts I go,  
 And pointed Satyr runs him through & through.

Perhaps thou hop'dst that thy obscurity  
 Should be thy Safeguard, and secure thee free.  
 No, Wretch, I mean from thence to fetch thee  
 out,

Like sentenc'd Felons, to be drag'd about:  
 Torn, mangled, and expos'd to Scorn, and Shame,  
 I mean to hang, and Gibbet up thy Name.  
 If thou to live in Satyr so much thirst,  
 Enjoy thy wish, and Fame, till Envy burst,  
 Renown'd as he, whom banish'd *Ovid* curst:  
 Or he, whom old *Archilochus* so stung  
 In Verse, that he for Shame, and madness hung:

Death

Deathless in Infamy, do thou so live,  
 And let my Rage, like his, to Halters drive,  
 Thou thought'st perhaps my Gall was spent  
 and gone,

My Venom drain'd, and I a stingsless Drone :  
 Thou thought'st I had no Curses left in store ;  
 But to thy sorrow know, and find I've more,  
 More, and more dreadful yet, able to scare,  
 Like Hell, and urge to Daggers, and Despair :  
 Such thou shalt feel, are still reserv'd by me,  
 To vex and force thee to thy Destiny :  
 Since thou hast brav'd my Vengeance thus ;  
 prepare,

And tremble from my Pen thy Doom to hear.  
 Thou, who with spurious Nonsense durst  
 Prophane

The genuine issue of a Poets Brain,  
 May'st thou hereafter never deal in Verse,  
 But what hoarse Bell-men in their walks re-  
 hearse,

Or *Smishfield* Audience sung on Crickets hears :  
 May'st thou print H—, or some duller As,  
*Jorden*, or him, that wrote *Dutch Hudibras* :  
 Or next vile Scribler of the House, whose Play  
 Will scarce for Candles, and their snuffing pay :  
 May you each other Curse ; thy self undone,  
 And be the Laughing stock of all the Town.

May'st thou ne'er rise to History, but what  
 Poor *Grubstreet* Penny Chronicles relate,  
 Memoirs of *Tyburn*, and the mournful State

Of



Of Cut-purses in *Holborn* Cavalcade,  
 Till thou thy self be the same Subject made.  
 Compell'd by want, may'st thou print Popery,  
 For which be the Carts Arse, and Pillory,  
 Turnips, and rotten Eggs thy destiny.  
 Maul'd worse than *Reading*, *Christian*, or *Cellier*,  
 Till thou daub'd o're with loathsome filth, appear  
 Like Brat of some vile Drab in Privy found,  
 Which there has lain three Months in Ordure  
 drown'd.

The Plague of Poets, Rags, and Poverty,  
 Debts, Writs, Arrests, and Serjeants light on thee;  
 For others bound, may'st thou to Durance go,  
 Condemn'd to Scraps, and begging with a Shoo:  
 And may'st thou never from the Goal get free,  
 Till thou swear out thy self by Perjury:  
 Forlorn, abandon'd, piteless, and poor,  
 As a pawn'd Cully, or a mortgag'd Whore,  
 May'st thou an Haltar want for thy Redress,  
 Forc'd to steal Hemp to end thy miseries,  
 And damn thy self to baulk the Hangmans  
 Fees.

And may no sawcy Fool have better Fate  
 That dares pull down the Vengeance of my  
 Hate.

**F I N I S.**

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# POEMS,

A N D

## Translations.

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B Y

Mr. O L D H A M.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the  
*Golden-Ball* in *Cornhill*. 1694.

POEMS

AND

Translations

BY  
M. O. E. D. H. A. M.

Advertisement.

**T**HE Author of the following Pieces must be excused for their being huddled out so confusedly. They are Printed just as he finished them off, and some things there are which he design'd not ever to expose, but was fain to do it, to keep the Press at work, when it was once set a going. If it be their Fate to perish, and go the way of all mortal Rhymes, 'tis no great matter in what method they have been plac'd, no more than whether *Ode*, *Elegy*, or *Satyr* have the honor of Wiping first. But if they, and what he has formerly made Publick, be so happy as to live, and come forth in an Edition all together; perhaps he may then think them worth the sorting in better Order. By that time belike he means to have ready a very Sparkish Dedication, if he can but get himself known to some Great Man, that

## Advertisement.

will give a good parcel of Guinies for being handsomly flatter'd. Then likewise the Reader (for his farther comfort) may expect to see him appear with all the pomp and Trapings of an Author; his Head in the Front very finely cut, together with the Year of his Age, Commendatory Verses in abundance, and all the Hands of the Poets of *Quorum* to confirm his Book, and pass it for Authentick: This at present is content to come abroad naked, Undedicated, and Unprefac'd, without one kind Word to shelter it from Censure; and so let the Criticks take it amongst them.

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THE EIGHTH  
SATYR  
OF

Monfieur BOILEAU,

Imitated.

Written in October, 1682.

*The POET brings himself in, as dif-  
coursing with a Doctor of the Univerfi-  
ty upon the Subject enfuing.*

O Fall the Creatures in the world that be,  
Beaft, Fish, or Fowl, that go, or swim, or fly  
Throughout the Globe from London to Japan,  
The arrant'ft Fool in my opinion's Man.

*What? ( ftrait I'm taken up ) an Ant, a Fly,  
A tiny Mite, which we can hardly fee*

HOY

B

Without

*Without a Perspective, a silly Ass,*

*Or freakish Ape? Dare you affirm, that these  
Have greater sense than Man? Ay, questionless.*

Doctor, I find you're shock'd at this discourse:

*Man is (you cry ) Lord of the Universe ;*

*For him was this fair frame of Nature made,*

*And all the Creatures for his use, and aid :*

*To him alone of all the living kind,*

*Has bounteous Hea'n the reasoning gift assign'd*

True Sir, that Reason ever was his lot,

But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.

*This idle talk ( you say, ) and rambling stuff*

*May pass in Satyr, and take well enough*

*With Sceptick Fools, who are dispos'd to jeer*

*At serious things : but you must mak't appear*

*By solid proof. Believe me, Sir, I'll do't :*

Take you the Desk, and let's dispute it out.

Then by your favour, tell me first of all,

What'tis, which you grave Doctors Wisdom call?

You

You answer: 'Tis an evenness of Soul,  
*A steady temper, which no cares controul,*  
*No passions ruffle, nor desires inflame,*  
*Still constant to its self, and still the same,*  
*That does in all its slow Resolves advance,*  
*With graver steps, than Benchers, when they dance.*  
Most true ; yet is not this, I dare maintain,  
Less us'd by any, than the Fool, call'd Man.

The wiser Emmet, quoted just before,  
In summer time ranges the Fallows o'er  
With pains, and labour, to lay in his store ;  
But when the blust'ring North with ruffling  
    blasts  
Saddens the year, and Nature overcasts ;  
The prudent Insect, hid in privacy,  
Enjoys the fruits of his past industry.  
No Ant of sense was e'er so awkward seen,  
To drudg in Winter, loiter in the Spring.

But sillier Man, in his mistaken way,  
By Reason, his false guide, is led astray :

Toft by a thousand gufts of wavering doubt,  
His reftlefs mind ftill rolls from thought to  
thought:

In each refolve unfteddy, and unfixt,  
And what he one day loaths, defires the next.

*Shall I, fo fam'd for many a wanton jeft*  
*On wiving, now go take a jilt at laft?*

*Shall I turn Husband, and my ftation choofe,*  
*Amongft the reverend Martyrs of the Noofe!*

*No, there are fools enough befides in town,*  
*To furnifh work for Satyr, and Lampoon:*

Few months before cried the unthinking Sot;  
Who quickly after, hamper'd in the knot,

Was quoted for an inftance by the reft,  
And bore his Fate, as tamely as the beft,

And thought, that Heav'n from fome miraculous  
fide,  
For him alone had drawn a faithful Bride.

This is our image juft: fuch is that vain,  
That foolifh, fickle, motly Creature, Man!

More

More changing than a Weathercock, his Head  
 Ne'er wakes with the same thoughts, he went to  
 bed,  
 Irksome to all beside, and ill at ease,  
 He neither others, nor himself can please:  
 Each minute round his whirling humors run,  
 Now he's a Trooper, and a Priest anon,  
 To day in Buff, to morrow in a Gown.  
 Yet, pleas'd with idle whimsies of his brain,  
 And puffed with pride, this haughty thing would  
 fain  
 Be thought himself the only stay, and prop,  
 That holds the mighty frame of Nature up:  
 The Skies and Stars, his properties must seem,  
 And turn-spit Angels tread the Spheres for him:  
 Of all the Creatures he's the Lord (he cries)  
 More absolute, then the *French* king of his,  
 And, who is there (say you) that dares deny  
 So own'd a truth? That may be, Sir, do I.

But to omit the controversie here,  
 Whether, if met, the passenger and Bear,  
 This or the other stands in greater fear.  
 Or, if an Act of Parliament should pass  
 That all the Irish Wolves should quit the place,  
 They'd strait obey the Statutes high command,  
 And at a minutes warning rid the Land :  
 This boasted Monarch of the world, that awes  
 The Creatures here, and with his beck gives  
 laws ;  
 This titular King, who thus pretends to be  
 The Lord of all, how many Lords has he ?  
 The lust of Mony, and the lust of power,  
 With Love, and Hate, and twenty passions  
 more,  
 Hold him there slave, & chain him to the Oar.  
 Scarce has soft sleep in silence clos'd his eyes,  
 Up ! (strait says Avarice) 'tis time to rise.  
 Not yet: one minute longer. Up ! (she cries)  
 Th' Exchange, and Shops are hardly open yet.  
 No matter: Rise ! But after all, for what ?

*Monsieur Boileau, imitated.*

9

*Dye ask & go, cut the Line, double the Cape,  
Traverse from end to end the spacious deep;  
Search both the Indies, Bantam, and Japan:  
Fetch Sugars from Barbadoes, Wines from Spain.  
What need all this? I've wealth enough in store,  
I thank the Fates, nor care for adding more.  
You cannot have too much; this point to gain,  
You must no Crime, no Perjury refrain,  
Hunger you must endure, Hardship, and Want,  
Amidst full Barns keep an eternal Lent,  
And tho you've more than B—m has spent  
Or C—n got, like stingy B—cl save,  
And grudge your self the charges of a grave,  
And the small Ransom of a single Groat,  
From Sword or Halter to redeem your Throat.  
And pray, why all this sparing? Don't you know?  
Only t'enrich a spendthrift Heir, or so:  
Who shall, when you are timely dead, and gone,  
With his gilt Coach, and Six amuse the Town,*

B 4

Keep



*Keep his gay braves of Punks, and vainly give  
More for a night, than you to fine for Shrieve.  
But you lose time; the Wind and Vessel waits,  
Quick, let's aboard! Hey for the Downs, and  
Streights.*

*Or, if all-powerfull Mony fail of charms  
To tempt the wretch, and push him on to harms:  
With a strong hand does fierce Ambition seize,  
And drag him forth from soft repose and ease:  
Amidst ten thousand dangers spurs him on,  
With loss of Blood and Limbs to hunt renown.  
Who for reward of many a wound and maim,  
Is paid with nought but wooden Legs, and Fame,  
And the poor comfort of a grinning Fate,  
To stand recorded in the next Gazette.*

*But bold (cries one) your paltry giving wit,  
Or learn henceforth to aim it more aright:  
If this be any; 'tis a glorious fault,  
Which through all Ages has been ever thought  
The Hero's virtue, and chief excellence:*

*Pray*

Pray what was Alexander in your sense?

A fool belike? Yes, faith, Sir, much the same;

A crack-brain'd Huff, that set the world on flame:—

A Lunatick broke loose, who in his fit

Fell foul on all, invaded all, he met

Who, Lord of the whole Globe, yet not content,

Lack'd elbow-room, and seem'd too closely pent.

What madness was't, that, born to a fair Throne,

Where he might rule with Justice, and Renown,

Like a wild Robber, he should choose to roam,

A pitted wretch, with neither house, nor home,

And hurling War and Slaughter up and down,

Through the wide world make his vast folly

known?

Happy for ten good reasons had it been,

If *Macedon* had had a *Bedlam* then:

That there with Keepers under close restraint

He might have been from frantick mischief pent.

But that we mayn't in long digressions now

Discourse all *Reinolds*, and the Passions through,

And

And ranging them in method stiff, and grave.

Rhime on by Chapter, and by Paragraph;

Let's quit the present Topick of Dispute,

For *More* and *Cudworth* to enlarge about;

And take a view of man in his best light,

Wherein he seems to most advantage set.

*'Tis he alone, (you'll say) 'tis happy he,*

*That's fram'd by Nature for Society:*

*He only dwells in Towns; is only seen*

*With Manners and Civility to shine;*

*Does only Magistrates, and Rulers choose,*

*And live secur'd by Government, and Laws.*

*'Tis granted, Sir, but yet without all these,*

Without your boasted Laws, and Policies,

Or fear of Judges, or of Justices;

Who ever saw the Wolves, that he can say,

Like more inhuman Us, so bent on prey,

To Rob their fellow Wolves upon the way?

Who ever saw *Church* and *Fanatick* bear,

Like savage Mankind one another tear?

What

What Tyger e'er aspiring to be great,  
In Plots and Factions did embroil the State?  
Or when was't heard upon the Libyan Plains,  
Where the Stern Monarch of the Desert reigns,  
That *Whig* and *Tory* Lions in wild jars  
Madly engag'd for choice of Shrieves and  
May'rs?

The fiercest Creatures, we in Nature find,  
Respect their figure still in the same kind;  
To others rough to these they gentle be,  
And live from Noise, from feuds, from Actions  
free.

No Eagle does upon his Peerage sue,  
And strive some meaner Eagle to undo:  
No Fox was e'er suborn'd by spite, or hire,  
Against his Brother Fox his life to swear:  
Nor any Hind, for Impotence at Rut,  
Did e'er the Stag into the Archers put;  
Where a grave Dean the weighty Case might  
state,

What makes in Law a carnal Job complete:  
They fear no dreadful *Quo Warranto* Writ,  
To shake their ancient privilege and right:

No

No Courts of Sessions; or Assize are there,  
 No Common Pleas, King-Bench, or Chancery Bar  
 But suppler they, by Nature's Charter free,  
 Secure, and safe in mutual peace agree,  
 And know no other Law, but Equity.

'Tis Man, 'tis Man alone, that worships  
 Brutes,

Who first brought up the trade of cutting  
 Throats,

Did Honour first, that barbarous term devise,  
 Unknown to all the gentler Savages;

And, as 'twere not enough t'have fetch'd from  
 Hell,

Powder, and Guns, with all the arts to kill,

Farther to plague the world, he must ingross

Hudge Codes and bulky Pandeets of the Laws,

With Doctors Glosses to perplex the Cause,

Where darken'd Equity is kept from light,

Under vast Reams of Non-sense buried quite.

Gently, good Sir! (cry you) why all this rant?

Man has his freaks and Passions; that we grant;

He has his frailties, and blind sides; who doubts?

But his least Virtues balance all his Faults.

Pray,

*Pray, was it not this bold, this thinking Man,  
That measur'd Heav'n and taught the Stars to scan,  
Whose boundless wit, with soaring wings durst fly,  
Beyond the flaming borders of the sky;  
Turn'd Nature o'er, and with a piercing view  
Each cranny search'd, and lookt her through and  
through.*

*Which of the Brutes have Universities,  
When was it heard, that they e'er took Degrees,  
Or were Professors of the Faculties?  
By Law, or Physick were they ever known  
To merit Velvet, or a Scarlet Gown?*

*No questionless; nor did we ever read,  
Of Quacks with them, that were Licentiates  
made,  
By Patent to profess the pois'ning Trade:  
No Doctors in the Desk there hold dispute  
About Black-pudding, while the wond'ring  
Rout  
Listen to hear the knotty Truth made out:  
Nor Virtuoso's teach deep mysteries  
Of Arts for pumping Air, and smothering Flies.*

*But*

But not to urge the matter farther now,  
 Nor search it to the depth, what 'tis to know,  
 And whether we know any thing or no:  
 Answer me only this, What man is there  
 In this vile thankless Age, wherein we are,  
 Who does by Sense and Learning value bear;  
*Would'st thou get Honor, and a fair Estate,  
 And have the looks and favours of the Great?*  
 Cries an old Father to his blooming Son,  
*Take the right course, be rul'd by me'tu done.*  
*Leave mouldy Authors to the reading Fools,  
 The poring crowds in Colleges and Schools:*  
*How much is threescore Nobles? Twenty pound.*  
*Well said, my Son, the Answer's most profound:*  
*Go, thou know'st all that's requisite to know;*  
*What Wealth on thee, what Honors haste to flow!*  
*In these high Sciences thy self employ,*  
*Instead of Plato, take thy Hodder, Boy.*  
*Learn there the art to audit an Account,*  
*To what the Kings Revenue does amount:*

How

*How much the Customs and Excise bring in,  
And what the Managers each year purloin.  
Get a Case harden'd Conscience Irish proof,  
Which nought of pity, sense, or shame can move:  
Turn Algerine, Barbarian, Turk, or Jew,  
Unjust, inhuman, treacherous, base, untrue;  
Ne'er stick at wrong; hang Widows sighs and tears,  
The cant of Priests to frighten Usurers,  
Boggle at nothing to encrease thy Store,  
Not Orphans spoils, nor plunder of the Poor:  
And scorning paltry rules of Honesty,  
By surer methods raise thy Fortune high.  
When shoals of Poets, Pedants, Orators,  
Doctors, Divines, Astrologers, and Lawyers,  
Authors of every sort, and every size,  
To thee their Works, and Labours shall address,  
With pompous Lines their Dedications fill,  
And learnedly in Greek and Latin tell  
Lies to thy face, that thou hast deep insight,  
And art a mighty jndg of what they write,*



He, that is rich, is every thing, that is,  
 Without one grain of Wisdom he is wise,  
 And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences:  
 He's witty, gallant, virtuous, generous, stout,  
 Well born, well-bred, well shap'd, well drest, what not?  
 Lov'd by the Great and Courted by the Fair,  
 For none that e'er had Riches found despair:  
 Gold to the loathsom'st object gives a grace,  
 And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey please:  
 But tatter'd Poverty they all despise,  
 Love stands aloof, and from the Scare-crow flies.

Thus a stanch Miser to his hopeful Brat  
 Chalks out the way that leads to an Estate?  
 Whose knowledge oft with utmost stretch of  
 Brain  
 No higher than this vast secret can attain,  
 Five and four's nine, take two, and seven re-  
 main.

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,  
 Unravel Scripture with industrious pains:  
 On musty Fathers waste your fruitless hours,  
 Correct the Criticks, and Expositors:

Out

Out-vie great *Stillingfleet* in some vast *Tome*,  
And there confound both *Bellarmin* and *Rome*;  
Or glean the *Rabbies* of their learned store,  
To find what Father *Simon* has past o'er:  
Then at the last some bulky piece compile,  
There lay out all your time, and pains and skill;  
And when 'tis done and finish'd for the Press,  
To some Great Name the mighty Work ad-  
drefs:

Who for a full reward of all your toil,  
Shall pay you with a gracious nod or smile:  
Just recompence of life too vainly spent!  
An empty *Thank you Sir*, and Complement.

But, if to higher Honors you pretend,  
Take the advice and counsel of a Friend;  
Here quit the Desk, and throw your Scarlet by,  
And to some gainful course your self apply.  
Go, practise with some Banker how to cheat,  
There's choice in Town, enquire in *Lombard-  
streets*.

C

Let

Let *Scot* and *Ookham* wrangle as they please,

And thus in short with me conclude the case,

A Doctor is no better than an Ass.

*A Doctor, Sir? your self: Pray have a care,*

*This is to push your Raillery too far.*

*But not to lose the time in trifling thus,*

*Beside the point, come now more home and close:*

*That Man has Reason is beyond debate,*

*Nor will your self, I think, deny me that:*

*And was not this fair Pilot giv'n to steer,*

*His tott'ring Bark through Life's rough Ocean here?*

All this I grant: but if in spite of it

The wretch on every Rock he sees will split,

To what great purpose does his Reason serve,

But to mis-guide his course, and make him

swerve?

What boots it *H.* when it says, Give o'er

*Thy scribbling itch, and play the fool no more,*

*If her vain counsels, purpos'd to reclaim,*

*Only avail to harden him in shame?*

Lam-

Lampoon'd, and hiss'd, and damn'd the thousandth time,

Still he writes on, is obstinate in Rhime:

His Verse, which he does every were recite,

Put all his Neighbors, and his Freinds to flight:

Scar'd by the rhiming Fiend, they haste away,

Nor will his very Groom be hir'd to stay.

The Ass, whom Nature Reason has deny'd,

Content with Instinct for his surer guide,

Still follows that, and wiselier does proceed:

He ne'er aspires with his harsh braying Note,

The Songsters of the Wood to challenge out:

Nor, like this awkward smatterer in Arts,

Sets up himself for a vain Ass of parts;

Of Reason void, he sees, and gains his end,

While Man, who does to that false light pretend,

Wildly grops on, and in broad day is blind.

By whimisie led he does all things by chance,

And acts in each against all common sense.

With every thing pleas'd, and displeas'd at once,  
 He knows not what he seeks, nor what he shuns:  
 Unable to distinguish good, or bad,  
 For nothing he is gay, for nothing sad:  
 At random loves, and loaths, avoids, pursues,  
 Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.

Did we, like him, e'er see the Dog, or Bear,  
 Chimera's of their own devising fear?

Frame needless doubts, and for those doubts for-

ge  
 The Joys which prompting Nature calls them to?  
 And with their Pleasures awkwardly at strife,  
 With scaring Fantoms pall the sweets of Life?  
 Tel me, grave Sir, did ever Man see Beast  
 So much below himself, and sence debas'd,  
 To worship Man with superstitious Fear,  
 And fondly to his Idol Temples rear?  
 Was he e'er seen with Pray'rs and Sacrifice  
 Approach to him, as Ruler of the Skies,  
 To beg for Rain, or Sun-shine on his knees?

No

No never: but a thousand times has Beast,  
Seen Man, beneath the meanest Brute debas'd,  
Fall low to Wood; and Metal heretofore,  
And madly his own Workmanship adore;  
In Egypt oft has seen the Sot bow down,  
And reverence some deified Baboon:  
Has often seen him on the Banks of Nile  
Say Pray'rs to the Almighty Crocodile:  
And now each day in every street abroad  
Sees prostrate Fools adore a brea'den God.

*But why (say you) these spiteful Instances  
Of Egypt, and it's gross Idolatries?  
Of Rome, and hers as much ridiculous?  
What are these lewd Buffooneries to us?  
How gather you from such wild proofs as these,  
That Man, a Doctor is beneath an Ass?  
An Ass! that heavy, stupid, lumpish Beast,  
The Sport, and mocking-stock of all the rest?  
Whom they all spurn, and whom they all despise,  
Whose very name all Satyr does comprize?*

An Afs, Sir? Yes: Pray what should make  
us laugh?

Now he unjustly is our jeer, and scoff.

But, if one day he should occasion find

Upon our Follies to express his mind;

If Heav'n, as once of old, to check proud Man,

By miracle should give him Speech again;

What would he say, d'ye think, could he speak  
out,

Nay, Sir, betwixt us two, what would he not?

What would he say, were he condemn'd to  
stand,

For one long hour in *Fleetstreet*, or the *Strand*,

To cast his eyes upon the motly throng,

The two-leg'd Herd, that dayly pass along;

To see their old Disguises, Furs and Gowns,

Their Cassocks, Cloaks, Lawn sleeves, and Pan-  
taloons?

What would he say to see a Velvet Quack

Walk with the price of forty kill'd on's Back;

Or

Or mounted on a Stage, and gaping loud, nor  
Commend his Drugs, and Ratsbane to the  
Crowd?

What would he think on a Lord Mayor's day,  
Should he the Pomp and Pageantry survey?

Or view the Judges, and their solemn Train,  
March with grave decency to kill a Man?

What would he think of us, should he appear  
In Term amongst the crowds at *Westminster*,

And there the hellish din, and Jargon hear,

Where *J.* and his pack with deep-mouth'd  
Notes

Drown *Billingsgate*, and all its Oyster-Boats?

There see the Judges, Sergeants, Barristers,  
Attorneys, Counsellors, Solicitors,

Criers, and Clerks, and all the Savage Crew

Which wretched man at his own charge undo?

If after prospect of all this, the Ass

Should find the voice he had in *Esop's* days;



Then, Doctor, then, casting his eyes around  
On human Fools, which every where abound.

Content with Thistles, from all envy free,  
And shaking his grave head, no doubt he'd cry  
*Good faith, Man is a Beast as much as we.*

---

THE

THE THIRTEENTH  
SATYR  
OF  
JUVENAL,

Imitated.

Written in April, 1682.

ARGUMENT.

The POET comforts a Friend, that is overmuch concerned for the loss of a considerable Sum of Money, of which he has lately been cheated by a person, to whom he intrusted the same. This he does by shewing, that nothing comes to pass in the world without Divine Providence, and that wicked Men (however they seem to escape its Punishment here)

yet

*yet suffer abundantly in the torments of an evil  
Conscience. And by the way takes occasion to  
lash the Degeneracy, and Villany of the present  
Times.*

**T**Here is not one base Act, which Men  
commit,  
But carries this ill sting along with it,  
That to the Author it creates regret :  
And this is some Revenge at least, that he  
Can ne'er acquit himself of Villany,  
Tho a brib'd Judg and Jury set him free.

All people, Sir, abhor, (as 'tis but just)  
Your faithless Friend, who lately broke his  
Trust,  
And curse the treacherous Deed: But, thanks  
to Fate,  
That has not bless'd you with so small Estate,  
But that with patience you may bear the Cross,  
And need not sink under so mean a Loss.  
Besides your Case for less concern does call,  
Because 'tis what does usually befall :

Ten thousand such might be alledg'd with ease,  
Out of the common crowd of Instances.

Then cease for shame, immoderate regret,  
And don't your Manhood, and your Sense forget:  
Tis womanish, and silly to lay forth  
More cost in Grief than a Misfortune's worth.  
You scarce can bear a puny trifling Ill,  
It goes so deep, pray Heav'n! it does not kill:  
And all this trouble, and this vain ado,  
Because a Friend (forsooth) has prov'd untrue.  
Shame o' your Beard! can this so much amaze?  
Were you not born in good King *Jemmy's* days?  
And are not you at length yet wiser grown,  
When threescore Winters on your head have  
    snown?

Almighty Wisdom gives in Holy Writ  
Wholsom Advice to all, that follow it:  
And those, that will not its great Counsels hear,  
May learn from meer experience how to bear  
(Without vain struggling) Fortunes yoke, and  
    how  
They ought her rudest shocks to undergo.

There's

There's not a day so solemn thro the year,  
 Not one red Letter in the Calendar,  
 But we of some new Crime discover'd hear.

Theft, Murder, Treason, Perjury, what not?

Moneys by Cheating, Padding, pois'ning got.

Nor is it strange; so few are now the Good,

That fewer scarce were left at *Noah's* Flood:

Should *Sodom's* Angel here in Fire descend,

Our Nation wants ten Men to save the Land.

Fate has reserv'd us for the very Lees

Of time, where Ill admits of no degrees:

An Age so bad old Poets ne'er could frame,

Nor find a Metal out to give't a name.

This your experience knows, and yet for all

On faith of God, and Man aloud you call,

Louder then on *Queen Bess's* day the Rout

For *Antichrist* burnt in Effigie shout:

But, tell me, Sir, tell me, grey-headed Boy,

Do you not know what Lech'ry men enjoy

In

In stollen Gods? for Gods sake don't you see?  
How they all laugh at your simplicity,  
When gravely you forewarn of Perjury?  
Preach up a God and Hell, vain empty names,  
Exploded now for idle thredbare shams,  
Devis'd by Priests, and by none else believ'd,  
E'er since great *Hobbes* the world has undeceiv'd?

This might have past with the plain simple  
Race

Of our Forefathers in King *Arthur's* days:  
E'er mingling with corrupted forein Seed,  
We learnt their vice, and spoil'd our native Breed.  
E'er yet bless'd *Albion*, high in ancient Fame,  
With her first Innocence resign'd her Name.  
Fair dealing then, and downright Honesty,  
And plighted Faith were good Security:  
No vast Ingrossments for Estates were made,  
Nor Deeds, large as the Lands, which they  
convey'd:

To bind a Trust there lack'd no formal tie  
Of Paper, Wax, and Seals, and Witnesses,  
Nor ready Coin, but sterling Promises:

Each

Each took the other's word, and that would go  
 For current then, and more than Oaths do now:  
 None had recourse to *Chanc'ry* for defence,  
 Where you forego your Right with less Expence:  
 Nor traps were yet set up for Perjurers,  
 That catch Men by the Heads, and whip off Ears,  
 Then Knave and Villain things unheard of  
 were,  
 Scarce in a Century did one appear,  
 And he more gaz'd at than a Blazing Star:  
 If a young Stripling put not off his Hat  
 In high respect to every Beard he met,  
 Tho a Lord's Son, and Heir, 'twas held a crime,  
 That scarce deserv'd it's Clergy in that time:  
 So venerable then was four years odds,  
 And grey old Heads were reverenc'd as Gods.  
 Now if a Friend once in an Age prove just,  
 If he miraculously keep his Trust,  
 And without force of Law deliver all  
 That's due, both Interest and Principal;

Prodigious

Prodigious wonder fit for *Stow* to tell,  
And stand recorded in the Chronicle;  
A thing less memorable would require  
As great a Monument as *London* Fire.

A Man of Faith and Uprightness is grown  
So strange a Creature both in Court and

Town,

That he with Elephants may well be shown,  
A Monster, more uncommon than a Whale

At *Bridge*, the last great Comet, or the Hail,  
Than *Thames* his double Tide, or should he come

With Streams of Milk, or Blood to *Graveyard*  
down.

You're troubled that you've lost five hundred  
pound

By treacherous Fraud: another may be found,  
Has lost a thousand: and another yet,  
Double to that; perhaps his whole Estate.

Little do folks the heav'nly Powers mind,  
If they but scape the knowledge of Mankind:  
Observe, with how demure, and grave a look  
The Rascal lays his hand upon the Book

Then



Then with a praying Face, and lifted Eye  
 Claps on his Lips and Seals the Perjury:  
 If you persist his Innocence to doubt,  
 And boggle in belief; he'll strait rap out  
 Oaths by the Volley, each of which would make  
 Pale Atheists start, and trembling Bullies quake;  
 And more than would a whole Ships Crew main-  
 tain  
 To the East-Indies hence, and back again.  
 As God shall pardon me, Sir, I am free  
 Of what you charge me with: let me ne'er see  
 His Face in Heaven else: may these hands rot,  
 These eyes drop out; if I e'er had a Groat  
 Of yours, or if they ever touch'd, or saw't.  
 Thus he'll run on two hours in length, till he  
 Spin out a Curse long as the Litany:  
 Till Heav'n has scarce a Judgment left in store  
 For him to wish, deserve, or suffer more.

There are, who disavow all Providence,  
 And think the world is only steer'd by chance:

Make

Make God at best an idle looker on,  
 A lazy Monarch lolling in his Throne :  
 Who his Affairs does neither mind, nor know,  
 But leaves them all at random here below :  
 And such at every foot themselves will damn,  
 And Oaths no more than common Breath Esteem :  
 No shame, nor Loss of Ears can frighten these,  
 Were every street a Grove of Pillories.

Others there be, that own a God, and fear  
 His Vengeance to ensue, and yet forswear :  
 Thus to himself, says one, *Let Heaven decree*  
*What doom soe'er, its pleasure will, of me :*  
*Strike me with Blindness, Palsies, Leprosies,*  
*Plague, Pox, Consumption, all the Maladies*  
*Of both the Spittles ; so I get my Prize*  
*And hold it sure ; I'll suffer these, and more ;*  
*All Plagues are light to that of being poor.*  
*There's not a begging Cripple in the streets*  
*(Unless he with his Limbs has lost his Wits,*

D

And

And is grown fit for Bedlam ) but no doubt,  
To have his Wealth would have the Rich man's Gout.  
Grant Heavens Vengeance heavy be; what tho?

The heaviest things move slowliest still we know:

And, if it punish all, that guilty be,

'Twill be an Age before it come to me:

God too is merciful, as well as just;

Therefore I'll rather his forgiveness trust,

Than live despis'd, and poor, as thus I must:

I'll try, and hope he's more a Gentleman

Than for such trivial things as these, to damn.

Besides, for the same Fact, we've often known

One mount the Cart, another mount the Throne:

And foulest Deeds, attended with success,

No longer are reputed wickedness,

Disguis'd with Virtues Livery, and Dress.

With these weak Arguments they fortifie,  
And harden up themselves in Villany:

The Rascal now dares call you to account,

And in what Court you please, joyn issue on't:

Next

Next Term he'll bring the Action to be tri'd,  
And twenty Witnesses to swear on's side:  
And; if that Justice to his Cause be found,  
Expects a Verdict of five hundred pound.  
Thus he, who boldly dares the Guilt out face,  
For innocent shall with the Rabble pass:  
While you, with Impudence, and sham run  
down,  
Are only thought the Knave by all the Town.

Mean time, poor you at Heav'n exclaim, and  
rail,  
Louder than J—— at the Bar does bawl:  
*Is there a Pow'r above? and does he hear?*  
*And can he tamely Thunderbolts forbear?*  
*To what vain end do we with Pray'rs adore?*  
*And on our bended knees his aid implore?*  
*Where is his Rule, if no respect be had,*  
*Of Innocence, or Guilt; of Good, or Bad?*  
*And who henceforth will any credit show*  
*To what his lying Priests teach here below?*  
*If this be Providence; for ought I see,*  
*Bless'd Saint, Vaninus! I shall follow thee:*

*Little's the odds 'twixt such a God, and that,  
Which Atheist Lewis us'd to wear in's Hat.*

Thus you blaspheme, and rave: But pray, Sir,  
try

What Comforts my weak Reason can apply,  
Who never yet read *Plutarch*, hardly saw,  
And am but meanly vers'd in *Seneca*.

In cases dangerous and hard of cure  
We have recourse to *Scarborough*, or *Lower*:

But if they don't so desperate appear,  
We trust to meaner Doctors skill, and care.

If there were never in the world before  
So foul a deed; I'm dumb, not one word more:  
A Gods name then let both your fluces flow,  
And all the extravagance of sorrow show;  
And tear your Hair, and thump your mournful  
Breast,

As if your dearest First-born were deceas'd.  
'Tis granted that a greater Grief attends  
Departed Moneys than departed Friends:

None

None ever counterfeits upon this score,  
Nor need he do't; the thought of being poor  
Will serve alone to make the eyes run o'er.  
Lost Money's griev'd with true unfeined Tears,  
More true, then sorrow of expecting Heirs  
At their dead Father's Funerals, tho here  
The Back, and hands no pompous Mourning  
wear.  
But if the like complaints be dayly found  
At *Westminster*, and in all Courts abound;  
If Bonds, and obligations can't prevail,  
But Men deny their very Hand and Seal,  
Sign'd with the Arms of the whole Pedegree  
Of their dead Ancestors to vouch the Lye,  
If *Temple-Walks*, and *Smithfield* never fail  
Of plying Rogues, that set their Souls to Sale  
To the first Passenger, that bids a price,  
And make their livelihood of Perjuries;  
For God's sake why are you so delicate,  
And think it hard to share the common Fate?

And why must you alone be Fav'rite thought  
Of Heav'n, and we for Reprobates cast out?

The wrong you bear, is hardly worth regard,  
Much less your Just resentment, if compar'd  
With greater out-rages to others done,  
Which daily happen, and alarm the Town;

Compare the Villains who cut Throats for  
Bread,  
Or Houses fire, of late a gainful Trade,  
By which our City was in Ashes laid:

Compare the sacrilegious Burglary,  
From which no place can Sanctuary be,  
That rifles Churches of Communion Plate,  
Which good King *Edward's* days did dedicate;  
Think, who durst steal *S. Alban's* Font of Brass,  
That Christen'd half the Royal *Scotish* Race:  
Who stole the Chalices at *Chichester*,

In which themselves receiv'd the day before;  
Or that bold daring Hand, of fresh Renown,  
Who, scorning common Booty, stole a Crown;

Com-

Compare too, if you please, the horrid Plot,  
 With all the Perjuries to make it out,  
 Or make it nothing, for these last three years;  
 Add to it *Thinne's* and *Godfrey's* Murderers:  
 And if these seem but slight and trivial things,  
 Add those, that have, and would have murder'd  
 Kings.

And yet how little's this of Villany  
 To what our Judges oft in one day try?  
 This to convince you, do but travel down,  
 When the next Circuit comes, with *Pemberton*,  
 Or any of the Twelve, and there but mind,  
 How many Rogues there are of Human Kind,  
 And let me hear you, when you're back again,  
 Say, you are wrong'd, and, if you dare, complain.

None wonder, who in *Essex* Hundreds live,  
 Or *Sheppy* Island, to have Agues rise:  
 Nor would you think it much in *Africa*,  
 If you great Lips, and short flat Noses saw:



Because 'tis so by Nature of each place;  
 And therefore there for no strange things they  
 pass,  
 In Lands, where Pigmies are, to see a Crane  
 (As Kites do Chickens here) I sweep up a Man,  
 In Armour clad, with us would make a show,  
 And serve for entertain at *Bartholomew*.  
 Yet there it goes for no great Prodigy,  
 Where the whole Nation is but one foot high:  
 Then why, fond man should you so much ad-  
 mire,  
 Since Knave is of our growth, and common here?  
*But must such Perjury escape (say you)*  
*And shall it even thus unpunish'd go?*  
 Grant, he were dragg'd to Jail this very hour,  
 To starve, and rot; suppose it in your Pow'r  
 To rack, and torture him all kind of ways,  
 To hang, or burn, or kill him, as you please;  
 (And what would your Revenge it self have  
 more?)  
 Yet this, all this would not your Cash restore:  
 And where would be the Comfort, where the  
 Good,  
 If you could wash your Hands in's reaking  
 Blood?

*But*

But, Oh, *Revenge more sweet than Life!* 'Tis true,  
So the unthinking say, and the mad Crew  
Of hee'ring Blades, who for slight cause, or  
none,

At every turn are into Passion blown:  
Whom the least Trifles with *Revenge* inspire,  
And at each spark, Like Gunpowder, take fire:  
These unprovok'd kill the next Man they meet,  
For being so sawey, as to walk the street;  
And at the summons of each tiny Drab,  
Cry, *Damne! Satisfaction!* draw, and stab.

Not so of old, the mild good *Socrates*,  
( Who shew'd how high without the help of  
Grace,

Well cultivated Nature might be wrought )  
He a more noble way of suffering taught,  
And, tho the Guiltless drank the poisonous Dose  
Ne'er wish'd a drop to his accusing Foes.  
Not so our great good *Martyr'd King* of late  
( Could we his bless'd Example imitate )

Who

42                    *The Thirteenth SATIRE of*  
Who, tho' the great'st of mortal sufferers,  
Yet kind to his rebellious Murderers,  
Forgave, and blest'd them with his dying  
Pray'rs.

Thus, we by sound Divinity, and Sense  
May purge our minds, and weed all Errors  
thence:

These lead us into light, nor shall we need  
Other than them thro' Life to be our Guide.

Revenge is but a Traile, incident  
To craz'd, and sickly minds, the poor Content  
Of little Souls, unable to surmount

An Injury, too weak to bear Affront:  
And this you may infer, because we find,  
'Tis most in poor unthinking Woman-kind,

Who wreak their feeble spite on all they can,  
And are more kin to Bruit then braver Man.

But why should you imagin, Sir, that those  
Escape unpunish'd, who still feel the Throes  
And Pangs of a rack'd Soul, and (which is  
worse  
Than all the Pains, which can the Body curse)  
The secret gnawings of unseen Remorse?

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Believ'r, they suffer greater Punishment  
 Than *Rome's* Inquisitors could e'er invent;  
 Nor all the Tortures, Racks, and Cruelties,  
 Which ancient Persecutors could devise,  
 Nor all, that *Fox* his Bloody Records tell,  
 Can match what *Bradshaw*, and *Kirilliac* feel,  
 Who in their Breasts carry about their Hell.  
 I've read this story, but I know not where,  
 Whether in *Hackwel*, or *Beard's* Theatre:  
*Acertain* Spartain, whom a Friend, like you,  
 Had trusted with a Hundred pound or two;  
 Went to the Oracle to know if he  
 With safety might the Sum in trust deny,  
 'Twas answer'd, No, that if he durst forswear,  
 He should ere long for's knavery pay dear:  
 Hence Fear, not Honesty, made him refund;  
 Yet to his cost the Sentence true he found:  
 Himself, his Children, all his Family,  
 Ev'n the remotest of his whole Pedigree,  
 Perish'd (as their 'tis told) in misery.

Now

Now to apply : if such be the sad end  
Of Perjury, tho' but in Thought design'd,  
Think, Sir, what Fate awaits your treach'rous  
Friend,

Who has not only thought, but done to you  
All this, and more ; think, what he suffers now,  
And think, what every Villain suffers else,  
That dares, like him, be faithless, base, and false.

Pale Horror, ghastly Fear, and black Despair  
Pursue his steps, and dog him where'soe'er

He goes, and if from his loath'd self he fly,  
To herd, like wounded Deer, in company  
These straight creep in and pall his mirth, and  
joy.

The choicest Dainties, ev'n by *Lumly* drest,  
Afford no Relish to his sickly Taste,  
Insipid all, as *Damocles* his Feast.

Ev'n Wine, the greatest blessing of Mankind,  
The best support of the dejected mind,  
Applied to his dull spirits, warms no more  
Than to his Corps it could past Life restore.

Dark-

Darkness he fears, nor dares he trust his Bed

Without a Candle watching by his side:

And, if the wakeful Troubles of his Breast

To his toss'd Limbs allow one moments Rest,

Straitways the groans of Ghosts, and hideous  
Screams

Of tortur'd Spirits haunt his frightful Dreams:

Strait there return to his tormented mind

His perjur'd Act, his injur'd God, and Friend:

Straight he imagins you before his Eyes,

Ghastly of shape, prodigious of size,

With glaring Eyes, cleft Foot, and monstrous  
Tail,

And bigger than the Giants at *Guild-hall*,

Stalking with horrid strides across the Room,

And Guards of Fiends to drag him to his Doom;

Hereat he falls in dreadful Agonies,

And dead cold Sweats his trembling Members  
seize:

Then starting wakes, and with a dismal cry,

Calls to his aid his frighted Family;

There

46 *The Thirteenth SATIRE of*

There owns the Crime, and vows upon his knees  
The sacred Pledg next morning to release.

These are the Men, whom the least Terrors  
daunt,

Who at the sight of their own shadows faint;

These, if it chance to Lighten, are agast,

And quake for fear, lest every Flash should blast:

These swoon away at the first Thunder clap,

As if 'twere not, what usually does hap,

The casual cracking of a Cloud, but sent

By angry Heaven for their Punishment:

And, if unhurt they scape the Tempest now,

Still dread the greater Vengeance to ensue:

These the least Symptoms of a Fever fright,

Water high-colour'd, want of rest at night,

Or a disorder'd Pulse strait makes them shrink;

And presently for fear they're ready sink

Into their Graves: their time ( think they ) is  
come,

And Heav'n in judgment now has sent their  
Doom.

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Nor dare they, tho' in whisper, waft a prayer,  
Left it by chance should reach th' Almighty's  
ear,  
And wake his sleeping Vengeance, which before  
So long has their impieties forbore.

These are the thoughts which guilty wretches  
haunt,

Yet enter'd, they still grow more impudent:

After a Crime perhaps they now and then  
Feel pangs and struglings of Remorse within,  
But streight return to their old course agen:

They, who have once thrown Shame, and Con-  
science by,

Ne'er after make a stop in Villany:

Hurried along, down the vast steep they go,  
And find, 'tis all a Precipice below.

Ev'n this perfidious Friend of yours, no doubt  
Will not with single wickedness give out;  
Have patience but a while, you'll shortly see  
His hand held up at Bar for Felony:

You'll



You'll see the sentenc'd wretch for Punishment  
To *Scilly* Isles, or the *Caribbes* sent:

Or (if I may his surer Fate divine)

Hung like *Borowski*, for a Gibbit-sign:

Then may you glut Revenge, and feast your  
Eyes

With the dear object of his Miseries:

And then at length convinc'd, with joy you'll  
find

That the just God is neither deaf, nor blind.

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DAVID'S

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# DAVID'S LAMENTATION

For the DEATH of  
*SAUL* and *JONATHAN*,  
PARAPHRAS'D.

Written in September, 1677.

## O. D. E.

### I.

**A**H wretched *Israel*! once bless'd, and  
happy State,  
The Darling of the Stars, and Heav'n's Care,  
Then all the bord'ring world thy Vassals  
were,  
And thou at once their Envy and their Fear,  
How soon art thou (alas!) by the sad turn of  
Fate

E

Become

Become abandon'd and forlorn?

How art thou now become their Pity, and their  
scorn?

Thy Lustre all is vanish'd, all thy Glory fled,  
Thy Sun himself set in a blood red,

Too sure Prognostick ! which does ill portend  
Approaching Storms on thy unhappy Land,  
Left naked, and defenceless now to each inva-  
ding Hand,

A fatal Battle, lately fought,  
Has all these Mis'ries, and and Misfortunes  
brought,

Has thy quick Ruin, and Destruction  
wrought :

There fell we by a mighty Overthrow  
A Prey to an enrag'd, relentless Foe,  
The toil and labour of their wearied Cruelty,  
Till they no more could kill, and we no long-  
er die :

Vast slaughter all around th' enlarged Moun-  
tain swells,

And numerous Deaths increase its former  
Hills.

II. In

II.

In *Gath* let not the mournful News be known;  
Nor publish'd in the streets of *Askalon*;  
May Fame it self be quite struck dumb!  
Oh may it never to *Philistia* come,  
Nor any live to bear the curs'd Tidings home!  
Lest the proud Enemies new Trophies raise,  
And loudly triumph in our fresh Disgrace:  
No captive *Israelite* their pompous Joy adorn,  
Nor in sad Bondage his lost Country mourn:  
No Spoils of ours be in there Temples hung,  
No Hymns to *Ashdod's* Idol sung,  
Nor thankful Sacrifice on his glad Altars burn.  
Kind Heav'n forbid! lest the base Heathen  
Slaves blaspheme  
Thy sacred and unutterable Name,  
And above thine extol their *Dagon's* Fame,  
Lest the vile *Filb's* Worship spread abroad,  
Who sel a prostrate Victim once before our con-  
qu'ring God

And you, who the great Deeds of Kings and  
Kingdoms write,

Who all their Actions to succeeding Age trans-  
mit,

Conceal the blushing Story, ah ! conceal  
Our Nations loss, and our dread Monarch's  
fall :

Conceal the Journal of this bloody Day,  
When both by the ill Play of Fate were thrown  
away :

Nor let our wretched Infamy, and Fortune's  
Crime

Be ever mention'd in the Registers of future  
Time.

### III.

For ever, *Gilboa*, be curst thy hated Name,  
Th' eternal Monument of our Disgrace, and  
Shame !

For ever curst be that unhappy Scene,  
Where Slaughter, Blood, and Death did late-  
ly reign !

No Clouds henceforth above thy barren top ap-  
pear,

But what may make thee mourning wear :

Let

*the Death of Saul and Jonathan.*

53

Let them ne'er shake their dewy Fleeces there,

But only once a year

On the sad Anniverſe drop a remembring Tear :

No Flocks of Off'rings on thy Hills be known,  
Which may by Sacrifice our Guilt and thine at-  
tone :

Nor Sheep, nor any of the gentler kind hereaf-  
ter ſtay

On thee, but Bears, and Wolves, and Beaſts  
of prey,

Or men more ſavage, wild, and fierce than  
They ;

A Deſert may'ſt thou prove, and lonely waſt,  
Like that, our ſinful, ſtubborn Fathers paſt,  
Where they the Penance trod for all, they there  
tranſgreſt :

Too dearly waſt thou drench'd with precious  
Blood

Of many a *Jewiſh* Worthy, ſpilt of late,  
Who ſuffer'd there by an ignoble Fate,  
And purchas'd foul diſhonour at too high a rate :

Great *Soul's* ran there amongſt the common  
Flood,

His Royal ſelf mixt with the baſer Crowd :

He, whom Heav'n's high and open suffrage  
chose,

The Bulwark of our Nation to oppose.

The Pow'r and Malice of our Foes;

Ev'n He, on whom the Sacred Oyl was shed,  
Whose mystick drops enlarg'd his hallow'd  
Head,

Lies now (oh Fate, impartial still to Kings!)

Huddled, and undistinguish'd in the heap of  
meaner things.

#### IV.

Lo! there the mighty Warriour lies,

With all his Lawrels, all his Victories,

To ravenous Fowls, or worse, to his proud Foes,  
a Prize:

How chang'd from that great *Saul*! whose ge-  
nerous Aid,

A conqu'ring Army to distressed *Jabsb* led,

At whose approach *Ammon's* proud Tyrant  
fled:

How chang'd from that great *Saul*! whom  
we saw bring

From vanquish'd *Amalek* their captive Spoils,  
and King;

When

*The Death of Saul and Jonathan.* 55

When unbid Pity made him *Agag* spare:  
Ah Pity! more than Cruelty found guilty there:  
Oft has he made these conquer'd Enemies  
bow,

By whom himself lies conquer'd now:  
At *Micmasb* his great Might they felt, and  
knew,

The same they felt at *Dammim* too:  
Well I remember, when from *Helah's* Plain  
He came in triumph, met by a numerous  
Crowd,

Who with glad shouts proclaim'd their Joy  
aloud;  
A Dance of beauteous Virgins led the solemn  
Train,  
And sung, and prais'd the man *that had his Thou-*  
*sands slain.*

*Seir, Moab, Zobah* felt him, and where'er  
He did his glorious Standards bear,  
Officious Vict'ry follow'd in the reer:  
Success attended still his brandish'd Sword,  
And, like the Grave, the gluttonous Blade de-  
vour'd:

Slaughter upon its point in triumph sate,  
And scatter'd Death, as quick, and wide as Fate.



## V.

Nor less in high Repute, and Worth was his  
great Son,

Sole Heir of all his Valour, and Renown,

Heir too (if cruel Fate had suffer'd) of his Throne:

The matchless *Jonathan* 'twas, whom loud  
tongu'd Fame,

Amongst her chiefest Heroes joys to name,

Ere since the wond'rous Deeds at *Senah* done,

Where he, himself and Host, o'ercame a War  
alone :

The trembling Enemies fled, they try'd to fly,

But fix'd amazement stopt, and made them die

Great Archer He ! to whom our dreaded skill  
we owe,

Dreaded by all, who *Israel's* warlike Prowess  
know ;

As many shafts, as his full Quiver held,

So many Fates he drew, so many kill'd ;

Quick, and unerring they, as darted Eye-beams,  
flew,

As if he gave 'em sight, and swiftnefs too,

Death took her Aim from his, and by't her Ar-  
rows threw,

VI. Both

VI.

Both excellent they were, both equally alli'd,

On Nature, and on Valour's side :

Great *Saul*, who scorn'd a Rival in Renown,

Yet envied not the Fame of's greater Son,

By him endur'd to be surpass'd alone :

He gallant Prince, did his whole Father shew,

And fast, as he could set, the well-writ Copies

drew,

And blush'd, that Duty bid him not out go :

Together they did both the paths to Glory trace,

Together hunted in the noble Chace,

Together finish'd their united Race ;

There only did they prove unfortunate,

Never till then unblest'd by Fate,

Yet there they ceas'd not to be great ;

Fearless they met, and brav'd their threaten'd

fall,

And fought when Heav'n revolted, Fortune

durst rebel,

When

When publick safety, and their Countrys care  
 Requir'd their Aid, and call'd them to the toils  
 of War ;

As Parent-Eagles, summon'd by their Infants  
 cries,

Whom some rude hands would make a  
 Prize,

Hast to Relief, and with their wings out-fly their  
 eyes,

So swift did they their speedy succour bear,

So swift the bold Aggressors seize,

So swift attack, so swift pursue the vanquish'd  
 enemies :

The vanquish'd enemies with all the wings  
 of Fear

Mov'd not so quick as they,

Scarce could their soul's fly fast enough  
 away.

Bolder than Lions, they thick dangers met,  
 Thro Fields with armed Troops, and pointed  
 Harvests set,

Nothing could tame their Rage, or quench their  
 generous Heat :

Like

Like those, they march'd undaunted, and like  
those,

Secure of Wounds, and all that durst oppose,  
So to Resisters fierce, so gentle to their prostrate  
Foes.

VII.

Mourn, wretched *Israel*, mourn thy Mona-  
rch's fall,

And all thy plenteous stock of sorrow call,

T'attend his pompous Funeral:

Mourn each, who in this loss an int'rest  
shares,

Lavish your Grief, exhaust it all in Tears:

You *Hebrew* Vingins too,  
Who once in lofty strains did his glad Triumphs  
sing,

Bring all your artful Notes, and skilful Measures  
now,

Each charming air of Breath, and string,  
Bring all to grace the Obsequies of your dead  
King,

And high, as then your Joy, let now your Sor-  
row flow.

*Saul*

*Saul*, your great *Saul* is dead,

Who you with Natures choicest Dainties fed,  
 Who you with Natures gayest Wardrobe clad,  
 By whom you all her Pride, and all her Plea-  
 sures had :

For you the precious Worm his Bowels spun,  
 For you the *Tyrian* Fish did Purple run,  
 For you the blest *Arabia's* Spices grew,  
 And *Eastern* Quarries harden'd Pearly dew;  
 The Sun himself turn'd Labourer for you:  
 For you he hatch'd his golden Births alone,  
 Wherewith you were array'd, whereby you  
 him out-shone,

All this and more you did to *Saul's* great Con-  
 duct owe,

All this you lost in his unhappy overthrow.

### VIII.

Oh Death ! how vast an Harvest hast thou reap'd  
 of late !

Never before hadst thou so great,

Ne'er

*the Death of Saul and Jonathan.* 61

Ne'er drunk't before so deep of Jewish Blood,  
Ne'er since th' embattled Hosts at Gibeah stood;  
When three whole days took up the work of  
Fate,

When a Large Tribe enter'd at once thy Bill,  
And threescore thousand Victims to thy Fury sell.

Upon the fatal Mountains Head,

Lo! how the mighty Chiefs lie dead:

There my beloved *Jonathan* was slain,

The best of Princes, and the best of Men;  
Cold Death hangs on his Cheeks like an untimely  
Frost,

On early Fruit, there sits, and smiles a sullen  
Boast,

And yet looks pale at the great Captive, she has  
ta'en.

My *Jonathan* is dead (oh dreadful word of Fame!  
Oh grief! that I can speak and not become the  
same!)

He's dead, and with him all our blooming Hopes  
are gone,

And many a wonder, which he must have  
done,

And many a Conquest which he must have  
won,

They're

They're all to the dark Grave, and silence fled  
 And never now in story shall be read,  
 And never now shall take their date,  
 Snatch'd hence by the Preventing hand of en-  
 vious Fate.

## I X.

Ah worthy Prince! would I for thee had dyed!  
 Ah, would I had thy fatal place supplied!  
 I'd then repaid a Life, which to thy gift I owe,  
 Repaid a Crown, which Friendship taught thee  
 to forgo:

Both Debts, I ne'er can cancel now:  
 Oh, dearer than my Soul! if I can call it mine,  
 For sure we had the same, 'twas very thine,  
 Dearer than Light, or Life, or Fame,  
 Or Crowns, or any thing, that I can wish, or  
 think, or name:

Brother thou wast but wast my Friend before,  
 And that new Title then could add no more:

Mine

*the Death of Saul and Jonathan.* 63

Mine more than Blood, Alliance, Natures self  
could make,

Than I, or Fame it self can speak:

Not yearning Mothers, when first Throes they  
feel

To their young Babes in looks a softer Passion  
tell:

Not artless undissembling Maids exprefs

In their last dying sighs such tendernefs:

Not thy fair Sister, whom strict Duty bids me  
wear

First in my Breast, whom holy Vows make  
mine,

Tho all the Virtues of a loyal Wife she bear,

Could boast an Union so near,

Could boast a Love so firm, so lasting, so Divine.

So pure is that which we in Angels find

To Mortals here, in Heav'n to their own kind:

So pure, but not more great must that blest  
Friendship prove

( Could, ah, could I to that wish'd Place, and  
Thee remove )

Which shall for ever joyn our mingled Souls  
above.

X. Ah



Ah wretched *Israel*! ah unhappy state!  
Expos'd to all the Bolts of angry Fate!  
Expos'd to all thy Enemies revengefull hate!  
Who is there left their Fury to withstand?  
What Champions now to guard thy helpless  
Land?  
Who is there left in lifted Fields to head  
Thy valiant Youth, and lead them on to Victory;  
Alas! thy valiant Youth are dead,  
And all thy brave Commanders too:  
Lo! how the Glut, and Riot of the Grave thus  
lie,  
And none survive the fatal Overthrow,  
To right their injur'd Ghosts upon the barba-  
rous Foe!  
Rest, ye bless'd Shades, in everlasting Peace,  
Who sell your Country's bloody Sacrifice:  
For ever Sacred be your Memories,  
And may e'er long some Avenger rise  
To wipe off Heav'n's and your Disgrace!

May

*the Death of Saul and Jonathan.*

65

May they these proud insulting Foes

Wash off our stains of Honor with their Blood.

May they ten thousand-fold repay our loss;

For every Life a Myriad, every Drop a Flood.

ODE

By the Author of the

PARADISE

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Which

Which

Not

Then

Of all the

Thou

# ODE

OF

*Aristotle in Athenæus,*

PARAPHRAS'D.

I.

**H**onour! thou greatest Blessing in the  
gift of Heaven,

Which only art to its chief Darlings given:

Cheaply with Blood and Dangers art thou  
fought,

Nor canst at any rate be over-bought.

Thou, shining Honor, art the noblest chase  
Of all the braver part of Human Race:

Thou

Thou only art worth living for below,

And only worth our dying too.

For thee, bright Goddess, for thy charming  
fake,

Does Greece such wond'rous Actions under-  
take:

For thee no Toils, nor hardships she foregoes,  
And Death amidst ten thousand ghastly Terrors  
wooes.

So powerfully dost thou the mind inspire,

And kindlest there so generous a fire,

As makes thy zealous Votaries

All things, but Thee despise;

Makes them the love of Thee prefer

Before th' enchantments of bewitching Gold,

Before th' embraces of a Parent's arms,

Before soft ease, and Love's enticing Charms,

And all, that Men on Earth most valuable hold.

II.

For Thee the Heav'n-born *Hercules*

And *Leda's* faithful Twins, in Birth no less,

So many mighty Labours underwent,  
And by their God-like Deeds proclaim'd their  
Descent.

By thee they reach'd the blest Abode,  
The worthy Prize, for which in Glory's paths  
they trod.

By thee great *Ajax*, and the greater Son  
Of *Peleus* were exalted to Renown:

Envied by the Immortals did they go,  
Laden with triumph to the shades below.

For thee, and thy dear sake  
Did the young *Hermias* worthy of *Atarna* lately  
stake

His Life in Battel to the chance of Fate,  
And bravely lost, what he so boldly set:

Yet lost he not his glorious aim,  
But by short death Purchas'd eternal Fame:  
The grateful Muses shall embalm his Memory,

And never let it die:

They shall his great Exploits reherse,  
And consecrate the Hero in immortal Verse.  
Upon

Upon the WORKS of  
**BEN. JOHNSON.**

Written in 1678.

**O D E.**

**I.**

**G**reat Thou ! whom 'tis a Crime almost to  
 dare to praise,  
 Whose firm establish'd, and unshaken Glories  
 stand,  
 And proudly their own Fame command,  
 Above our pow'r to lessen or to raise,  
 And all, but the few Heirs of thy brave Genius,  
 and thy Bays ;  
 Hail mighty Founder of our Stage ! for so I dare  
 Entitle thee, nor any modern Censures fear,

Nor care what thy unjust Detractors say:  
 They'll say perhaps, that others did Materials  
 bring,  
 That others did the first Foundations lay,  
 And glorious twas (we grant) but to begin,  
 But thou alone could'st finish the design,  
 All the fair Model, and the Workmanship was  
 thine:  
 Some bold Advent'urers might have been before,  
 Who durst the unknown world explore,  
 By them it was survey'd at distant view,  
 And here and there a Cape, and Line they  
 drew,  
 Which only serv'd as hints, and marks to thee,  
 Who wast reserv'd to make the full discovery:  
 Art's Compass to thy painful search we owe,  
 Whereby thou went'st so far, and we may after  
 go,  
 By that we may Wit's vast, and trackless Ocean  
 try,  
 Content no longer, as before,  
 Dully to coast along the shore,  
 But steer a course more unconfin'd, and free,  
 Beyond the narrow bounds, that pent Antiquity.  
 II. Never

II.

Never till thee the Theater possess  
 A Prince with equal pow'r, and Greatness  
 blest,  
 No Government, or Laws it had  
 To strengthen and establish it,  
 Till thy great hand the Scepter sway'd,  
 But groan'd under a wretched Anarchy of Wit :  
 Unform'd, and void was then its Poësie,  
 Only some pre-existing Matter we  
 Perhaps could see,  
 That might foretel what was to be ;  
 A rude, and undigested Lump it lay,  
 Like the old *Chaos*, e'er the birth of Light, and  
 Day,  
 Till thy brave Genius like a new Creator came,  
 And undertook the mighty Frame ;  
 No shuffled Atoms did the well-built work  
 compose,  
 If from no lucky hit of blund'ring Chance arose  
 ( As some of this great Fabrick idly dream )



But wise, all-seeing Judgment did contrive,  
 And knowing Art its Graces give;  
 No sooner did thy Soul with active Force and  
 Fire  
 The dull and heavy Mass inspire,  
 But straight throughout it let us see  
 Proportion, Order, Harmony,  
 And every part did to the whole agree,  
 And strait appear'd a beauteous new-made world  
 of Poetry.

## III.

Let dull, and ignorant Pretenders Art condemn  
 (Those only Foes to Art, and Art to them)  
 The meer Fanaticks, and Enthusiasts in Poetry  
 (For Schismatics in that, as in Religion be)  
 Who make't all Revelation, Trance, and  
 Dream,  
 Let them despise her Laws, and think  
 That Rules and Forms the Spirit stint:  
 Thine was no mad, unruly Frenzy of the brain,  
 Which justly might deserve the Chain,  
 'Twas

'Twas brisk, and mettled, but a manag'd  
Rage,

Sprightly as vig'rous Youth, and cool as temperate Age;

Free, like thy Will, it did all Force disdain,

But suffer'd Reason's loose, and easie rein,

By that it suffer'd to be led,

Which did not curb Poetick Liberty, but guide:

Fancy, that wild and haggard Faculty,

Untam'd in most, and let at random fly,

Was wisely govern'd, and reclaim'd by thee,

Restraint, and Discipline was made endure,

And by thy calm and milder Judgment brought  
to lure;

Yet when 'twas at some nobler Quarry sent,

With bold, and tow'ring wings it upward  
went,

Not lessen'd at the greatest height,

Not turn'd by the most giddy flights of dazzling  
Wit.

Nature, and Art together met, and joyn'd,  
 Made up the Character of thy great Mind.  
 That like a bright and glorious Sphere,  
 Appear'd with numerous Stars embellish'd  
 o'er,  
 And much of Light to thee, and much of Influ-  
 ence bore,  
 This was the strong Intelligence, whose pow'r  
 Turn'd it about, and did the unerring motions  
 steer :  
 Concurring both like vital Seed, and Heat,  
 The noble Births they jointly did beget,  
 And hard 'twas to be thought,  
 Which most of force to the great Generation  
 brought :  
 So mingling Elements, compose our Bodies  
 frame,  
 Fire, Water, Earth, and Air,  
 Alike their just Proportions share,  
 Each undistinguish'd still remains the same,  
 Yet can't we say that either's here, or there,  
 But all, we know not how, are scatter'd every  
 where.

V. Sober

V.

Sober, and grave was still the Garb thy Muse  
put on,

No tawdry careless flattern Dress,

Nor starch'd, and formal with Affectedness,

Nor the cast Mode, and Fashion of the Court, and  
Town;

But neat, agreeable, and janty 'twas,

Well fitted, it sat close in every place,

And all became with an uncommon Air, and  
Grace:

Rich, costly and substantial was the stuff,

Not barely smooth, nor yet too coarsely rough:

No refuse, ill-patch'd Shreds o'th' Schools,

The motly wear of read, and learned Fools,

No *French* Commodity which now so much  
does take,

And our own better Manufacture spoil,

Nor was it ought of forein Soil;

But Staple all, and all of *English* Growth, and  
Make:

What

What Flow'rs soe'er of Art it had, were found  
 No tinsel slight Embroideries,  
 But all appear'd either of the native Ground,  
 Or twisted, wrought, and interwoven with the  
 Piece.

## VI.

Plain Humor, shewn with her whole various  
 Face,  
 Not masked with any antick Dress,  
 Nor screw'd in forc'd ridiculous Grimace  
 (The gaping Rabble's dull delight,  
 And more the actor's than the Poet's Wit)  
 Such did she enter on thy stage,  
 And such was represented to the wond'ring  
 Age:  
 Well wast thou skill'd, and read in human  
 kind,  
 In every wild fantastick Passion of his mind,  
 Didst into all his hidden Inclinations dive  
 What each from Nature does receive,  
 Or Age, or Sex, or Quality, or Country give;  
 What

What custom too, that mighty Sorcerers,  
Whose pow'ful Witchcraft does transform  
Enchanted Man to several monstrous Images,  
Makes this an odd, and freakish Monkey turn,  
And that a grave and solemn Ass appear,  
And all a thousand beastly shapes of Folly wear:  
Whate'er Caprice or Whimsie leads awry  
Perverted, and seduc'd Mortality,  
Or does incline, and byass it  
From what's Discreet, and wise, and Right, and  
Good and Fit;  
All in thy faithful Glass were so express'd,  
As if they were Reflections of thy Brest,  
As if they had been stamp'd on thy own mind,  
And thou the universal vast Idea of Mankind.

VII.

Never didst thou with the same Dish repeated  
cloy,  
Tho every Dish, well cook'd by thee,  
Contain'd a plentiful Variety  
To all that could sound relishing Palats be,  
Each

Each Regale with new Delicacies did invite,  
 Courted the Taste, and rais'd the Appetite :  
 Whate'er fresh dainty Fops in season were  
 To garnish and set out thy Bill of Fare,  
 (Those never found to fail throughout the  
 year,  
 For seldom that ill-natur'd Planet rules,  
 That plagues a Poet with a dearth of Fools)  
 What thy strict Observation e'er survey'd,  
 From the fine, luscious Spark of high, and court-  
 ly Breed,  
 Down to the dull, insipid Cit,  
 Made thy pleas'd Audience entertainment fit,  
 Serv'd up with all the grateful Poignancies of  
 Wit.

## VIII.

Most Plays are writ like Almanacks of late,  
 And serve one only year, one only State ;  
 Another makes them useless, stale, and out of  
 date ;  
 But thine were wisely calculated fit  
 For each Meridian, every Clime of Wit,  
 For

For all succeeding Time, and after age,

And all Mankind might thy vast Audience sit,

And the whole World be justly made thy  
Stage:

Still they shall taking be, and ever new,

Still keep in vogue in spite of all the damning  
Crew :

Till the last Scene of this great Theatre,

Clos'd, and shut down,

The numerous Actors all retire,

And the grand Play of human Life be done.

IX.

Beshrew those envious Tongues, who seek to  
blast thy Bays,

Who Spots in thy Bright Fame would find,  
or raise,

And say it only shines with borrow'd Rays ;

Rich in thy self, whose unbounded store

Exhausted Nature could vouchsafe no more,

Thou could'st alone the Empire of the Stage  
maintain,

Could'st all its Grandeur, and its Port sustain,

Nor



80      *Upon the Works of Ben. Johnson.*

Nor needest others Subsidies to pay,  
Needest no Tax on foreign, or thy native Country  
    lay,  
To bear the charges of thy purchas'd Fame,  
But thy own stock could raise the same,  
Thy sole Revenue all the vast Expence defray:  
Yet like some mighty Conqueror in Poetry,  
    Design'd by Fate of choice to be  
Founder of its new universal Monarchy,  
    Boldly thou didst the learned World invade,  
Whilst all around thy pow'rful Genius sway'd,  
Soon vanquish'd *Rome*, and *Greece* were made  
    submit,  
Both were thy humble Tributaries made,  
And thou return'dst in Triumph with her cap-  
    tive Wit.

X.

Unjust, and more ill-natur'd those,  
Thy spiteful, and malicious Foes,  
Who on thy happiest Talant fix a lye,  
And call that Slowness, which was Care, and  
    Industry.  
Let

Let me (with Pride so to be guilty thought)  
Share all thy wish'd Reproach, and share thy

shame,

If Diligence be deem'd a fault,

If to be faultless must deserve their Blame,

Judge of thy self alone (for none there were,

Could be so just, or could be so severe.)

Thou thy own Works didst strictly try  
By known and uncontested Rules of Poetry,

And gav'st thy Sentence still impartially :

With rigor thou arraign'dst each guilty Line,

And spar'dst no criminal Sense, because 'twas  
thine!

Unbrib'd with Labour, Love, or Self-conceit,  
(For never, or too seldom we)

Objects too near us, our own Blemishes can see.)

Thou didst no small'st Delinquencies acquit,

But saw'st them to Correction all submit;

Saw'st execution done on all convicted Crimes  
of Wit.

Yet strict discern'd, unimpaired hand,  
And strict they cry, 'tis Justice on his side:

## XL

Some curious Painter, taught by Art to dare  
 (For they with Poets in that Title share)  
 When he would undertake a glorious Frame  
 Of lasting Worth, and fadeless as his Fame;  
 Long he contrives, and weighs the bold design,  
 Long holds his doubting hand e'er he begin,  
 And justly then proportions every stroke, and  
 line,  
 And oft he brings it to review,  
 And oft he does deface, and dashes oft anew,  
 And mixes Oyls to make the fitting Colours  
 dure,  
 To keep 'em from the tarnish of injurious Time  
 secure;  
 Finish'd at length in all that Care, and Skill can  
 do  
 The matchless Piece is set to publick View,  
 And all surpriz'd about it stand'ring stand,  
 And tho no name be found below,  
 Yet strait discern th' unimitable hand,  
 And strait they cry 'tis *Titian*, or 'tis *Angelo*:

So

So thy brave Soul, that scorn'd all cheap, and  
easie ways,

And trod no common road to Praise,  
Would not with rash, and speedy Negligence  
proceed,

(For who e'er saw Perfection grow in haste?  
Or that soon done, which must for ever last?)

But gently did advance with wary heed,  
And shew'd that mastery is most in justness  
read:

Nought ever issued from thy seeming Breast,  
But what had gone full time, could write exact-  
ly best,

And stand the sharpest Censure, and defie the ri-  
gid'st Test.

XII.

'Twas thus th' Almighty Poet (if we dare  
Our weak, and meaner Acts with his com-  
pare)

When he the World's fair Poem did of old design,  
'That Work, which now must boast no longer  
date than thine;

Tho' 'twas in him alike to will, and do,  
 Tho' the same Word that spoke, could make  
 it rob,

Yet would he not such quick, and hasty methods  
 use,

Nor did an instant (which it might) the great  
 effect produce,

But when th' All-wise himself in Council sat,  
 Vouchsaf'd to think and be deliberate,

When Heaven consider'd, and th' Eternal Wit,  
 and Sense,

Seem'd to take time, and care, and pains,

It shew'd that some uncommon Birth,  
 That something worthy of a God was coming  
 forth;

Nought uncorrect there was, naught faulty  
 there,

No point amiss did in the large voluminous  
 Piece appear,

And when the glorious Author all survey'd,

Survey'd whate'er his mighty Labours made,  
 Well pleas'd he was to find

All answer'd the great Model, and Idea of his  
 Mind:

Pleas'd

Pleas'd at himself He in high wonder stood,  
And much his Power, and much his Wisdom did  
applaud,  
To see how all was Perfect, all transcendent  
Good.

XIII.

Let meaner spirits stoop to low precarious Fame,  
Content on gross and coarse Applause to live,  
And what the dull, and senseless Rabble give,  
Thou didst it still with noble scorn contemn,  
Nor wouldst that wretched Alms receive,  
The poor subsistence of some bankrupt, sordid  
name:  
Thine was no empty Vapor, rais'd beneath,  
And form'd of common Breath,  
The false, and foolish Fire, that's whisk'd about  
By popular Air, and glares a while, and then goes  
out;  
But 'twas a solid, whole, and perfect Globe of  
light,  
That shone all over, was all over bright,  
And dar'd all fulying Clouds, and fear'd no  
darkning night;

Like the gay Monarch of the Stars and Sky,

Who wheresoe'er he does display

His Sovereign Lustre, and Majestick Ray,

Strait all the less, and petty Glories nigh

Vanish, and shrink away.

O'er whelm'd, and swallow'd by the greater  
blaze of Day;

With such a strong, an awful and victorious  
Beam

Appear'd, and ever shall appear, thy Fame,

View'd, and ador'd by all th' undoubted Race  
of Wit,

Who only can endure to look on it.

The rest o'ercame with too much light,

With too much brightness dazled, or extin-  
guish'd quite:

Restless, and uncontroll'd it now shall pass

As wide a course about the World as he,

And when his long repeated Travels cease

Begin a new, and vaster Race,

And still tread round the endless Circle of Eter-  
nity,

THE

# THE NINTH O D E

Of the Third Book of

## H O R A C E.

### IMITATED.

A Dialogue betwixt the Poet, and *Lydia*.

*Donec gratulus eram tibi, &c.*

I.  
*Hor.* **W**HILE you for me alone had Charms,  
And none more welcome fill'd your Arms,  
Proud with content, I slighted Crowns,  
And pitied Monarchs on their Thrones.

G 4

II. *Lydia*.



## II.

*Lyd.* While you thought *Lydia* only fair,  
 And lov'd no other Nymph but her,  
*Lydia* was happier in your Love,  
 Than the blest'd Virgins are above.

## III.

*Hor.* Now *Chloes* charming Voice, and Art  
 Have gain'd the conquest of my Heart :  
 For whom, ye Fates, I'd wish to die,  
 If mine the Nymphs dear Life might buy.

## IV.

*Lyd.* *Thyrsis* by me has done the same,  
 The Youth burns me with mutual Flame;  
 For whom a double Death I'd bear,  
 Would save my dearest *Thyrsis* spare.

V. *Hor.*

V.

*Hor.* But say, fair Nymph, if I once more  
Become your Captive as before ?

Say I throw off my *Chloes* chain,  
And take you to my breast again ?

*Lyd.* Why then, tho he more bright appear,  
More constant than a fixed Star ;  
Tho you than Wind more fickle be,  
And rougher than the Stormy Sea.

By Heav'n, and all its Pow'rs I vow  
I'd gladly live, and die with you.

UPON

And raise you to my self as I  
 Say I have off my blood stain  
 Become your Captive as before?  
 For. But say, I am, I am more

# LADY,

*Who by overturning of a Coach, had  
 her Coats behind flung up, and  
 what was under shewn to the View  
 of the Company.*

And rougher than the stormy Sea.

By Heaven, and all that's in it now.

And gladly live, and die with you.

I.

**P** *Fillis*, 'tis own'd, I am your Slave.

This happy moment dates your Reign;  
 No force of human Pow'r can save  
 My captive Heart, that wears your chain:

But

But when my Conquest you defin'd;  
Pardon, bright Nymph, if I declare,  
It was unjust, and too severe,  
Thus to attack me from behind.

II.

Against the Charms, your Eyes impart,  
With care I had secur'd my Heart;  
On all the wonders of your Face  
Could safely, and unwounded gaze;  
But now entirely to enthrall  
My Brest, you have expos'd to view  
Another more resistless Foe,  
From which I had no guard at all,

III.

At first assault constrain'd to yield,  
My vanquish'd heart resign'd the Field,  
My Freedom to the Conqueror  
Became a prey that very hour;

But

The

The subtle Traitor, who unspied  
 Had lurk'd till now in close disguise,  
 Lay all his life in ambush hid  
 At last to Kill me by surprize.

## IV.

A sudden Heat my Brest inspir'd,  
 The piercing Flame, like Light ning, sent  
 From that new dawning Firmament  
 Thro every Vein my Spirits fir'd;  
 My Heart, before averse to Love,  
 No longer could a Rebel prove;  
 When on the Grass you did display  
 Your radiant B u m' to my survey,  
 And sham'd the Lustre of the Day.

## V.

The Sun in Heav'n, abash'd to see  
 A thing more gay, more bright than He,  
 Struck with disgrace, as well he might,  
 Thought to drive back the Sreeds of Light:

His

His Beams he now thought useless grown,  
 That better were by yours supplied,  
 But having once seen your Back-side,  
 For shame he durst not shew his own.

## VI.

Forfaking every Wood, and Grove,  
 The *Sylvans* ravish'd at the sight,  
 In pressing Crowds about you strove,  
 Gazing and lost in wonder quite:  
 Fond *Zephyr* seeing your rich store  
 Of Beauty undescried before,  
 Enamor'd of each lovely Grace,  
 Before his own dear *Flora's* Face,  
 Could not forbear to kiss the place.

## VII.

The beauteous Queen of Flow'rs, the Rose,  
 In blushes did her shame disclose:  
 Pale Lillies droop'd, and hung their Heads,  
 And shrunk for fear into their Beds:  
 The

The amorous *Mars* too,  
 Reclam'd of fond self love by you,  
 His former vain desire cashier'd,  
 And your fair Breech alone admir'd.

## VIII.

When this bright Object greets our sight,  
 All others lose their Lustre quite :  
 Your Eyes that shoot such pointed Rays,  
 And all the Beauties of your Face,  
 Like dwindling Stars, that fly away  
 At the approach of brighter Day,  
 No more regard, or value bare,  
 But when its Glories disappear.

## IX.

Of some ill Qualities they tell,  
 Which justly give me cause to fear;  
 But that, which most begets despair,  
 It has no sense of Love at all

More

More hard than Adamant is it,  
 They say, that no Impression takes,  
 It has no Ears, nor any Eyes,  
 And rarely, very rarely speaks.

X.

Yet I must lov't, and own my Flame,  
 Which to the world I thus rehearse,  
 Throughout the spacious coasts of Fame  
 To stand recorded in my Verse :

No other subject, or design  
 Henceforth shall be my Muses Theme,  
 But with just Praises to proclaim  
 The fairest A R S E, that e'er was seen.

XI.

In pity gentle *Phyllis* hide  
 The dazzling Beams of your Back-side ;  
 For should they shine unclouded long,  
 All human kind would be undone.

Not



Not the bright Goddesses on high,  
 That reign above the starry Sky,  
 Should they turn up to open view  
 All their immortal Tails, can shew  
 An *Arse* h— so divine as you.

Yet I must love, and own my Flame,

Which to the world I thus relate,

I through the spacious coasts of Time

To stand recorded in my Verse:

No other subject, or design

Henceforth shall be my choice Theme,

My sole, my only, my sole claim.

**CATULLUS**

The Latin A. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

11.

The darling beams of your Black Eye;

For should they not be undecor'd,

All human kind would be surpris'd.

## CATULLUS

## EPIGR. VII.

## IMITATED.

*Quæris quot mihi Basiationis, &c.*

**N**AY, *Lesbia*, never ask me this,  
How many Kisses will suffice?

Faith, 'tis a question hard to tell,

Exceeding hard; for you as well

May ask what sums of Gold suffice

The greedy Miser's boundless Wish:

Think what drops the Ocean store,

With all the Sands, that make its Shore:

Think what Spangles deck the Skies,

When Heaven looks with all its Eyes:

H

Or

Or think how many Atoms came

To compose this mighty Frame :

Let all these the Counters be,  
To tell how oft I'm kiss'd by thee:

Till no malicious Spy can guess  
To what vast height the Scores arise;

Till weak Arithmetick grow Scant,  
And numbers for the reck'ning want:

All these will hardly be enough  
For me stark staring mad with Love.

How many Kisses will suffice

Faith, 'tis a question hard to tell.

Exceeding hard; for you as well

May ask what sums of Gold suffice

Timothy Miller's bounds: With

I think what drops the Ocean flows;

With all the Sands, that make its Shore;

I think what Spangles deck the Skies;

When Heaven looks with all its Eyes.

2  
I hate my self, but yet in spite of Fate  
And vain to be that loaded thing I hate:  
in vain I would shake off this load of Love,  
Too hard to bear, yet harder to remove:  
**SOME**  
**ELEGIES**

And not one Fate alone (labours my Heart,  
But each wears Charms, and every Fate a Dart:  
**OF**  
**VID'S Amours,**

IMITATED.  
The model kills me with her downy eyes,  
And I love his amours, love in that disguise.  
**BOOK II. ELEGY IV.**

That he loves Women of all sorts and sizes.

*Non ego mendosos ausim defendere mores, &c.*

**N**OT I, I never vainly durst pretend,  
My Follies, and my Frailties to defend:  
I own my Faults, if it avail to own,  
While like a graceless wretch I still go on:

One H I hate

I hate my self, but yet in spite of Fate  
Am fain to be that loathed thing I hate;  
In vain I would shake off this load of Love,  
Too hard to bear, yet harder to remove:  
I want the strength my fierce Desires to stem,  
Hurried away by the imperious stream.  
'Tis not one Face alone subdues my Heart,  
But each wears Charms, and every Eye a Dart:  
And wheresoe'er I cast my Looks abroad,  
In every place I find Temptations strow'd.  
The modest kills me with her down-cast Eyes,  
And Love his ambush lays in that disguise.  
The brisk allures me with her gaity,  
And shews how Active she in Bed will be:  
If Coy, like cloister'd Virgins, she appears,  
She but dissembles, what she most desires.  
If she be vers'd in Arts, and deeply read,  
I long to get a Learned Maidenhead:  
Or if untaught, and Ignorant she be,  
She takes me then with her simplicity:

One

ELEGIES.

for

One likes my Verses, and commends each Line,  
 And swears that *Cowly's* are but dull to mine:  
 Her in meer Gratitude I must approve,  
 For who, but would his kind Applauder love?  
 Another damns my Poetry and me,  
 And plays the Critick most judiciously:  
 And she too fires my Heart, and she too charms,  
 And I'm agog to have her in my arms.  
 One with her soft and wanton Trip does please,  
 And prints in every step, she sets, a Grace:  
 Another walks with stiff ungainly tread;  
 But she may learn more pliantness abed,  
 This sweetly sings; her Voice does Love inspire,  
 And ev'ry Breath kindles, and blows the fire:  
 Who can forbear to kiss those Lips, whose sound  
 The ravish'd Ears does with such softness  
 wound?  
 That sweetly plays: and while her Fingers  
 move,  
 While o'er the bounding Strings their touches  
 rove,  
 My Heart leaps, too and every Pulse beats  
 Love:

H

What

What Reason is so pow'rful to withstand;  
The magick force of that resistless Hand  
Another dances to a Miracle,  
And moves her numerous Limbs with graceful  
skill:  
And she, or else the Devil's in't must charm,  
A touch of her would bed-rid Hermits warm.  
If tall; I guess what plenteous Game she'll yield  
Where Pleasure ranges o're so wide a Field;  
If low; she's pretty: both alike invite,  
The Dwarf, and Giant both my wishes fit,  
Undress'd; I think how killing she'd appear,  
If arm'd with all Advantages she were:  
Richly attir'd; she's the gay bait of Love,  
And knows with Art to set her Beauties off.  
I like the Fair, I like the Red-hair'd one,  
And I can find attractions in the Brown:  
If curling Jet adorn her Snowy Neck,  
The beauteous Leda is reported Black:

# ELEGIES.

109

If curling Gold, *Aurora's* painted so:

All sorts of Histories my Love does know.

I like the young with all her blooming Charms,

And Age it self is welcome to my Arms:

There uncropt Beauty in it's flow'r affails,

Experience here, and riper sense prevails.

In fine, whatever of the Sex are known

To stock this spacious and well-furnish'd Town;

Whatever any single man can find

Agreeable of all the num'rous kind:

At all alike my haggard Love does fly,

And each is Game, and each a Mifs for me.

H. 4.

BOOK



## BOOK II. ELEGY V.

To his Mistriss that jilted him.

*Nullus amor tanti est: abest pharetrata Cupido, &c.*

NAY then the Devil take all Love! if I  
So oft for its damn'd sake must wish to die!

What can I wish for but to die, when you,  
Dear faithless Thing, I find, could prove untrue?  
Why am I curs'd with Life? why am I fain  
For thee, false Jilt, to bear eternal Pain?

'Tis not thy Letters, which thy Crimes reveal,  
Nor secret Presents, which thy Falshood tell:  
Would God! my just suspicions wanted cause,  
That they might prove less fatal to my ease:  
Would God! less colour for thy guilt there were,  
But that (alas!) too much of proof does bear:

Bless'd

Bless'd he, who what he loves can justify,  
 To whom his Mistress can the Fact deny,  
 And boldly give his Jealousie the lye.  
 Cruel the man, and uncompassionate,  
 And too indulgent to his own Regret,  
 Who seeks to have her guilt too manifest,  
 And with the murd'ring secret stabs his Rest.  
 I saw, when little you suspected me,  
 When sleep, you thought, gave opportunity,  
 Your Crimes I saw, and these unhappy eyes  
 Of all your hidden stealths were Witnesses:  
 I saw in signs your mutual Wishes read,  
 And Nods the message of your hearts convey'd:  
 I saw the conscious Board, which writ all o'er  
 With scrawls of Wine, Loves mystick Cypher  
 bore:  
 Your glances were not mute, but each be-  
 came a Language;  
 And with your Fingers Dialogues were made,  
 I understood the Language out of hand,  
 (For what's too hard for Love to understand?  
 said T. Full



# ELEGIES

for

This, and much more I said, by Rage inspir'd,  
While conscious Shame her Cheeks with Blushes  
fir'd:  
Such lovely stains the face of Heav'n adorn,  
When Light's first blushes paint the bashful  
Morn:

So on the Bush the flaming Rose does glow,  
When mingled with the Lillies neighb'ring  
Snow:

This, or some other Colour, much like these,

The semblance then of her Complexion was:

And while her Looks that sweet Disorder wore

Chance added Beauties undisclos'd before:

Upon the ground she cast her jetty Eyes,

Her Eyes shot fiercer Darts in that Disguise:

Her Face a sad and mournful Air express'd,

Her face more lovely seem'd in sadness dress'd:

Urg'd by Revenge, I hardly could forbear,

Her braided Locks, and tender Cheeks to tear:

Yet I no sooner had her Face survey'd,

But strait the tempest of my Rage was laid:

A look

A look of her did my resentments charm,  
 A look of her did all their Force disarm:  
 And I, that fierce outrageous thing ere-while,  
 Grow calm as Infants, when in sleep they smile:  
 And now a Kiss am humbly fain to crave,  
 And beg no worse than she my Rival gave:  
 She smil'd, and strait a throng of Kisses prest,  
 The worst of which, should *Love* himself but  
 taste,  
 The brandish'd Thunder from his Hand  
 would wrest:  
 Well pleas'd I was, and yet tormented too,  
 For fear my envied Rival felt them so:  
 Better they seem'd by far than I e'er taught,  
 And she in them shew'd something new me-  
 thought:  
 Fond jealous I myself the Pleasure grutch,  
 And they displeas'd, because they pleas'd too  
 much:  
 When in my mouth I felt her darting Tongue,  
 My wounded Thoughts it with suspicion stung:

*when she says me  
 Not  
 ex. mean*

Nor is it this alone afflicts my mind,  
 More reason for complaint remain behind:  
 I grieve not only that she Kisses gave,  
 Tho' that affords me cause enough to grieve:  
 Such never could be taught her but in Bed,  
 And Heav'n knows what Reward her Teacher  
 had.

Admiring him, that he is in Love with  
 TWO at one time.

*when*

No Man at once could ever well love two:  
 But I was much deceiv'd upon this score;  
 For single I at once love one, and more.

TWO at one time reign jointly in my breast,  
 Both handsome are, both charming, both well dress'd

And hang me, if I know, which takes me best:  
 I think

*when he says so*

Not is it this alone afflicts my mind,

More reason for complaint remains behind:

I grieve not only that the Killers gave,

**BOOK II. ELEGY X.**  
That that should have been cause enough to grieve:

~~Such never could be taught her but in Bed,~~

And Heaven knows what Reward her Teacher  
**To a Friend,**

Acquainting him, that he is in Love with  
two at one time.

*Tu mihi, tu certè ( mami ) Gratias, negabas, &c.*

**I**VE heard, my Friend, and heard it said by  
you,

No Man at once could ever well love two:

But I was much deceiv'd upon that score,

For single I at once love one, and more:

Two at one time reign joyntly in my Breast,

Both handfom are, both charming, both well-  
dress'd

And hang me, if I know, which takes me best:

This

This fairer in then this, and than this is I

That more than this, and this, than that does  
Pleaze :

Toft, like a Ship, by diff rent gusts of Love,

Now to this point, and now to that I move.

Why, Love, why dost thou double thus my

Was't not enough to bear one Tyrant's chains?

Why, Goddess, dost thou vainly lavish more

On one, that was top-ful of Love before?

Yet thus I'd rather love, than not at all,

May that ill Curse my Enemies befall

May my worst foe be damnd to love of none,

Be damnd to Contingence, and to alone

Let Loves alarm each night disturb my Rest,

And drowsie sleep never approach my Breast,

Or strait-way, thence be by new Pleasure

Let Pleasures in succession Keep my Sense

Ever awake, or over in a Trance

Let me lie melting in my fair One's Arms,

Riot in blifs, and surfeit on her Charms :

Let



Let her hands me there without controul, stand  
 Drain Nature quite, suck out my very Soul:  
 And, if by one I can't enough be drawn,  
 Give me another, clap more Leeches on,  
 The Gods have made me of the sporting kind,  
 And for the Feat my Pliant Limbs design'd:  
 What Nature has in Bulk to me denied,  
 In Sinews, and in vigor is supplied:  
 And should my Strenght be wanting to desire,  
 Pleasure would add new Fewel to the Fire:  
 Oft, in soft Battels have I spent the Night,  
 Yet rose next Morning vig'rous for the Fight,  
 Fresh as the Day, and as lively as the Light,  
 No Maid, that ever under me took pay,  
 From my Embrace went unoblig'd away.  
 Bless'd he, who in Loves service yields his  
 Breath,  
 Grant me, ye Gods, so sweet, so wish'd a death!  
 In bloody Fields let Soldiers meet their Fate,  
 To purchase dear bought Honor at the rate:

Let

Let greedy Merchants trust the faithless Main,  
And shipwrack Life and Soul for fordid gain:

Dying, let me expire in gasps of Lust,  
And in a gush of Joy give up the ghost:

And some kind pitying Friend shall say of me,  
*So did he live, and so deserv'd to die.*

---

I A

---

A FRAGMENT of  
PETRONIUS.  
PARAPHRAS'D.

*Fæda est in coitu, & brevis voluptas, &c.*

I Hate Fruition, now 'tis past,  
'Tis all but nastiness at best;  
The homeliest thing that man can do,  
Besides, 'tis short, and fleeting too :  
A squirt of slippery Delight,  
That with a moment takes its flight,  
A fulsome Bliss, that soon does cloy,  
And makes us loath what we enjoy.  
Then let us not too eager run,  
By Passion blindly hurried on,

Like

Like Beasts; who nothing better know,  
Than what meer Lust incites them to :  
For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,  
The Flames are by enjoyment quench'd :  
But thus, lets thus together lie,  
And kiss out long Eternity :  
Here we dread no conscious spies,  
No blushes stain our guiltless Joys ;  
Here no Faintness dulls Desires,  
And Pleasure never flags, nor tires :  
This has pleas'd, and pleases now,  
And for Ages will do so :  
    Enjoyment here is never done,  
    But fresh, and always but begun.

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AN  
ODE  
OF  
ANACREON,  
PARAPHRAS'D.

The C U P.

*Τὸν ἀργυρεὴν ποτήριον, &c.*

**M**Ake me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,  
Large, as my capacious Soul,  
Vast, as my thirst is; let it have  
Depth enough to be my Grave;

I mean,

*An ODE of Anacreon.*

117

I mean the Grave of all my Care,  
For I intend to bury't there,  
Let it of Silver fashion'd be,  
Worthy of Wine, worthy of Me,  
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,  
As that bright Cup amongst the Stars:  
That Cup which Heaven deign'd a place;  
Next the Sun its greatest Grace.  
Kind Cup! that to the Stars did go,  
To light poor Drunkards here below:  
Let mine be so, and give me light,  
That I may drink, and revel by't:  
Yet draw no shapes of Armour there,  
No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Sphere,  
Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy*,  
Nor any other martial Toy:  
For what do I vain Armour prize,  
Who mind not such rough Exercise,  
But gentler Sieges, softer Wars,  
Fights, that cause no Wounds, or Scars?

I'll have no Battels on my Plate,  
Lest sight of them should Brawls create,  
Lest that provoke to Quarrels too,  
Which wine it self enough can do,  
Draw me no Constellations there,  
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,  
Nor any of that monstrous fry  
Of Animals, which stock the Sky :  
For what are Stars to my Design,  
Stars, which I, when drunk, out-shine,  
Out-shone by every drop of Wine?  
I lack no Pole-Star on the Brink,  
To guide in the wide Sea of Drink,  
But would for ever there be tost ;  
And wish no Haven, seek no Coast.  
Yet, gentle Artist, if thou'lt try  
Thy Skill, then draw me (let me see)  
Draw me first a spreading Vine,  
Make its Arms the Bowl entwine,

With

With kind embraces, such as I

Twist about my loving she.

Let its Boughs o're-spread above  
Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love:

Draw next the Patron of that Tree,

Draw *Bacchus*, and soft *Cupid* by;

Draw them both in toping Shapes,

Their Temples crown'd with cluster'd Grapes:

Make them lean against the Cup,

As 'twere to keep their Figures up:

And when their reeling Forms I view,

I'll think them drunk, and be so too:

The Gods shall my examples be,

The Gods, thus drunk in Effigy.



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An Allusion to

# MARTIAL

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BOOK I. EPIG. 118.

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**A** Soft, Sir *Tradewell*, as we meet,  
 You'r sure to ask me in the street,  
 When you shall send your Boy to me,  
 To fetch my Book of Poetry,  
 And promise you'll but read it o'er,  
 And faithfully the Loan restore:  
 But let me tell ye as a Friend,  
 You need not take the pains to send:  
 'Tis a long way to where I dwell,  
 At farther end of *Clarkenwell*:

There

There in a Garret near the Sky,  
Above five pare of Stairs I lie.  
But, if you'd have, what you pretend,  
You may procure it nearer hand :  
In *Cornhil*, where you often go,  
Hard by th' *Exchange*, there is, you know,  
A Shop of Rhime, where you may see  
The Posts all clad in Poetry ;  
There *Hy*—— lives of high renown,  
The notedst T O R Y in the Town :  
Where, if you please, enquire for me,  
And he, or's Prentice, presently  
From the next Shelf will reach you down  
The Piece well bound for half a Crown :  
*The Price is much too dear*, you cry,  
*To give for both the Book, and me :*  
Yes doubtless, for such vanities,  
We know, Sir, you are too too wise.

THE

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# THE DREAM.

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Written, *March* 10. 1677.

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**L** Ate as I on my Bed reposing lay,  
 And in soft sleep forgot the Toils of Day,  
 My self, my Cares, and Love, all charm'd to Rest,  
 And all the Tumults of my waking Brest,  
 Quiet and calm, as was the silent Night,  
 Whose stillness did to that blest sleep invite;  
 I dreamt, and strait this visionary Scene  
 Did with delight my fancy entertain.

I saw methought, a lonely Privacy,  
 Remote alike from man's, and Heavens Eye,

Girt

Girt with the covert of a shady Grove,  
Dark as my thoughts, and secret as my Love:  
Hard by a Stream did with that softness creep,  
As 'twere by its own murmurs hush asleep;  
On its green Bank under a spreading Tree,  
At once a pleasant, and a shelt'ring Canopy,  
There I, and there my dear *Cosmelia* sat,  
Nor envied Monarchs in our safe Retreat:  
So heretofore were the first Lovers laid  
On the same Turf of which themselves were  
made.  
A while I did her charming Glories view,  
Which to their former Conquests added new;  
A while my wanton hand was pleas'd to rove  
Thro all the hidden Labyrinths of Love;  
Ten thousand Kisses on her Lips I fix'd,  
Which she with interfering Kisses mix'd,  
Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,  
When they give up their Souls too with the  
Breath.

Love by these Freedoms first became more  
bold,  
At length unruly, and too fierce to hold:

See

*See then? said I) and pity, charming Fair,  
 Yield quickly, yield; I can no longer bear  
 Th' impatient Sallies of a Bliss so near:  
 You must, and you alone these storms appease,  
 And lay those Spirits which your Charms could raise;  
 Come, and in equal Floods let's quench our flame,  
 Come let's —— and unawares I went to name  
 The Thing, but stopt and blush'd methought  
 in Dream.*

*At first she did the rude Address disown,  
 And check'd my Boldness with an angry Frown,  
 But yielding Glances, and consenting Eyes  
 Proy'd the soft Traitors to her forc'd Disguise;  
 And soon her looks with anger rough e'er  
 while,  
 Sunk in the dimples of a calmer smile:  
 Then with a sigh into these words she broke,  
 And Printed melting Kisses as she spoke:  
*Too strong, Philander, is thy powerful Art  
 To take a feeble Maids ill-guarded Heart;**

*Too*

Too long I've struggled with my Bliss in vain,  
 Too long oppos'd what I oft wish'd to gain,  
 Loath to consent, yet loather to deny,  
 At once I court, and shun Felicity:  
 I cannot, will not yield;—and yet I must,  
 Lest to my own Desires I prove unjust;  
 Sweet Ravisher! what Love commands thee, do;  
 Tho' I'm displeas'd, I shall forgive thee too,  
 Too well thou know'st;—and there my hand she  
 press'd,  
 And said no more, but blusht and smil'd the  
 rest.

Ravish'd at the new grant, fierce eager I  
 Leap'd furious on, and seiz'd my trembling Prey;  
 With guarding Arms she first my Force repell'd,  
 Shrunk, and drew back, and would not seem  
 to yield;  
 Unwilling to o'recome, she faintly strove,  
 One hand pull'd to, what t'other did remove:  
 So feeble are the struglings, and so weak  
 In sleep we seem, and only sleep to make:

For

*Forbear!* (she said) *ah, gentle Touch, forbear!*

(And still she hug'd and clasp'd me still more near)

*Ah! will you? will you force my Ruin so?*

*Ah! do not, do not, do not; — let me go.*

What follow'd was above the pow'r of Verse,  
Above the reach of Fancy to rehearse:

Not dying Saints enjoy such Extasies,  
When they in Vision antedate their Bliss;

Not Dreams of a young Prophet are so bless'd,  
When holy Trances first inspire his Breast,

And the God enters their to be a Guest.

Let duller Mortals other Pleasures prize,  
Pleasures which enter at the waking Eyes,

Might I each Night such sweet Enjoyments find,

I'd wink for ever, be for ever blind.

A

# SATYR

## TOUCHING

# NOBILITY.

Out of Monsieur *B O I L L E A U*.

**T**IS granted, that Nobility in Man,  
Is no wild flutt'ring Notion of the  
Brain,

Where he, descended of an ancient Race,  
Which a long train of numerous Worthies grace,  
By Virtues Rules guiding his stiddy Course,  
Traces the steps of his bright Ancestors.

But yet I can't endure an haughty Ass,  
Debauch'd with Luxury, and sloathful Ease,

Who



Who besides empty Titles of high Birth,  
Has no pretence to any thing of Worth,  
Shou'd proudly wear the Fame, which others  
fought,

And boast of Honour which himself ne'er got.

I grant, the Acts which his Forefathers did  
Have furnish'd matter for old *Hollinshead*,  
For which their Scutcheon, by the Conqueror  
grac'd

Still bears a *Lion Rampant* for its Crest:

But what does this vain mass of Glory boot  
To be the Branch of such a noble Root,

If he of all the Heroes of his Line

Which in the Register of Story shine,

Can offer nothing to the World's regard,

But mouldy Parchments which the Worms have  
spar'd?

If sprung, as he pretends, of noble Race,

He does his own Original disgrace,

And, swoln with selfish Vanity and Pride,

To greatness has no other claim beside,

But

But squanders life, and sleeps away his days,  
Dissolv'd in sloth, and steep'd in sensual ease?

Mean while to see how much the Arrogant  
Boasts the false Lustre of his high descent,  
You'd fancy him Comptroller of the Sky,  
And fram'd by Heav'n of other Clay than me.

Tell me, great Hero, you, that would be  
thought

So much above the mean, and humble Rout.  
Of all the Creatures which do men esteem?

And which would you your self the noblest  
deem?

Put case of Horse: no doubt, you'll answer strait,  
The Racer, which has often't won the Plate:

Who full of mettle and of sprightly Fire,  
Is never distanc'd in the fleet Career:

Him all the Rivals of *New-markets* dread,  
And crowds of Vent'urers stake upon his Head:

But if the breed of *Dragon*, often cast,  
Degenerate, and prove a Jade at last;

Nothing of Honour, or respect (we see)  
Is had of his high Birth, and Pedigree:

But maugre all his great Progenitors,  
The worthless Brute is Banish'd from the  
Course,  
Condemned for Life to ply the dirty Road,  
To drag some Cart, or bear some Carrier's  
Load.

Then how can you with any sense expect  
That I should be so silly to respect  
The ghost of Honour perish'd long ago,  
That's quite extinct, and lives no more in you?  
Such gaudy Trifles with the Fools may pass,  
Caught with meer shew, and vain appearances:  
Virtue's the certain Mark, by heaven design'd,  
That's always stamp'd upon a noble mind:  
If you from such illustrious Worthies came,  
By copying them your high Extract proclaim:  
Shew us those generous Heats of Galantry,  
Which Ages past did in those Worthies see;  
That zeal for Honour, and that brave disdain,  
Which scorn'd to do an Action base, or mean  
Do you apply your Interest aright,  
Not to oppress the Poor with wrongful Might?

Would

Would you make Conscience to pervert the  
Laws,

Tho brib'd to do't, or urg'd by your own Cause?  
Dare you, when justly call'd, expend your Blood  
In service for your King's and Countries good?  
Can you in open Field in Armour sleep;  
And there meet danger in the ghastliest shape?

By such illustrious Marks as these, I find,  
You're truly issued of a noble kind:  
Then fetch your Line from *Albanact* or *Knute*;  
Or, if these are to fresh, from older *Brute*:  
At leisure search all History to find  
Some great and glorious Warriour to your mind:  
Take *Cesar*, *Alexandar*, which you please,  
To be the mighty Founder of your Race:  
In vain the World your Parentage bely,  
That was, or should have been your Pedigree.

But, if you could with ease derive your Kind  
From *Hercules* himself in a right Line;  
If yet there nothing in your Actions be,  
Worthy the name of your high Progeny;

All these great Ancestors, which you disgrace,  
 Against you are a cloud of Witnesses :  
 And all the Lustre of their tarnish'd Fame  
 Serves but to light and manifest your Shame :  
 In vain you urge the merit of your Race,  
 And boast that Blood, which you your selves de-  
     base.

In vain you borrow, to adorn your Name,  
 The Spoils, and Plunder of another's Fame;  
 If, where I look'd for something Great, and  
     Brave,  
 I meet with nothing but a Fool, or Knave,  
 A Traitor, Villain, Sycophant, or Slave,  
 A freakish Madman, fit to be confin'd,  
 Whom *Bedlam* only can to order bind,  
 Or ( to speak all at once ) a barren Limb,  
 And rotten branch of an illustrious Stem.

But I am too severe, perhaps you'll think,  
 And mix too much of Satyr with my Ink :  
 We speak to men of Birth, and Honor here,  
 And those nice Subjects must be touch'd with  
     care :

Cry

Cry mercy, Sirs! Your Race, we grant, is known;  
But how far backwards can you trace it down?

You answer: For at least a thousand year,  
And some odd hundreds you can make't ap-  
pear:

Tis much: But yet in short the proofs are clear:  
All Books with your Fore-fathers Titles shine,  
Whose names have scap'd the general wreck of  
Time:

But who is there so bold, that dares engage  
His Honor, that in this long Tract of Age  
No one of all his Ancestors deceas'd  
Had e'er the fate to find a Bride unchast?

That they have all along *Lucretia's* been,  
And nothing, e'er of spurious Blood crept in,  
To mingle and defile the Sacred Line?

Curs'd be the day, when first this vanity  
Did primitive simplicity destroy,  
In the blest state of infant time, unknown,  
When Glory sprung from Innocence alone:

Each from his merit only Title drew,  
And that alone made Kings, and Nobles too :  
Then, scorning borrow'd Helps to prop his  
Name,

The Hero from himself deriv'd his Fame :  
But merit by degenerate time at last,  
Saw Vice ennobled, and her self debas'd ;  
And haughty Pride false pompous Titles feign'd,  
T'amuse the World, and Lord it o'er mankind :  
Thence the vast Herd of Earls, and Barons came,  
For Virtue each brought nothing but a Name :  
Soon after Man, fruitful in Vanities,  
Did Blazoning and Armory devise,  
Founded a College for the Herald's Art,  
And made a Language of their Terms apart,  
Compos'd of frightful words, of *Chief*, and *Base*,  
Of *Chevron*, *Saltier*, *Canton*, *Bend*, and *Fess*,  
And whatsoe'er of hideous Jargon else  
Mad *Guilliam*, and his barbarous Volume fills.

Then farther the wild Folly to pursue,  
Plain down-right Honor out of fashion grew :

But

But to keep up its Dignity, and Birth,  
Expence, and Luxury must set it forth:  
It must inhabit stately Palaces,  
Distinguish Servants by their Liveries,  
And carrying vast Retinues up and down,  
The Duke and Earl be by their Pages known,  
Thus Honor to support it self is brought  
To its last shifts, and thence the Art has got  
Of borrowing every where, and paying  
nought:

'Tis now thought mean, and much beneath a  
Lord

To be an honest Man, and keep his Word;  
Who, by his Peerage, and Protection safe,  
Can plead the Privilege to be a Knave:

While daily Crowds of starving Creditors  
Are forc'd to dance attendance at his doors:

Till he at length with all his mortgag'd Lands  
Are forfeited into the Bankers hands:

Then to redress his wants, the bankrupt Peer  
To some rich trading Sot, turns Pensioner:



136 *A S A T T R* touching Nobility.

And the next News, you're sure to here that he  
Is nobly wed into the Company:

Where for a portion of ill gotten Gold,  
Himself and all his Ancestors are sold:

And thus repairs his broken Family  
At the expence of his own Infamy.

For if you want estate to set it forth,  
In vain you boast the Splendor of your Birth:  
Your priz'd Gentility for madness goes,

And each your Kindred shuns and disavows:  
But he that's rich is prais'd at his full rate,  
And tho he once cry'd *Small-coal* in the street,  
Tho he, nor one of his e'er mention'd were,  
But in the Parish-Book, or Register.

*D*-----*le* by help of Chronicle shall trace  
An hundred Barons of his ancient Race.

A

# A SATYR

*Address'd to a Friend that is about  
to leave the University, and  
come abroad in the World.*

**I**F you're so out of love with Happiness,  
To quit a College-life, and learned ease;  
Convince me first, and some good Reasons give,  
What methods and designs you'll take to live:  
For such Resolves are needful in the Case,  
Before you tread the worlds mysterious Maze:  
Without the Premises in vain you'll try  
To live by Systems of Philosophy:  
Your *Aristotle*, *Cartes*, and *Le-Grand*,  
And *Euclid* too in little stead will stand.

How

How many men of choice, and noted parts,  
Well fraught with Learning, Languages, and  
Arts,

Designing high Preferment in their mind,  
And little doubting good success to find,  
With vast and tow'ring thoughts have flock'd  
to Town,

But to their cost soon found themselves undone,  
Now to repent, and starve at leisure left,  
Of Miseries last Comfort, Hope, bereft?

*These sail'd for want of Good Advice, you cry,  
Because at first they fix'd on no employ:*

Well then, let's draw the Prospect, and the  
Scene

To all advantage possibly we can:

The world lies now before you, let me hear,  
What course your Judgment counsels you to  
steer:

Always consider'd, that your whole Estate,  
And all your Fortune lies beneath your Hat:  
Were you the Son of some rich Usurer,  
That starv'd, and damn'd himself to make his  
Heir,

Left

Left nought to do, but to interr the Sor,  
And spend with ease what he with pains had  
got ;

'Twere easie to advise how you might live,  
Nor would there need instruction then to give :  
But you, that boast of no Iheritance,  
Save that small stock, which lies within your  
Brains,

Learning must be your Trade, and therefore  
weigh

With heed, how you your Game the best may  
play ;

Bethink your self a while, and then propose  
What way of Life is fitt'st for you to choose.

If you for Orders, and a Gown design,  
Consider only this, dear Friend of mine,  
The Church is grown so over stock'd of late,  
That if you walk abroad, you'll hardly meet  
More Porters now than Parsons in the street.

At every Corner they are forc'd to ply  
For Jobs of hawking Divinity :  
And half the number of the Sacred Herd  
Are fain to strowl, and wander unprefer'd :

If

If this, or thoughts of such a weighty Charge  
Make you resolve to keep your self at large;  
For want of better opportunity,  
A School must your next Sanctuary be:  
Go, wed some Grammar-Bridewel, and a Wife,  
And there beat *Greek*, and *Latin* for your life:  
With birchen Scepter there command at will,  
Greater then *Busby's* self, or Doctor *Gill*:  
But, who would be to the vile Drudg<sup>y</sup> bound,  
Where there so small encouragement is found?  
Where you for recompence of all your pains  
Shall hardly reach a common Fidler's gains?  
For when you've toil'd, and labour'd all you can,  
To dung, and cultivate a barren Brain:  
A Dancing-Master shall be better paid,  
Tho he instructs the Heels, and you the Head;  
To such Indulgence are kind Parents grown,  
That nought costs less in breeding then a Son:  
Nor is it hard to find a Father now,  
Shall more upon a Setting dog allow:  
And

And with a freer hand reward the Care  
Of training up his Spaniel, than his Heir.

Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,  
If they light in some noble Family :  
Diet, an Horse, and thirty pounds a year,  
Besides th' advantage of his Lordships ear,  
The credit of the business, and the State,  
Are things that in a Youngster's Sense sound  
great.

Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,  
What slavery he oft must undergo :  
Who tho in silken Scarf, and Cassock drest,  
Wears but a gayer Livery at best :  
When Dinner calls, the Implement must wait  
With holy Words to consecrate the Meat :  
But hold it for a Favour seldom known,  
If he bedeign'd the Honor to sit down,  
Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir *Crape*, withdraw !  
Those Dainties are not for a spiritual Maw :  
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand  
Hard by the Cistern with your Cap in hand :

There

There for diversion you may pick your Teeth;  
 Till the kind Voider comes for your Relief: O  
 For meer Board-wages such their Freedom sell,  
 Slaves to an Hour and Vassals to a Bell:  
 And if the enjoyment of one day be stole,  
 They are but Pris'ners out upon Parole:  
 Always the marks of slavery remain,  
 And they, tho loose still drag about their Chain.

And where's the mighty Prospect after all,  
 A Chaplainship serv'd up, and seven years Thrall?  
 The menial thing perhaps for a Reward  
 Is to some slender Benefice preferr'd,  
 With this Proviso bound, that he must wed }  
 My Ladies antiquated Waiting-Maid, }  
 In Dressing only skill'd, and Marmalade. }

Let others who such meannesses can brook,  
 Strike Countenance to every Great Man's Look;  
 Let those that have a mind, turn slaves to eat,  
 And live contented by another's Plate:

I rate

I rate my Freedom higher nor will I  
For Food and rayment truck my Liberty.

But, if I must to my last shifts be put,  
To fill a Bladder, and twelve yards of Gut ;  
Rather with counterfeited wooden Leg,  
And my right Arm tied up, I'll chose to beg :  
I'll rather chuse to starve at large, than be  
The gawdiest Vassal to Dependency.

'T has ever been the top of my Desires,  
The utmost height to which my wish aspires,  
That Heav'n would bless me with a small  
Estate,

Where I might find a close obscure retreat ;  
Their free from Noise, and all ambitious ends,  
Enjoy a few choice Books, and fewer Friends,  
Lord of my self, accountable to none,  
But to my Conscienc, and my God alone :  
There live unthought of, and unheard of, die,  
And grudg Mankind my very memory.  
But since the Blessing is ( I find ) too great  
For me to wish for, or expect of Fate :

Yet



Yet, maugre all the spight of Destiny,  
My Thoughts, and Actions are, and shall be free.  
A certain Author, very grave, and sage,  
This Story tells: no matter, what the Page.

One time, as they walk'd forth e'er break of  
day,

The Wolf, and Dog encounterd on the way :  
Famish'd the one, meager, and lean of plight,  
As a cast Poet, who for Bread does write :  
The other fat, and plump, as Prebend, was,  
Pamper'd with Luxury, and holy Ease.

Thus met, with Complements, too long to  
tell,

Of being glad to see each other well :

*How now, Sir Towzer ? (said the Wolf) I pray,  
Whence comes it, that you look so sleek and gay ?*

*While I, who do as well ( I am sure ) deserve,  
For want of livelyhood am like to starve ?*

*Troth Sir ( replied the Dog ) 'thas been my Fate,  
I thank the friendly Stars, to hap of late*

*On a kind Master, to whose care I owe*

*All this good Flesh, where with you see me now :*

*From*

From his rich Volder every day I'm fed  
 With Ropes of Fowls, and Crusts of finest Bread;  
 With Fricassee, Ragoust, and whatsoe'er  
 Of costly Kickshaws now in fashion are,  
 And more variety of Boil'd and Roast,  
 Than a Lord Mayor's Waiter e'er could boast.  
 Then, Sir, 'tis hardly credible to tell,  
 How I'm respected, and below'd by all:  
 I'm the Delight of the whole Family,  
 Not darling Shock more Favourite than I:  
 I never sleep abroad, to Air expos'd,  
 But in my warm apartment am inclos'd:  
 There on fresh Bed of Straw, with Canopy  
 Of Hutch above, like Dog of State I lie.  
 Besides, when with high Fare, and Nature fir'd,  
 To generous Sports of Youth I am inspir'd,  
 All the prond shees are soft to my Embrace  
 From Butch of Quality down to Turn-spit Rate:  
 Each day I try new Mistresses and Loves,  
 Nor envy Sovereign Dogs in their Alcoves.

Thus happy I of all enjoy the best,  
 No mortal Cur on Earth yet half so blest:  
 And farther to enhance the Happiness,  
 All this I get by interest, and ease.

Troth! (said the Wolf) I envy your Estate  
 Would to the Gods it were but my good Fate,  
 That I might happily admitted be  
 A Member of your blest Society!  
 I would with Faithfulness discharge my place  
 In any thing that I might serve his Grace:  
 But, think you, Sir, it would be feasible,  
 And that my Application might prevail?

Do but endeavour, Sir, you need not doubt;  
 I make no question but to bring't about:  
 Only rely on me, and rest secure,  
 I'll serve you to the utmost of my Pow'r;  
 As I'm a Dog of Honor, Sir: — but this  
 I only take the Freedom to advise,  
 That you'd a little lay your Roughness by,  
 And learn to practise Complaisance, like me.

For

For that let me alone, I'll have a currag; I did not  
 And top my part, I'll strain out a hair, and did not  
 There's not a Courtier of them all shall give  
 For fawning, and for suppling with me. And thus  
 And thus resolv'd at last, the Travellers  
 Towards the House together shape their course:  
 The Dog, who breeding well did understand,  
 In walking gives his Guest the upper hand  
 And as they walk along, they all the while  
 With Mirth, and pleasant Railery, beguile  
 The tedious Time, and Way, till day drew  
 near,  
 And Light came on; by which did soon ap-  
 pear  
 The Mastiff's Neck to view all worn and bare.

This when his Comrade spi'd, *What means*  
 (said he)  
*This Circle bare, which round your Neck I see?*  
*If I may be so bold; — Str, you must know,*  
*That I at first was rough, and fierce, like you,*  
*Of Nature curs'd, and often apt to bite*  
*Strangers, and* Else, who ever came in sight:

For this I was tied up, and underment  
 The Whip sometimes, and such light Chastisement.  
 Till I at length by Discipline grew tame,  
 Gentle, and tractable, as now I am.  
 'Twas by this sort, and slight severity  
 I gain'd these Marks and Badges, which you see:  
 But what are they? Allons Monsieur! let's go.  
 Not one step further: Sir, excuse me now.  
 Much joy I'ye of your twined, blest'd Estate:  
 I will not buy preferment at that rate:  
 A Gods name, take your golden Chains for me:  
 Faith, I'd not be a King, not so be free:  
 Sir Dog, your humble Servant, so Godbw'y.

---

SOME

Not is her Talent laxly known  
Abundantivness, and holy Gamblers do;  
Sheets what the old in their plates  
And Theory to Practice does translate:  
Not her own Art to name, nor how she will  
That she has a new World of sense will

# SOME VERSES

Yet does not write from her just flow  
But the good, because it will be so:

*Written in Septemb. 1676.*

~~Her Virtue forms a low path to rise~~  
~~By such for Rules and Rules above compare~~  
Presenting a Book to GOSMELIA

**G**O, humble Gift, go to that matchless Saint,  
Of whom thou only wast a Copy, meant:  
And all that's read in thee, more richly find  
Compriz'd in the fair Volume of her mind;  
That living System, where are fully writ  
All those high Morals, which in Books we meet:  
Easie, as in soft Air, there writ they are,  
Yet firm, as if in Brass they graven were.

L 3

Nor

Nor is her Talent lazily to know

As dull Divines, and holy Canters do;

She acts what they only in Pulpits prate,

And Theory to Practice does translate:

Not her own Actions more obey her Will,

Than that obeys strict Virtues dictates still:

Yet does not Virtue from her Duty flow,

But she is good, because she will be so:

Her Virtue scorns at a low pitch to lie,

Tis all free Choice, nought of Necessity:

By such soft Rules are Saints above confin'd,

Such is the Tie, which them to Good does bind.

The scatter'd Glories of her happy Sex

In her bright Soul as in their Center mix:

And all that they possess but by Be-  
rail,

She hers by just Monopoly can call;

Whose sole Example does more Virtues shew,

Than Schoolmen ever taught, or ever knew,

No Act did e'er within her Practice fall,

Which for th' atonement of a Blush could call:

No

No word of hers e'ngroined any ear,  
 But what a Saint at her last gasp might hear:  
 Scarcely her Thoughts have ever sullied been  
 With the least print, or stain of native Sin;  
 Devout she is, as holy Hermits are,  
 Who share their time 'twixt Ecstasie, and Prayer:  
 Modest, as Infant Roses in their Bloom,  
 Who in a Blush their fragrant Lives consume:  
 So chaste, the Dead themselves are only more,  
 Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power;  
 So pure, could Virtue in a shape appear,  
 'Twould chuse to have no other Form, but Her:  
 So much a Saint, I Scarce dare call her so,  
 For fear to wrong her with a name too low:  
 Such the Seraphick Brightness of her mind,  
 I hardly can believe her Womankind:  
 But think some nobler Being does appear,  
 Which to instruct the World, has left the  
     Sphere,  
 And condescends to wear a Body here.



Or, if she mortal be, and mean to show

The greater Art by being form'd below;

Sure Heaven preserv'd her by the Fall uncurst,

To tell how good the Sex was made at first.

Devout she is, as holy Hermits are,

Who have their times with Fasting and Prayer

Model, as constant is in their Bloom,

Who in a Bliss their constant Lives consume:

So chaste, the Dead themselves are only more;

Who lie divorc'd from Objects and from Power;

So pure, could Virtue in a shape appear,

'T would think to have no other Form, but Her:

So much as I, I scarce dare call her so.

For lest to wrong her with a name too low;

Such the seraphick brightness of her mind,

I hardly can believe her Woman-kind:

But think, the noblest being does appear

Which toiling the World, has yet to see

And could be to wear a nobler form

# THE PARTING.

**T**OO happy had I been indeed, if Fate  
 Had made it lasting, as she made it great;  
 But 'twas the Plot of unkind Destiny,  
 To lift me to, then snatch me from my Joy:  
 She rais'd my Hopes, and brought them just in  
 view,  
 And then in sight the cleansing Scene with-  
 drew,  
 So He of old the promis'd Land survey'd,  
 Which he might only see, but never tread:  
 So Heav'n was by that damned Castiff Icen,  
 He saw't but with a mighty Gulf between,  
 He saw't to be more wretched, and despair a-  
 gen:

Not

Not Souls of dying Sinners, when they go,

Affur'd of endless Miseries below,

Their Bodies more unwillingly desert,

Than I from you, and all my Joys did part.

As some young Merchant, whom his Sincere  
kind

Resigns to every faithless Wave, and Wind ;

If the kind Mistris of his Vows appear,

And come to bless his Voyage with a Prayer,

Such sighs he vents as may the Gale increate,

Such Floods of Tears as may the Billows raise:

And when at length the launching Vessel flies,

And severs first his Lips, and then his Eyes ;

Long he looks back to see what he adores,

And, while he may, views the beloved Shores.

Such just concerns I at your Parting had,

With such sad Eyes your turning Face survey'd:

Reviewing, they pursu'd you out of sight,

Then sought to trace you by left Tracks of  
Light:

And

And when they could not Looks to you convey,  
Tow'rd's the lov'd Place they took delight to stray,  
And aim'd uncertain Glances still that way.

# ABSENCE.

THEN days (if I forget not) wasted are  
(A year in my Lover's Calendar)

Since I was forc'd to part, and bid adieu  
To all my joy, and happiness in you;  
Which was at first your lov'd sight con-  
fined.

Of I resolve to meet my bliss, and then  
My former hope and wish me back again;  
~~So when our parted loves shall meet again~~  
Each kisses them, and checks the good desire.  
Curs'd on that Man, who has not his design;  
And by a cruel false-born Lover's mind!  
A curse

And when they could not look to you con-

Now the joy & bliss they look delight to

And since they have been in this way

Complaining of

# ABSENCE.

**T**EN days ( if I forget not ) wasted are  
( A year in any Lover's Calendar )

Since I was forc'd to part, and bid adieu  
To all my Joy, and Happiness in you :  
And still by the same Hindrance am detain'd,  
Which me at first from your lov'd Sight con-  
strain'd :

Oft I resolve to meet my Bliss, and then  
My Tether stops, and pulls me back agen :  
So, when our raised Thoughts to Heav'n aspire,  
Earth stifles them, and choaks the good desire.

Curse on that Man, who Bus'ness first design'd,  
And by't enthral'd a free-born Lover's mind !

A curse

A curse on Fate, who thus subjected me,  
And made me slave to any thing but thee!  
Lovers should be as unconfin'd as Air,  
Free as its wild Inhabitants from Care:  
So free those happy Lovers are above,  
Exempt from all concerns but those of Love:  
But I, poor Lover militant below,  
The Cares, and Troubles of dull Life must know;  
Must toil for that, which does on others wait,  
And undergo the drudgery of Fate:  
Yet I'll no more to her a Vassal be,  
Thou now shalt make, and rule my Destiny:  
Hence troublesome Fatigues! all Bus'ness hence  
This very hour my Freedom shall commence:  
Too long that Jilt has thy proud Rival been,  
And made me by neglectful Absence sin;  
But I'll no more obey its Tyranny,  
Nor that, nor Fate it self shall hinder me,  
Henceforth from seeing, and enjoying thee,  
Promising

~~A curse on him, who thus infected me~~

~~And made me have to say thing but thee!~~

Promising a

# V I S I T.

**S**ooner may Art, and easier far divide  
The soft embracing waters of the Tide  
Which with united Friendship still rejoyn,  
Than part my Eyes, my Arms, or Lips from  
thine:  
Sooner it may Time's headlong motion force,  
In which it marches with unalter'd course,  
Or sever this from the succeeding Day,  
Than from thy happy Presence force my stay.  
Not the touch'd Needle (emblem of my Soul)  
With greater Rev'ence trembles to its Pole,  
Nor Flames with surer instinct upwards go,  
Than mine, and all their motives tend to you.

Promising

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Fly swift, ye minutes, and contract the space  
Of Time, which holds me from her dear Em-  
brace:

When I am there I'll bid you kindly stay,

I'll bid you rest, and never glide away.

Thither when Business gives me a release

To lose my Cares in soft, and gentle Ease,

I'll come, and all arrears of Kindness pay,

And live o'er my whole Absence in one day.

Not Souls, releas'd from human Bodies, move

With quicker hast to meet their Bliss above;

Than I, when freed from Clogs, that bind me  
now,

Eager to seize my Happiness, will go.

Should a fierce Angel arm'd with Thunder stand,

And threaten Vengeance with his brandish'd  
hand,

To stop the entrance to my Paradise;

I'll venture, and his slighted Bolts despise.

Swift as the wings of Fear, shall be my Love,

And me to her, with equal speed remove;

Swift, as the motions of the Eye, or Mind,

I'll thither fly, and leave slow Thought behind.

THE



## THE CARELESS

## Good Fellow.

Written March 9. 1680.

## S O N G.

## I.

**A** Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,  
 What a pother, and stir has it kept in  
 the State?

Ler the Rabble run mad with Suspitions, and  
 Fears,

Ler them scuffle, and jar, till they go by the carse

Their Grievances never shall trouble my pate,

So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

## II. What

## VII.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter  
their ease

And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and  
Mafs?

At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,  
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and  
their King;

A Friend, and a Bottle is all my design;

He has no room for Treason, that's top-full of  
Wine.

## III.

I mind not the Members and makers of Laws,

Let them sit or Prorogue, as his Majesty please:

Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine

At my Lodging, when dead, so alive I have  
Wine:

Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear

To curse them for making my Claret so dear.

## IV.

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate  
 About Right and Succession, the trifles of State;  
 We've a good King already: and he deserves  
 laughter  
 That will trouble his head with who shall come  
 after:

Come, here's to his Health, and I wish he  
 may be

As free from all Care, and all Trouble, as we.

## V.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go?  
 Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney*, and Monsieur  
*D'Avaux*?

What concerns it my Drinking, if *Casel* be sold,  
 If the Conqueror take it by Storming, or Gold?

Good *Bordeaux* alone is the place that I mind,  
 And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a  
 Wind.

## VI.

VI.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown  
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his  
own;

Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches  
and Treat,

To afford the News-mongers, and Coffee-house  
Char:

He's but a brave wretch, while I am more free,  
More safe, and a thousand times happier than  
He.

VII.

Come He, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,

Or come Faggot, and Stake; I care not a Groat;

Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat:

No, I swear, Mr. *Fox*, pray excuse me for that.

I'll drink in defiance of Gibber, and Halter,

This is the Profession, that never will alter.

A

# SATYR.

*The Person of Spencer is brought in,  
Dissuading the Author from the  
Study of POETRY, and shewing  
how little it is esteem'd and encour-  
rag'd in this present Age.*

**O**Ne night, as I was pondering of late  
On all the mis'ries of my hapless Fate,  
Cursing my rhiming Stars, raving in vain  
At all the Pow'rs, which over Poets reign:  
In came a ghastly Shape, all pale, and thin,  
As some poor Sinner, who by Priest had been  
Under a long Lent's Penance, starv'd, and whip'd,  
Or par-boil'd Lecher, late from Hot-house crept:  
Famish'd

Famish'd his Looks appear'd, his Eyes sunk in,  
 Like Morning Gown about him hung his Skin;  
 A Wreath of Laurel on his Head he wore,  
 A Book, inscrib'd the *Fairy Queen*, he bore.

By this I knew him, rose, and bow'd, and said,  
*Hail reverend Ghost! all hail most sacred Shade!*  
*Why this great Visit? why vouchsaf'd to me,*  
*The meanest of thy British Progeny?*  
*Com'st thou in my uncall'd, unballad'd Muse,*  
*Some of thy mighty Spirit to infuse;*  
*If so; lay on thy Hands, ordain me fit*  
*For the high Cure, and Ministry of Wit:*  
*Let me (I beg) thy great Instructions claim,*  
*Teach me to tread the Glorious paths of Fame.*  
*Teach me (for none does better know than thou)*  
*How like thy self, I may immortal grow.*

Thus did I speak, and spoke it in a strain,  
 Above my common rate, and usual vein;  
 As if inspir'd by presence of the Bard,  
 Who with a Frown thus to reply was heard,

In stile of Satyr, such wherein of old  
He the fam'd Tale of *Mother Hubbard* told.

I come, fond Ideot, ere it be too late,  
Kindly to warn thee of thy wretched Fate;  
Take heed betimes, repent, and learn of me  
To shun the dang'rous Rocks of Poetry:

Had I the choice of Flesh and Blood again,  
To act once more in Life's tumultuous Scene;  
I'd be a Porter, or a Scavenger,

A Groom, or anything, but Poet here:  
Hast thou observ'd some Hawker of the Town,  
Who thro the Streets with dismal Scream and  
Tone,

Cries Matches, Small coal, Brooms, Old Shooes  
and Boots,

Socks, Sermons, Ballads, Lies, Gazetts, and  
Votes?

So unrecorded to the Grave I'd go,  
And nothing but the Register tell, who:  
Rather that poor unheard of Wretch I'd be,  
Than the most glorious Name in Poetry,  
With all its boasted Immortality:

Rather

Rather than He, who sung on *Phrygia's* Shore,  
 The *Grecian* Bullies fighting for a Whore:  
 Or He of *Thebes*, whom Fame so much extols  
 For praising Jockies, and *New-market* Fools.

So many now, and bad the Scriblers be,  
 'Tis scandal to be of the Company:  
 The foul Defeace is so prevailing grown,  
 So much the Fashion of the Court and Town,  
 That scarce a man well-bred in either's deem'd;  
 But who has kill'd, been often clapt, and oft has  
 rhim'd:

The Fools are troubled with a Flux of Brains,  
 And each on Paper squirts his filthy sense:  
 A leash of Sonnets, and a dull Lampoon  
 Set up an Author, who forthwith is grown  
 A man of Parts, of Rhiming, and Renown:  
 Ev'n that vile *Wretch*, who in lewd Verse each  
 year  
 Describes the Pageants, and my good *Lord May'r*,  
 Whose Works must serve the next Election day  
 For making Squibs, and under Pies to lay,



Yet counts himself of the inspired Train,  
And dares in thought the sacred name profane:

*But is it nought (thou'lt say) in Front to stand,  
With Lawrel crown'd by White, or Loggan's hand?  
Is it not great, and glorious to be known,  
Mark'd out, and gaz'd at thro' the wond'ring  
Town.*

*By All the Rabble passing up and down?*

So Oats and Bedloe have been pointed at,  
And every busie Coxcomb of the State:

The Meanest Felons who thro' Halborn go,  
More eyes, and looks then twenty Poets draw:

If this be all, go, have thy posted Name  
Fix'd up with Bills of Quack, and publick Sham;  
To be the stop of gaping Prentices,

And read by reeling Drunkards, when they piss;  
Or else to lie expos'd on trading Stall,

While the bilk'd Owner hires Gazetts to tell,  
Mongst Spaniels lost, that Author does not  
sell.

Perhaps

Perhaps, fond Fool, thou sooth'st thy self in  
 dream,  
 With hopes of purchasing a lasting Name?  
 Thou think'st perhaps thy Trifles shall remain,  
 Like sacred *Comley*, and immortal *Ben*?  
 But who of all the bold Adventurers,  
 Who now drive on the trade of Fame in Verse  
 Can be enfor'd in this unfaithful Sea,  
 Where there so many lost and shipwrack'd be?  
 How many Poems writ in ancient time,  
 Which thy Fore-fathers had in great esteem,  
 Which in the crowded Shops bore any rate,  
 And sold like News-Books, and Affairs of State,  
 Have grown contemptible, and slighted since,  
 As *Portage*, *Fleckno*, or the *British Prince*?  
*Quarles*, *Chapman*, *Heywood*, *Withers* had applause,  
 And *Wild*, and *Ogilby* in former days;  
 But now are damn'd to wrapping Drugs, and  
 Wares,  
 And curst by all their broken Stationers;

And

And so may'st thou perchance pass up and  
 down,  
 And please a while th' admiring Court, and  
 Town,  
 Who after shalt in *Duck-lane* Shops be thrown,  
 To mould with *Silvester*, and *Shirley* there,  
 And truck for pots of Ale next *Stourbridg*-Fair,  
 Then who'll not laugh to see th' immortal Name  
 To vile *Mundungus* made a Martyr flame?  
 And all thy deathless Monuments of Wit,  
 Wipe Porters Tails, or mount in Paper Kite?  
 But, grant thy Poetry should find success,  
 And (which is rare) the squeamish Criticks  
 please;  
 Admit, it read, and prais'd, and courted be  
 By this nice Age, and all Posterity;  
 If thou expectest ought but empty Fame;  
 Condemn thy Hopes, and Labors to the Flame:  
 The rich have now learn'd only to admire,  
 He, who to greater Favours does aspire,  
 Is mercenary thought, and writes to hire:  
 Would'st thou to raise thine, and thy Countries  
 Fame,  
 Chuse some old *English* Hero for thy Theme,  
 Bold

Bold *Arthur*, or great *Edmund's* greater Son, A  
 Or our fifth *Harry*, matchless in Renown,  
 Make *Agin-court*, and *Cressy* Fields outvie  
 The fam'd *Lavinian* Shores, and Walls of *Troy*;  
 What *Scipio*, what *Mænas* would'st thou find,  
 What *Sidney* now to thy great Project kind?  
 Bless me! how great his Genius! how each Line  
 Is big with Sense! how glorious a Design!  
 Does thro' the whole, and each proportion shine!  
 How lofty all his Thoughts, and how inspir'd?  
 Pity, such wondrous Thoughts are not preferr'd:  
 Cries a gay wealthy Sot, who would not bail  
 For bare five Pounds the Author out of Jail,  
 Should he starve there, and rot; who if a Brief  
 Came out the needy Poets to relieve,  
 To the whole Tribe would scarce a Tester  
 give.  
 But fifty Guinies for a Whore and Clap!  
 The Peer's well us'd, and comes off wond'rous  
 cheap:

A Poet

A Poet would be dear, and out o'ch way,  
 Should he expect above a Coach-mans pay:  
 For this will any dedicate, and lye;  
 And dawb the gawdy Afs with Flattery  
 For this will any prostitute his Sense  
 To Coxcombs void of Bounty as of Brains  
 Yet such is the hard Fate of Writers now,  
 They're forc'd for Alms to each great name to  
 bow:  
 Fawn, like her Lap-dog, on her tawdry Grace,  
 Commend her Beauty, and bely her Glafs,  
 By which she every morning primes her Face:  
 Sneak to his Honour, call him Witty, Brave,  
 And Just, tho a known Coward, Fool, or Knave,  
 And praise his Linage, and Nobility,  
 Whose Arms at first came from the Company.  
 'Tis so, 'twas ever so, since heretofore  
 The blind old *Bard*, with Dog and Bell before,  
 Was fain to sing for Bread from door to door:

The

The needy Muses all turn'd Gippies then,  
 And of the begging Trade e'er since have been :  
 Should mighty *Sappho* in these days revive,  
 And hope upon her stock of Wit to live ;  
 She must to *Creswel's* trudg to mend her Gains,  
 And let her Tail to hire, as well as Brains.  
 What Poet ever fin'd for Sheriff ? or who  
 By Wit and Sense did ever Lord Mayors glow ?

My own hard Usage here I need not press,  
 Where you have every day before your face  
 Plenty of fresh resembling Instances :  
 Great *Cowley's* Muse the same ill Treatment  
 had,  
 Whose Verse shall live for ever to upraid  
 Th' ungrateful World, that left such Worth  
 unpaid.

*Waller* himself may thank Inheritance  
 For what he else had never got by Sense.  
 On *Butler* who can without just Rage,  
 The Glory, and the Scandal of the Age ?

Fair

Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to  
 Town,  
 Met every where with welcomes of Renown,  
 Courted, and lov'd by all, with wonder read,  
 And promises of Princely Favour fed :  
 But what Reward for all had he at last,  
 After a Life in dull expectance pass'd ?

The Wretch at summing up his mis-spent days  
 Found nothing left, but Poverty, and Praise :  
 Of all his Gains by Verse he could not save  
 Enough to purchase Flannel, and a Grave :  
 Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,  
 Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick :  
 And well might bless the Fever that was sent,  
 To rid him hence, and his worse Fate prevent.

You've seen what fortune other Poets share ;  
 View next the Factors of the Theatre :

That constant Mart, which all the year does  
 hold,

Where Staple Wit is barter'd, bought, and sold ;  
 Here trading Scriblers for their Maintainance,  
 And Livelihood trust to a Lott'ry-chance :

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But who his Parts would in the Service spend,

Where all his hopes on vulgar Breath depend?

Where every Sot, for paying half a Crown,

Has the Prerogative to cry him down?

*Sidley* indeed may be content with Fame,

Nor care should an ill judging Audience damn:

But *Settle*, and the Rest, that write for Pence,

Whose whole Estate's an ounce, on two of Brains,

Should a thin House on the third day appear,

Must starve, or live in Tatters all the year.

And what can we expect that's brave and great,

From a poor needy Wretch, that writes to eat?

Who the success of the next Play must wait

For Lodging, Food, and Cloaths, and whose  
chief care

Is how to sponge for the next Meal, and where?

Hadst thou of old in flourishing *Athens* liv'd,

When all the learned Arts in Glory thriv'd,

When mighty *Sophocles* the Stage did sway,

And Poets by the State were held in pay;

Twere



'Twere worth thy Pains to cultivate thy Muse,  
 And dayly wonders then it might produce;  
 But who would now write Hackney to a Stage,  
 That's only thought the Nuisance of the Age?  
 Go after this, and beat thy wretched Brains,  
 And toil to bring in thankless Ideots means:  
 Turn o're dull *Horace*, and the Classick Fools,  
 To poach for Sense, and hunt for Idle Rules:  
 Be free of Tickets, and the Play-houses,  
 To make some tawdry A&'refs there by Prize,  
 And spend thy third Days gains 'twixt her  
 clap'd Thighs.

All Trades and all Professions here abound,  
 And yet Encouragement for all is found:  
 Here a vile Emp'rick, who by Licence kills,  
 Whoevery week helps to increase the Bills,  
 Wears Velvet, keeps his Coach, and Whore be-  
 side,  
 For what less Villains must to *Tyburn* ride.  
 There a dull trading Sot, in Wealth o'ergrown,  
 By thriving Knavery, can call his own

A dozen

A dozen Mannors, and if Fate still blefs,  
Expects as many Counties to poffefs.

Punks, Panders, Bawds, all their due Pensions  
gain,

And every day the Great Mens Bounty drain:

Lavish expence on Wit, has never yet  
Been tax'd amongst the Grievances of State.

The *Turky*, *Ginny*, *India* Gainers be,

And all but the Poetick Company:

Each place of Traffick, *Bantam*, *Smyrna*, *Zant*,  
*Greenland*, *Virginia*, *Sevil*, *Alicant*,

And *France*, that fends us Dildoes, Lacc, and  
Wine,

Vaft profit all, and large Returns bring in:  
*Parnassus* only is that barren Coast,

Where the whole Voyage, and Adventure's loft.

Then be advis'd, the slighted Mufe forfake,  
And *Cook*, and *Dalton* for thy study take:

For Fees each Term sweat in the crowded Hall,  
And there for Charters, and crack'd Titles bawl:

N

Where

Where *M—d* thrives, and pockets more each  
year

Than forty Laureats of the Theater.

Or else to Orders, and the Church betake

Thy self, and that thy future Refuge make:

There fawn on some proud Patron to engage,

Th' Advowson of cast Punk, and Parsonage:

Or sooth the Court, and preach up Kingly  
Right,

To gain a Prebend or a Miter by't.

In fine, turn Pettifogger, Canonist,

Civilian, Pedant, Mountebank, or Priest,

Soldier, or Merchant, Fidler, Painter, Fencer,

Jack-pudding, Juggler, Player, or Rope dancer:

Preach, Plead, Cure, Fight, Game, Pimp, Beg,  
Cheat, or Thieve;

Be all but Poet, and there's way to live.

But why do I in vain my Counsel spend  
On one whom there's so little hope to mend?

Where I perhaps as fruitlessly exhort,

As Lenten Doctors, when they Preach at Court;

Not

Not enter'd Punks from Lust they once have  
tried,

Not Fops, and Women from Conceit, and Pride,

Not Bawds from Impudence, Cowards from  
Fear,

Nor fear'd unfeeling Sinners past Despair,

Are half so hard, and stubborn to reduce,

As a poor Wretch, when once possess'd with  
Muse :

If therefore, what I've said, cannot avail,

Nor from the Rhiming Folly thee recal,

But spight of all thou wilt be obstinate,

And run thy self upon avoidless Fate;

May'st thou go on unpittied, till thou be

Brought to the Parish, Bridg, and Beggery :

Till urg'd by want, like broken Scriblers,  
thou

Turn Poet to a Booth, a *Smithfield* Show,

And write Heroick Verse for *Barthol'mew*.

Then slighted by the very Nursery,

May'st thou at last be forc'd to starve, like me.

A

## SATYR,

In Imitation of the Third of

JUVENAL.

Written, May, 1682.

*The Poet brings in a Friend of his giving  
him an account why he removes from  
London to live in the Country.*

**T**H O much concern'd to leave my dear  
old Friend,  
I must however his Design commend  
Of fixing in the Country: for were I  
As free to chuse my Residence, as he;

The

*in Immitation of the Third of Juvenal.* 181

The *Peake*, the *Fens*, the *Hundreds*, or *Lands-end*,  
I would prefer to *Fleetstreet*, or the *Strand*.

What place so desart, and so wild is there,  
Whose Inconveniences one would not bear,  
Rather than the Alarms of midnight Fire,

The falls of Houses, Knavery of Cits,  
The Plots of Factions, and the noise of Wits,  
And thousand other plagues, which up and  
down

Each day and hour infest the Curfed Town?

As Fate wou'd have't, on the appointed day  
Of parting hence, I met him on the way,  
Hard by *Mile end*, the place so fam'd of late,  
In Prose, and Verse for the great *Factions Treat*;  
Here we stood still, and after Complements  
Of course, and wishing his good Journey hence,  
I ask'd what sudden causes made him flie  
The once lov'd Town, and his dear Company:

When, on the hated Prospect looking back,  
Thus with just rage the good old *Timon* spake.

N 3

Since

Since Virtue here in no repute is had,  
 Since Worth is scorn'd, Learning and Sense  
     unpaid,  
 And Knavery the only thriving Trade;  
 Finding my slender Fortune every day  
 Dwindle, and waft insensibly away,  
 I, like a losing Gamester, thus retreat,  
 To manage wisely my last stake of Fate:  
 While I have strength, and want no staff to  
     prop  
 My tott'ring Limbs, e'er Age has made me stoop  
 Beneath its weight, e'er all my Thread be  
     spun,  
 And Life has yet in store some Sands to run,  
 'Tis my resolve to quit the nauseous Town.

Let thriving *Morecraft* chuse his dwelling  
     there,  
 Rich with the Spoils of some young spend-thrift  
     Heir:  
 Let the Plot mongers stay behind, whose Art  
 Can Truth to Sham, and Sham to Truth con-  
     vert:  
 Who ever has an House to Build, or Set,  
 His Wife, his Conscience, or his Oath to let:

Who

Who ever has, or hopes for Offices,  
A Navy, Guard, or Custom-house's Place :  
Let sharpening Courtiers stay, who there are great  
By putting the false Dice on King, and State.  
Where they, who once were Grooms and Foot-  
boys known,  
Are now to fair Estates, and Honors grown ;  
Nor need we envy them, or wonder much  
At their fantastick Greatness, since they're such,  
Whom Fortune oft in her capricious freaks  
Is pleas'd to raise from Kennels, and the Jakes,  
To Wealth, and Dignity above the rest,  
When she is frolick, and dispos'd to jest.

I live in *London* ? What should I do there ?  
I cannot lye, nor flatter, nor forswear :  
I can't commend a Book, or Piece of Wit,  
( Tho a Lord were the Author ) dully writ :  
I'm no Sir *Sydrophel* to read the Stars,  
And cast Nativities for longing Heirs,



When Fathers shall drop off: no *Gadbury*  
 To tell the minute, when the King shall die,  
 And you know what—come in: nor can I  
 steer,  
 And tack about my Conscience, whensoever,  
 To a new Point, I see Religion veer.  
 Let others pimp to Courtier's Lechery,  
 I'll draw no City Cuckold's Curse on me:  
 Nor would I do it, tho to be made great,  
 And rais'd to be chief Minister of State.  
 Therefore I think it fit to rid the Town  
 Of one, that is an useless member grown.

Besides, who has pretence to Favour now,  
 But he, who hidden Villany does know,  
 Whose Breast does with some burning Secret  
 glow?  
 By none thou shalt pre-ferr'd, or valued be,  
 That trusts thee with an honest Secresie:  
 He only may to great Mens Friendship reach,  
 Who Great Men, when he pleases, can impeach.

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Let others thus aspire to Dignity ;  
For me, I'd not their envied Grandeur buy  
For all th' *Exchange* is worth, that *Pauls* will cost,  
Or was of late in the *Scotch* Voyage lost.

What would it boot, if I, to gain my end,  
Forego my Quiet, and my ease of mind,  
Still fear'd, at last betray'd by my great Friend.

Another Cause, which I must boldly own,  
And not the least, for which I quit the Town,  
Is to behold it made the Common-shore,  
Where *France* does all her Filth, and Ordure  
pour :

What Spark of true old *English* rage can bear  
Those, who were Slaves at home, to Lord it  
here?

We've all our Fashions, Language, Comple-  
ments,

Our Musick, Dances, Curing, Cooking thence ;  
And we shall have their Pois'ning too ere long,  
If still in the improvement we go on.

What would'st thou say, great *Harry*, should'st  
thou view

Thy gawdy flutt'ring Race of *English* now,

Their

Their tawdry Cloaths, Pulvilio's, Essences,  
 Their ~~Cheerless~~ Peruques, and those Vanities,  
 Which thou, and they of old did so despise?

What wouldst thou say to see th'infected Town  
 With the fowl Spawn of foreigners o'er run?

Hither from *Paris*, and all Parts they come,  
 The Spue, and Vomit of their Goals at home;

To Court they flock, and to *S. James* his Square,  
 And wriggle into great Mens Service there:

Foot-boys at first, till they, from wiping Shooes,  
 Grow by degrees the Masters of the House:

Ready of Wit, harden'd of Impudence,  
 Able with ease to put down either *H*——

Both the King's Player, and King's Evidence:  
 Flippant of Talk, and voluble of Tongue,

With words at will, no Lawyer better hung:  
 Softer than flattering Court-Parasite,

Or City-Trader, when he means to cheat,  
 No Calling, or Profession comes amiss:

A needy *Monsieur* can be what he please,

Groom,

*in Imitation of the Third of Juvenal.* 187

Groom, Page, Valet, Quack, Operator, Fencer,  
Perfumier, Pimp, Jack-pudding, Juggler, Dancer:  
Give but the word; the Cur will fetch and  
bring,

Come over to the *Emperor*, or *King*:

Or, if you please, fly o'er the Pyramid,

Which ~~from~~ and the rest in vain have tried.

Can I have patience, and endure to see  
The paltry Foreign Wretch take place of me,  
Whom the same Wind, and Vessel brought a-  
shore,

That brought prohibited Goods, and Dildoes o're?

Then, pray, what mighty Priviledge is there

For me, that at my Birth drew *English* Air?

And where's the Benefit to have my Veins

Run *Brittish* Blood, if there's no difference

'Twixt me, and him, the Statute Freedom gave,

And made a Subject of a true-born Slave?

But nothing shocks, and is more loath'd by  
me,

Than the vile Rascal's fulsom Flattery:

By help of this false Magnifying Glass,

A Louse, or Flea shall for a Camel pass:

Produce

Produce an hideous Wight, more ugly far  
 Than those ill Shapes, which in old Hangings  
 are,  
 He'll make him strait a *Beau Garçon* appear :

Commend his Voice, and Singing, tho he bray  
 Worfe than Sir *Martin Marr-all* in the Play :

And if he Rhime ; shall praise for Standard Wit,  
 More scurvy sense than *Pryn*, and *Vickers* Writ.

And here's the mischief, tho we say the same,  
 He is believ'd, and we are thought to sham :

Do you but smile, immediately the Beast

Laughs out aloud, tho he ne're heard the jest ;

Pretend, you'r sad, he's presently in Tears,

Yet grieves no more than Marble, when it wears

Sorrow in Metaphor : but speak of Heat ;

O God ! how sultry 'tis ! he'll cry, and sweat

In depth of Winter : strait, if you complain

Of Cold ; the Weather-glass is sung again :

Then he'll call for his Frize-Campaign, and  
 swear,

'Tis beyond *Eighty*, he's in *Greenland* here,

Thus

*in Imitation of the Third of Juvenal.* 189

Thus he shifts Scenes, and oft'ner in a day

Can change his Face, then Actors at a Play :

There's nought so mean, can 'scape the flatt'ring  
Sot,

Not his Lord's Snuff box, nor his Powder-Spot :

If he but Spit, or pick his Teeth ; he'll cry,

*How every thing becomes you ! let me die,*

*Your Lordship does it most judiciously :*

And swear, 'tis fashionable, if he Sneeze,

Extremely taking, and it needs must please.

Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free  
From the hot Sartyr's rampant Lechery :

Nor Wife, nor Virgin-Daughter can Escape,

Scarce thou thy self, or Son avoid a Rape :

All must go pad-lock'd : if nought else there be,  
Suspect thy very Stables Chastity.

By this the Vermin into Secrets creep,

Thus Families in awe they strive to keep.

What

290 *What living for an English Man is there,  
Where such as these get head, and domineer,  
Whose use and custom 'tis, never to share,*

*A Friend, but love to reign without dispute,  
Without a Rival, full and absolute?  
Soon as the Insect gets his Honor's ear,  
And fly-blows some of's pois'nous malice there,  
Strait I'm turn'd off, kick'd out of doors, dis-  
carded,*

*And all my former Service dis-regarded.*

*But leaving these Messieurs, for fear that I  
Be thought of the Silk Weavers Mutiny,  
From the loath'd Subject let us hasten on,  
To mention other Grievances in Town:  
And further, what Respect at all is had  
Of poor men here? and how's there Service paid,  
Tho they be ne'r so diligent to wait,  
To sneak, and dance attendance on the Great?  
No mark of Favour is to be obtain'd  
By one, that sues, and brings an empty hand:*

And

*in Imitation of the Third of Juvenal.* 191

And all his merit is but made a sport,  
Unless he glut some Cormorant at Court.

'Tis now a common thing, and usual here,  
To see the Son of some rich Usurer  
Take place of Nobles, keep his first-rate Whore,  
And for a Vaulting Bout, or two give more  
Than a Guard-Captains Pay: mean while the  
Breed

Of Peers, reduc'd to Poverty, and Need,  
Are fain to trudge to the *Bank-side*, and there  
Take up with Porters leavings, Suburb Ware,  
There spend that Blood, which their great An-  
cestor  
So nobly shed at *Cressy* heretofore,

At Brothel Fights in some foul Common-  
shore.

Produce an Evidence, tho just he be,  
As righteous *Job*, or *Abraham*, or *He*,

Whom Heaven, when whole Nature shipwrack'd  
was,

Thought worth the saving, of all human Race,

Or



Or *others*, who the flaming Deluge scap'd;  
When *Sodom's* Lechers Angels would have  
rap'd;

*How rich he is*, must the first question be,

Next for his Manners, and Integrity:

They'll ask, *what Equipage he keeps*, and *what*

*He's reckon'd worth in Money*, and *Estate*,

*Whether for Shrieve he has been known to fine*,

*And with how many Dishes he does dine?*

For look what *Cash* a person has in store,

Just so much Credit has he, and no more:

Should I upon a thousand Bibles Swear,

And call each Saint throughout the Calendar,

To vouch my Oath; it won't be taken here;

The poor slight Heav'n, and Thunderbolts (they  
think)

And Heav'n it self does at such Trifles wink.

Besides, what store of gibing scoffs are thrown  
On one, that's poor, and meanly clad in Town;  
If his Apparel seem but overworn,  
His Stockings out at heel, or Breeches torn?

*in Immitation of the Third of Juvenal.* 193

One takes occasion his ript Shooe to flout,  
And swears 'thas been at Prison grates hung out:  
Another shrewdly jeers his coarse Crevat,  
Because himself wears *Point*: a third his Hat,  
And most unmercifully shews his Wit,  
If it be old, or does not cock aright:  
Nothing in Poverty so ill is born,  
As its exposing men to grinning scorn,  
To be by tawdry Coxcombs pis'd upon,  
And made the jesting stock of each Buffon.

*Turn out there, Friend!* (cries one at Church) *the Pew*

*Is not for such mean scoundrel Curs, as you:*  
*'Tis for your Betters kept*: Belike, some Sot,  
That knew no Father, was on Bulks begot:  
But now is rais'd to an Estate, and Pride,  
By having the kind Proverb on his side:  
Let *Gripe* and *Cheatwel* take their Places there,  
And *Dash* the Scriv'ners gawdy sparkish Heir,  
That wears three ruin'd Orphans on his Back:  
Mean while you in the Alley stand, and sneak:

O

And

And you therewith must rest contented, since  
Almighty Wealth does put such difference.

What Citizen a Son-in-law will take,  
Bred ne'er so well, that can't a Joynter make?

What man of sense, that's poor, e'er summon'd is  
Amongst the Common Council to advise?

At Vestry-Consults when does he appear,  
For choosing of some Parish Officer,  
Or making Leather Buckets for the Choire?

'Tis hard for any man to rise, that feels  
His Virtue clog'd with Poverty at heels:  
But harder 'tis by much in *London*, where  
A sorry Lodging, coarse, and slender Fare,  
Fire, Water, Breathing, every thing is dear:  
Yet such as these an earthen Dish disdain,  
With which their Ancestors, in *Edgar's* Reign,  
Were serv'd, and thought it no disgrace to  
dine,  
Tho they were rich, had store of Leather Coin.  
Low as their Fortune is, yet they despise  
A man that walks the streets in homely Frize:

To And y

To speak the truth, great part of *England* now  
In their own Cloth will scarce vouchsafe to go:  
Only, the Statutes Penalty to save,  
Some few perhaps wear Woollen in the Grave.  
Hear all go daily drest, tho it be  
Above their Means, their Rank, and Quality:  
The most in borrow'd Gallantry are clad,  
For which the Tradesmen's Books are still un-  
paid:  
This Fault is common in the meaner sort,  
That they must needs affect to bear the Port  
Of Gentlemen, tho they want Income for't.

Sir, to be short, in this expensive Town  
There's nothing without Money to be done:  
What will you give to be admitted there,  
And brought to speech of some Court-Minister?  
What will you give to have the quarter-face,  
The squint and nodding go-by of his *Grace*?  
His Porter, Groom, and Steward must have  
Fees,

To And you may see the *Tombs*, and *Ton'r* for less:  
O 2 Hard

Hard Fate of Suitors ! who must pay, and pray  
To Livery Slaves, yet oft go scorn'd away.

Who e'er at *Barnet*, or *S. Albans* fears,  
To have his Lodging drop about his ears,  
Unless a sudden Hurricane befall,  
Or such a wind as blew old *Noll* to Hell ?  
Here we build slight, what scarce out-lasts the  
Lease,

Without the help of Props, and Buttresses :  
And Houses now adays as much require  
To be enfur'd from falling, as from Fire.  
Their Buildings are substantial, tho less neat,  
And kept with care both Wind, and Water-tight :  
There you in safe security are blest,  
And nought but Conscience, to disturb your  
Rest.

I am for living where no Fires affright,  
No Bells rung backward break my sleep at night :  
I scarce lie down, and draw my Curtains here,  
But strait I'm rous'd by the next House on Fire :  
Pale, and half-dead with Fear, my self I raise,  
And find my Room all over in a blaze ;

By

By this 'thas seiz'd on the third Stairs, and I  
Can now discern no other Remedy,  
But leaping out at Window to get free:  
For if the Mischief from the Cellar came,  
Be sure the Garret is the last, takes flame.

The moveables of P——ge were a Bed  
For him, and's Wife, a Piss-pot by its side,  
A Looking-glass upon the Cupboards Head,  
A Comb case, Candlestick, and Pewter-spoon,  
For want of Plate, with Desk to write upon:  
A Box without a Lid serv'd to contain  
Few Authors, which made up his *Vatican*:  
And there his own immortal Works were laid,  
On which the barbarous Mice for hunger  
prey'd:  
P——had nothing, all the World does know;  
And yet should he have lost this Nothing too,  
No one the wretched Bard would have suppli'd  
With Lodging, House-room, or a Crust of Bread.

But if the Fire burn down some Great Man's  
House,

All strait are interess'd in the loss:

The Court is strait in Mourning sure enough,

The act, Commencement, and the Term put off:

Then we mischances of the Town lament,

And Fasts are kept, like Judgments to prevent.

Out comes a Brief immediately, with speed

To gather Charity as far as *Tweed*.

Nay, while 'tis burning, some will send him in

Timber, and Stone to build his House agen:

Others choice Furniture: here some rare piece

Of *Rubens*, or *Vandike* presented is:

There a rich Suit of *Moreelack*-Tapestry,

A Bed of Damask, or Embroidery:

One gives a fine Scritore, or Cabinet,

Another a huge massie Dish of Plate,

Or Bag of Gold: thus he at length gets more

By kind misfortune than he had before:

And

And all suspect it for a laid Design,  
As if he did him self the Fire begin.  
Could you but be advis'd to leave the Town,  
And from dear Plays, and drinking Friends be  
drawn,

An handsom Dwelling might be had in *Kent*,  
*Surry*, or *Essex*, at a cheaper Rent  
Than what you're forc'd to give for one half  
year

To lie, like Lumber, in a Garret here:  
A Garden there and well that needs no Rope,  
Engin, or Pains to Crain its Waters up:  
Water is there thro Natures Pipes convey'd,  
For which no Custom, or Excise is paid:  
Had I the smallest Spot of Ground, which scarce  
Would Summer half a dozen Grasshoppers,  
Not larger then my Grave, tho hence remote,  
Far as *S. Michaels Mount*, I would go to't,  
Dwell there content and thank the Fates to  
boot.

Here want of Rest a nights more People  
kills  
Than all the College, and the weekly Bills:



Where none have privilege to sleep, but those,  
 Whose Purfes can compound for their Repose :  
 In vain I go to Bed, or clofe my eyes,  
 Methinks the place the middle Region is,  
 Where I lie down in Storms, in Thunder rise :  
 The reftlefs Bells fuch Din in Steeples keep,  
 That fcarce the Dead can in their Church-yards  
 fleep :

Huzza's of Drunkards, Bell-mens midnight  
 Rhimes,  
 The noife of Shops, with Hawkers early  
 Screams,  
 Besides the Brawls of Coach-men, when they  
 meet,  
 And ftop in turnings of a narrow Street,  
 Such a lowd medly of confufion make,  
 As drowfie A—r on the Bench would wake.

If you walk out in Bus'nefs ne'er fo great,  
 Ten thoufand ftops you muft expect to meet :  
 Thick crowds in every place you muft charge  
 thro,  
 And fform your Paflage, wherefoe'er you go :  
 While Tides of Followers behind you throng,  
 And, preffing on your heels, shove you along :

One

One with a Board, or Rafter hits your Head,  
Another with his Elbow bores your side;  
Some tread upon your Corns, perhaps in sport,  
Mean while your Legs are cas'd all o'er with  
Dirt.

Here you the March of a slow Funeral wait,  
Advancing to the Church with solemn State:  
There a Sedan, and Lacquies stop your way,  
That bears some Punk of Honor to the Play:  
Now you some mighty piece of Timber meet,  
Which tot'tring threatens ruin to the Street:  
Next a huge *Portland* Stone, for building *Pauls*,  
It self almost a Rock, on Carriage rows:  
Which, if it fall, would cause a Massacre,  
And serve at once to murder, and interr.

If what I've said can't from the Town affright,  
Consider other dangers of the Night:  
When Brickbats are from upper Stories thrown,  
And emptied Chamber-pots come pouring down  
From Garret Windows: you have cause to bless  
The gentle Stars, if you come off with Piss:

So many Fates attend, a man had need,  
 Ne'er walk without a Surgeon by his side:  
 And he can hardly now discreet be thought,  
 That does not make his Will, ere he go out.

If this you 'scape, twenty to one, you meet  
 Some of the drunken Scowerers of the Street,  
 Flush'd with success of warlike Deeds per-  
 form'd,

Of Constables subdu'd, and Brothels storm'd:  
 These, if a Quarrel, or a Fray be mist,  
 Are ill at ease a nights, and want their Rest.

For mischief is a Lechery to some,  
 And serves to make them sleep like *Laudanum*.  
 Yet heated, as they are, with Youth, and Wine,  
 If they discern a train of Flamboes shine,

If a Great Man with his gilt Coach appear,  
 And a strong Guard of Foot-boys in the rere,  
 The Rascals sneak, and shrink their Heads  
 for fear.

Poor me, who use no Light to walk about,  
 Save what the Praish, or the Skies hang out,

They

They value not : 'tis worth your while to hear  
The scuffle, if that be a scuffle, where  
Another gives the Blows, I only bear :  
He bids me stand : of force I must give way,  
For 'twere a senseless thing to disobey,  
And struggle here, where I'd as good oppose  
My self to P——and his Mastiffs loose.

*Who's there ?* he cries, and takes you by the  
Throat,

*Dog ! are you dumb ? Speak quickly, else my Feet*

*Shall march about your Buttocks : whence d'ye come,*

*From what bulk-riden Strumpet reeking home ?*

*Saving your reverend Pimpship, where d'ye ply ?*

*How may one have a Job of Lechery ?*

If you say any thing, or hold your peace,

And silently go off ; 'tis all a case :

Still he lays on : nay well, if you scape so :

Perhaps he'll clap an Action on you too

Of Battery, nor need he fear to meet

A Jury to his turn, shall do him right,

And

And bring him in large Damage for a Shooe  
Worn out, besides the pains, in kicking you.

A Poor Man must expect nought of redress,  
But Patience: his best in such a case  
Is to be thankful for the Drubs, and beg  
That they would mercifully spare one leg,  
Or Arm unbroke; and let him go away  
With Teeth enough to eat his Meat next day.

Nor is this all, which you have cause to fear,  
Oft we encounter midnight Padders here :  
When the *Exchanges*, and the Shops are close,  
And the rich Tradesman in his Counting-  
house

To view the Profits of the day withdraws.  
Hither in flocks from *Shooters-Hill* they come,  
To seek their Prize, and Booty nearer home :  
*Your Purse!* they cry ; 'tis madness to resist,  
Or strive, with a cock'd Pistol at your Breast :  
And these each day so strong and numerous  
grow,

The Town can scarce afford them Jail-room  
now.

Happy

Happy the times of the old *Heptarchy*,

Ere *London* knew so much of Villany:

Then fatal Carts thro *Holborn* seldom went,

And *Tyburn* with few Pilgrims was content:

A less, and single Prison then would do,

And serv'd the City, and the Country too.

These are the Reasons, Sir, which drive me  
hence,

To which I might add more, would Time dis-  
pense,

To hold you longer; but the Sun draws low,

The Coach is hard at hand, and I must go:

Therefore, dear Sir, farewel; and when the Town

From better Company can spare you down,

To make the Country with your Presence blest,

And visit your old Friend amongst the rest:

There I'll find leisure to unfold my mind

Of what Remarques I now must leave behind:

The Fruits of dear Experience, which with these

Improv'd will serve for hints, and notices;

And when you write again, may be of use

To furnish Satyr for your daring Muse.

A

# Dithyrambick.

*The Drunkards Speech in a Mask.*

Written in Aug. 1677.

*Out of the Closet of a Drunkard.*

I.

**Y**ES, you are mighty wise, I warrant  
mighty wife!

With all your godly Tricks, and Artifice,  
Who think to chouse me of my dear and pleasant  
Vice.

Hence holy Sham! in vain your fruitless Toil:  
Go, and some unexperienc'd Fop beguile,

To

To some raw ent'ring Sinner cant, and whine,  
Who never knew the worth of Drunkenness  
and Wine.

I've tried, and prov'd, and found it all Divine:

It is resolv'd, I will drink on, and die,

I'll not one minute lose, not I,

To here your troublesome Dignity:

Fill me a top full Glas, I'll drink it on the Knee,

Confusion to the next that spoils good Company.

II.

That Gulp was worth a Soul, like it, it went,

And thorowout new Life, and Vigor sent:

I feel it warm at once my Head, and Heart,

I feel it all in all, and all in every part.

Let the vile Slaves of Bus'ness toil, and strive,

Who want the Leisure, or the Wit to live;

While we Life's tedious journey shorter make,

And reap those Joys which they lack fence to  
take.

Thus



Thus live the Gods (if ought above our selves  
there be)

They live so happy, unconcern'd, and free:

Like us they sit, and with a careless Brow  
Laugh at the petty Jars of Human kind below:

Like us they spend there Age in gentle Ease,  
Like us they drink; for what were all there Hea-  
v'n, alas!

If sober, and compell'd to want that Happiness.

III.

Affist almighty Wine, for thou alone hast Power,

And other I'll invoke no more,

Affist, while with just Praise I thee adore;

Aided by thee, I dare thy worth rehearse,

In Fights above the common pitch of groveling  
Verse.

Thou art the Worlds great Soul, that heav'n-  
ly Fire,

Which dost our dull half-kindled mass inspire.

We nothing gallant, and above our selves pro-  
duce,

Till thou do'st finish Man, and Reinfuse.

Thou

Thou art the only source of all, the world calls  
great,

Thou didst the Poets first, and they the Gods  
create :

To the their Rage, their Heat, their Flame  
they owe,

Thou must half share with Art, and Nature  
too.

They own their Glory, and Renown to thee ;

Thou giv'st their Verse, and them Eternity.

Great *Alexander*, that big'st Word of Fame,

That fills her Throat, and almost rends the  
same,

Whose Valour found the World too strait a  
Stage

For his wide Victories, and boundless Rage,

Got not Repute by War alone, but thee,

He knew, he ne'er could conquer by Sobriety,

And drunk as well as fought for universal Mo-  
narchy.

IV.

Pox o' that lazy *Claret* ! how it frays ?

Were it again to pass the Seas ;

T would sooner be in Cargo here,

'Tis now a long *East India* Voyage, half a year.

P

'Sdeath !

'Sdeath ! here's a minute lost, an Age, I mean,  
 Slit by, and ne'er to be retriev'd again. |  
 For pity suffer not the precious Juice to die,  
 Let us prevent our own, and its mortality :  
 Like it, our Life with standing and Sobriety is  
 pall'd,  
 And like it too, when dead, can never be recall'd.

Push on the Glass, let it measure out each  
 hour,  
 For every Sand an Health let's pour :  
 Swift as the Rolling Orbs above,  
 And let it too as regularly move :  
 Swift as Heav'n's drunken red-faced Traveller,  
 the Sun,  
 And never rest, till his last Race be done,  
 Till time it self be all run out, and we,  
 Have drunk our selves into Eternity.

## V.

Six in a hand begin : we'll drink it twice apeece,  
 A Health to all that love, and honor Vice.  
 Six more as off to the great Founder of the Vine,  
 (A God he was, but fute, or should have been)  
 The

The second Father of Mankind I meant,  
 He, when the angry Pow'rs a Deluge sent,  
 When for their Crimes our sinfull Race was  
 drown'd,

The only bold, and vent'rous man was found,  
 Who durst be drunk agen, and with new Vice  
 the World replant.

The mighty Patriarch 'twas of blessed Me-  
 mory,  
 Who escap'd in the great Wreck of all Mortality,  
 And stock'd the Globe afresh with a brave drink-  
 ing Progeny.

In vain would spightful Nature us reclaim,  
 Who to small Drink our *M* thought fit to  
 damn,  
 And set us out o'th reach of Wine,  
 In hope strait Bounds could our vast Thirst  
 confine,

He taught us first with Ships the Seas to roam,  
 Taught us from Forein Lands to fetch supply.  
 Rare Art! that makes all the wide World our  
 Home,

Makes every Realm pay Tribute to our Luxury.

## VI.

Adieu poor tott'ring Reason! tumble down!

This Glass shall all thy proud usurping Powers  
drown,

And wit on thy cast Ruins shall erect her Throne:

Adieu, thou fond Disturber of our Life!

That check'st our Joys, with all our Pleasure  
art at strife:

I've something brisker now to govern me,

A more exalted noble Faculty,

Above thy Logick, and vain boasted Pedantry.

Inform me, if you can, ye reading Sots, what 'tis,

That guides th'unerring Deities:

They no base Reason to their Actions bring,

But move by some more high, more heaven-  
ly thing,

And are without Deliberation wise:

Ev'n such is this, at least 'tis much the same,

For which dull Schoolmen never yet could find  
a name,

Call

A DITHYRAMBICK. 413

Call ye this madness? damn that sober Fool,

(Twas sure some dull Philosopher, some rea-  
soning Tool)

Who the reproachful Term did first devise,

And brought a scandal on the best of Vice.

Go, ask me, what's the rage young Prophets feel,

When they with holy Frenzy reel:

Drunk with the Spirits of infus'd Divinity,

They rave, and stagger, and are mad, like me.

VII.

Oh, what an Ebb of Drink have we?

Bring, bring a Deluge, fill us up the Sea,

Let the vast Ocean be our mighty Cup;

We'll drink't, and all its Fishes too like Loaches  
up.

Bid the *Canary* Fleet land here: we'll pay

The Freight, and Custom too defray:

Set every man a Ship, and when the Store

Is emptied; let them strait dispatch, and Sail  
for more:

'Tis

344 AN EPITAPHIC.

'Tis gone: and now have at the Rhine,  
With all its petty Rivulets of Wine:  
The Empire's Forces with the Spanish we'll com-  
bine:  
We'll make their Drink too in confederacy joyn.  
'Ware France the next: this Round Bordeaux  
shall swallow,  
Champagne, Dagon, and Burgundy shall follow.  
Quick let's forestal Lorraine;  
We'll starve his Army, all their Quarters drain,  
And without Treaty put an end to the Cam-  
pagn.  
Go, set the Universe a tilt, turn the Globe up,  
Squeeze out the last, the flow unwilling Drop:  
A pox of empty Nature! since the World's drawn  
dry,  
'Tis time we quit mortality,  
'Tis time we now give out and die,  
Left we are plagu'd with Dulness and Sobriety.  
Beset with Link-boys, we'll in triumph go,  
A Troop of stagg'ring Ghosts down to the  
Shades below:

Drunk

Drunk we'll march off, and reel into the  
Tomb,

Natures convenient dark Retiring-Room ;

And there, from Noise remov'd, and all tumultu-  
ous strife,

Sleep out the dull Fatigue, and long Debauch of  
Life.

[ *Tries to go off, but tumbles down, and falls  
asleep.*

---

FINIS.

---



Drink water and feed into the  
Tomb

Nature's conventional, still, sitting Room

And there, with some memory, and all memory  
our time

Drop out the still, sitting, and long, long, long  
Life

I try to go off, but I can't leave, and I  
stay

FINIS

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Printed  
aga

# REMAINS

OF

Mr. *John Oldham*

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh*, at the *Golden Ball* over  
against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*. 1693.

REMAINS

OF

MR. JOHN O'BRIEN

IN

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS



BY J. H. O'BRIEN

Printed by J. H. O'BRIEN, at the 'Star and Garter' Press, No. 1, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. 2.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE Author of these following Poems being dead, the Publisher thought fit to acquaint the World, that the reason why he exposed them now in Print, was not so much for his own Interest (tho a Bookseller that disclaims Interest for a pretence, will no more be believed now adays, than a thorough paced Fanatick, that pretends he makes a journey to New England purely for Conscience sake) but for securing the reputation of Mr. Oldham; which might otherwise have suffered from worse hands, and out of a desire he has to Print the last Remains of his friend since he had the good fortune to publish first his Pieces.

He confesses it is the greatest piece of injustice to publish the posthumous Works of Authors, especially such, that we may suppose they had brought to the File and sent out with more advantages into the World, had they not been prevented by untimely death; and therefore assures you he had never presumed to Print these follow-

## Advertisement.

ing Miscellanies, had they not already been countenanced by men of unquestionable repute and esteem.

He is not of the same persuasion with several others of his own profession, that never care how much they lessen the reputation of the Poet, if they can but inbase the value of the Book ; that ransack the Studies of the deceased, and Print all that passed under the Author's hand, from Fifteen to Forty, and upwards : and (as the incomparable Mr. Cowley has exprest it ) think a rude heap of ill-placed Stones a better Monument than a neat Tomb of Marble.

---

To

To the MEMORY of  
Mr. O L D H A M.

Farewel, too little and too lately known,  
Whom I began to think and call my own;  
For sure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine  
Cast in the same Poetick mould with mine.  
One common Note on either Lyre did strike,  
And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike:  
To the same Goal did both our Studies drive,  
The last set out the soonest did arise.  
Thus *Nisus* fell upon the slippery place, (Race.  
While his young Friend perform'd and won the  
O early ripe! to thy abundant store  
What could advancing Age have added more?  
It might (what Nature never gives the young)  
Have taught the numbers of thy native Tongue.  
But Saryr needs not those, and Wit will shine  
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.  
A noble Error, and but seldom made,  
When Poets are by too much force betray'd,  
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their  
prime  
Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing time  
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of  
Rhime.  
Once more, hail and farewell; farewell you young,  
But ah too short, *Marcellus* of our Tongue;  
Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;  
But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee around.

# Authori Epitaphium.

**H**OC, ô Viator, marmore conditæ  
Charæ recumbunt Exuvie brevem  
Viventis (oh! sors dura) vitam,  
Præcoce cælum animâ petentis.  
Nec præpedita est Mens celeris diû,  
Quin Pustularum mille tumoribus  
Effloruit, portisque mille  
Præpes iter patefecit altum.  
Musarum Alumnus jam fuit, artibus  
Instructus almis, quas, studio pio,  
Atque aure quàm fidâ repostas,  
Oxonii coluit Parentis.  
Hic quadriennis præmia Filii  
Dignus recepi, Vellera candida,  
Collati Honoris signa, necnon  
Innocui simulacra cordis.  
Sed manè montis summa cacumina  
Ascendit ardens, Pierio jugo  
- Insedit, atque errore multo  
Ipsum Heliconæ scatere vidit.  
Nunc pura veri Flumina perspicit,  
Nunc mira Mundi semina concipit,  
Pulchrasque primævi figuras,  
In speculo species creante,  
At Tu, viator, Numina poscito,  
Ut dissolutis reliquiis, vaga  
Dum mens remigret, detur — ab! sit  
Terra levis, placidusque somnus.

On

# On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

## A Pindarique Pastoral Ode.

### Stanza I.

UNdoubtedly 'tis thy peculiar Fate,  
Ah, miserable *Asiragon*!

Thou art condemn'd alone  
To bear the Burthen of a wretched Life,  
Still in this howling Wilderness to roam,  
While all thy Bosom-friends unkindly go,  
And leave thee to lament them here below.

Thy dear *Alexis* would not stay,  
Joy of thy Life, and Pleasure of thine Eyes,

Dear *Alexis* went away

With an invincible Surprise;

Th' Angel like Youth early dislik'd this State,  
And chearfully submitted to his Fate.

Never did Soul of a Celestial Birth

Form a purer piece of Earth.

O that 'twere not in vain

To wish what's past might be retriev'd again!

Thy Dotage, thy *Alexis*, then

Had answer'd all thy Vows and Pray'rs,

And Crown'd with pregnant Joys thy silver Hairs,

Lov'd to this day among the living Sons of Men.

### II.

And thou, my Friend, hast left me too,

*Menalcas*! poor *Menalcas*! even thou,



Of whom so loudly Fame has spoke  
In the Records of her immortal Book,  
Whose disregarded Worth Ages to come  
Shall wail with Indignation o'er thy Tomb.  
Worthy wert thou to live, as long as Vice  
Should need a Satyr, that the frantick Age  
Might tremble at the Lash of thy poetick Rage.

Th' untutor'd World in after Times  
May live uncensur'd for their Crimes,  
Freed from the Dreads of thy reforming Pen,  
Turn'd to old *Chaos* once again.

Of all th' instructive Bards, whose more than *Theban*  
Lyre

Could savage Souls with manly Thoughts inspire,  
*Menalcas* worthy was to live.

Say, you his Fellow-Shepherds that survive,

Tell me, you mournful Swains,  
Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind,

In all these pensive Plains  
A gentler Shepherd with a braver mind:  
Which of you all did more Majestick Show,  
Or wore the Garland on a sweeter Brow?

### III.

—But wayward *Astragon* resolves no more  
The loss of his *Menalcas* to deplore:

Is altogether blest;  
There no Clouds o'erwhelm his Breast,  
No midnight Cares can break his Rest;  
For all is everlasting cheerful Dawn.  
The Poet's Bliss there shall he long possess,  
Perfect Ease and soft Recess;

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The treacherous World no more shall him deceive,  
Of Hope and Fortune he has taken Leave:  
And now in mighty Triumph does he reign,  
    (His Head adorn'd with Beams of Light)  
O'er the unthinking Rabble's Spight,  
And the dull wealthy Fool's disdain.  
Thrice happy he that dies the Muses Friend,  
He needs no *Obelisque*, no Pyramid  
    His sacred Dust to hide;  
He needs not for his Memory to provide;  
For he might well foresee his Praise can never end:

Thomas Flatman.

---

### *In Memory of the Author.*

Take this short-summon'd loose unfinished Verse  
Cold as thy Tomb, and sudden as thy Herse;  
From my sick-Thoughts thou canst no better crave,  
Who scarce drag Life, and envy thee thy Grave.  
Me *Phæbus* always faintly did inspire,  
And gave my narrow Breast more scanty Fire.  
My *Hybla* Muse through humble Meads sought  
Collecting little Sweets with mighty Toil; (Spoil,  
Yet when some Friend's just Famedid Theme afford,  
Her Voice amongst the tow'ring Swans was heard,  
In vain for such Attendance now I call,  
My Ink o'erflows with Spleen, my Blood with Gall;  
Yet,

Yet, sweet *Alexis*, my Esteem of thee  
 Was equal to thy Worth and Love for me.  
 Death is my Gain—that Thought affects me most,  
 I care not what th' ill-natur'd World has lost.  
 For Wit with thee expir'd, how shall I grieve?  
 Who grudge th' ingrateful Age what thou didst  
 The Tribute of their Verse let others send, (leave,  
 And mourn the Poet gone, I mourn the Friend.  
 Enjoy the Fate—thy Predecessors come,  
*Cowley* and *Butler* to conduct thee home.  
 Who would not (*Butler* cries) like me engage  
 New Worlds of Wit to serve a grateful Age?  
 For such Rewards what Task will Authors shun?  
 I pray, Sir, is my *Monument* begun?  
 Enjoy thy Fate, thy Voice in Anthems raise;  
 So well tun'd here on Earth to our *Apollo's* Praise:  
 Let me retire, while some sublimer Pen  
 Performs for thee what thou hast done for *Homer*  
 and for *Ben*.

N. T.

---

*On the ensuing Poems of Mr. John Oldham,  
 and the Death of his good Friend the ingenious  
 Author.*

O Bscure and cloudy did the day appear,  
 As Heaven design'd to blot it from the year;  
 The Elements all seem'd to disagree,  
 At least, I'm sure, they were at strife in me:

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Posselt with Spleen, which Melancholy bred,  
When Rumor told me that my Friend was dead,  
That *Oldham* honour'd for his early Worth,  
Was cropt, like a sweet Blossom from the Earth,  
Where late he grew, delighting every Eye  
In his rare Garden of Philosophy.  
The fatal Sound new Sorrows did infuse,  
And all my Grievs were doubled at the News:  
For we with mutual Arms of Friendship strove,  
Friendship the true and solid part of Love;  
And he so many Graces had in store,  
That Fame or Beauty could not bind me more.  
His Wit in his immortal Verse appears,  
Many his Virtues were, tho' few his Years;  
Which were so spent as if by Heaven contriv'd,  
To lash the Vices of the longer liv'd.  
None was more skilful, none more learn'd than he,  
A Poet in its sacred Quality:  
Inspir'd above, and could command each Passion,  
Had all the Wit without the Affectation.  
A Calm of Nature still posselt his Soul,  
No canker'd Envy did his Breast controul:  
Modest as Virgins that have never known  
The jilting Breeding of the nauseous Town;  
And easie as his Numbers that sublime  
His lofty Strains, and beautifie his Rhime,  
Till the Time's Ignominy inspir'd his Pen,  
And rouz'd the drowsie Satyr from his Den;  
Then fluttering Fops were his Aversion still,  
And felt the Power of his Satyrick Quill.  
The Spark, whose Noise proclaims his empty Pate,  
That struts along the *Mall* with antick Gate;  
And

And all the *Phyllis* and the *Chloris* Fools  
 Were damn'd by his invective Muse in Shoals.  
 Who on the Age look'd with impartial Eyes,  
 And aim'd not at the Person, but the Vice.  
 To all true Wit he was a constant Friend,  
 And as he well could judge, could well commend.  
 The mighty *Homer* he with Care perus'd,  
 Adm that great *Genius* to the World infus'd;  
 Immortal *Virgil*, and *Lucretius* too,  
 And all the Seeds o'th' Soul his Reason knew:  
 Like *Ovid*, could the Ladies Hearts assail,  
 With *Horace* sing, and lash with *Juvenal*.  
 Unskill'd in nought that did with Learning dwell,  
 But Pride to know he understood it well.  
 Adieu thou modest Type of perfect Man;  
 Ah, had not thy Perfections that began  
 In Life's bright Morning been eclips'd so soon,  
 We all had bask'd and wanton'd in thy Noon;  
 But Fate grew envious of thy growing Fame,  
 And knowing Heav'n from whence thy *Genius* came,  
 Assign'd thee by immutable Decree  
 A glorious Crown of Immortality.  
 Snatch'd thee from all thy mourning Friends below,  
 Just as the Bays were planting on thy Brow.  
 Thus worldly Merit has the Worlds Regard;  
 But Poets in the next have their Reward;  
 And Heaven in *Oldham's* Fortune seem'd to show,  
 No Recompence was good enough below:  
 So to prevent the Worlds ingrateful Crimes,  
 Enrich'd his Mind, and bid him die betimes.

T. Durfey.

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## On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

**H**Ark! is it only my prophetic Fear,  
Or some Death's sad Alarum that I hear?  
By all my Doubts 'tis *Oldham's* fatal Knell;  
It rings aloud, eternally farewell:  
Farewel thou mighty *Genius* of our Isle,  
Whose forward Parts made all our Nation smile,  
In whom both Wit and Knowledge did conspire,  
And Nature gaz'd as if she did admire,  
How such few years such Learning could acquire:  
Nay seem'd concern'd that we should hardly find  
So sharp a Pen, and so serene a Mind.  
Oh then lament; let each distracted Breast  
With universal Sorrow be possess'd.  
Mourn, mourn, ye Muses, and your Songs give o'er;  
For now your lov'd *Adonis* is no more.  
He whom ye tutor'd from his Infant years,  
Cold, pale and ghastly as the Grave appears:  
He whom ye bath'd in your lov'd murmuring  
Stream,  
Your daily pleasure; and your mighty Theme,  
Is now no more; the Youth, the Youth is dead,  
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled;  
Fled ere his Worth or Merit was half known;  
No sooner seen, but in a moment gone:  
Like to some tender Plant, which rear'd with Care,  
At length becomes more fragrant, and most fair;  
Long

Long does it thrive, and long its Pride maintain,  
 Esteem'd secure from Thunder, Storm or Rain;  
 Then comes a Blast, and all the Work is vain. }  
 But Oh! my Friend, must we no more rehearse  
 Thy equal Numbers in thy pleasing Verse?  
 In Love how soft, in Satyr how severe?  
 In Passion moving, and in Rage austere  
*Virgil* in Judgment, *Ovid* in Delight,  
 An easie Thought with a *Meonian* Flight;  
*Horace* in Sweetness, *Juvenal* in Rage,  
 And even *Biblis* must each Heart engage!  
 Just in his Praises, and what most desire,  
 Won'd flatter none for Greatness, Love, or Hire;  
 Humble, though courted, and what's rare to see,  
 Of wondrous Worth, yet wondrous Modesty.  
 So far from Ostentation he did seem,  
 That he was meanest in his own Esteem,  
 Alas, young man, why wert thou made to be  
 At once our Glory and our Misery?  
 Our Misery in losing thee is more  
 Than could thy Life our Glory be before:  
 For shou'd a Soul celestial Joys possess,  
 And straight be banish'd from that Happiness,  
 Oh, where would be its Pleasure? where its Gain?  
 The Bliss once tasted but augments the Pain:  
 So having once so great a Prize in thee,  
 How much the heavier must our Sorrows be?  
 For if such Flights were in thy younger Days,  
 What if thou'dst liv'd, O what had been thy Praise? }  
 Eternal Wreaths of never dying Bays:  
 But those are due already to thy Name,  
 Which stands enroll'd in the Records of Fame;  
 And

And though thy great Remains to Ashes turn,  
With lasting Praises we'll supply thy Urn,  
Which like Sepulchral Lamps shall ever burn.

But hold! methinks, great Shade, I see thee rove  
Through the smooth Path of Plenty, Peace and  
Love;

Where *Ben* salutes thee first, o'erjoy'd to see  
The Youth that sung his Fame and Memory:  
Great *Spencer* next, with all the learned Train,  
Do greet thee in a Panegyrick Strain:  
*Adonis* is the Joy of all the Plain.

*Tho. Andrews.*

## DAMON, an ECLOGUE

*On the untimely Death of Mr. Oldham.*

*Corydon. Alexis.*

**B**eneath a dismal Yew the Shepherds sat, (Fate?  
And talk'd of *Damon's* Muse and *Damon's*  
Their mutual Lamentations gave them Ease;  
For sometimes Melancholy it self does please:  
Like *Philomel* abandon'd to distress,  
Yet ev'n their Griefs in Musick they express.

*Cor.* I'll sing no more since Verses want a  
Charm,

The Muses could not their own *Damon* arm:

*As*



At least I'll touch this useless Pipe no more,  
Unless, like *Orpheus*, I could Shades restore.

A. Rather, like *Orpheus* celebrate your Friend,  
And with your Musick Hell it self suspend;  
Tax *Proserpine* of Cruelty and Hate;  
And sing of *Damon's* Muse, and *Damon's* Fate.

C. When *Damon* sung, he sung with such a Grace/  
Lord, how the very *London* brutes did gaze!  
Sharp was his Satyr, nor allay'd with Gall;  
'Twas Rage, 'twas generous Indignation all.

A. Oh had he liv'd, and to Perfection grown,  
Not like *Marcellus*, only to be shown;  
He would have charm'd their Sense a nobler way,  
Taught Virgins how to sigh, and Priests to pray,

C. Let Priests and Virgins then to him address,  
And in their Songs their Gratitude express,  
While we that know the Worth of easie Verse,  
Secure the Laurel to adorn his Herse. (wear,

A. *Codrus*, you know, that sacred Badge does  
And 'twere injurious not to leave it there;  
But since no Merit can strike Envy dumb,  
Do you with *Baccar*, guard and grace his Tomb.

C. While you (dear Swain) with unaffected  
Majestick, sad, and suited to the Time, (Rhime,  
His Name to future Ages consecrate,  
By praising of his Muse, and mourning of his Fate.

A. Alas, I never must pretend to this,  
My Pipe scarce knows a Tune but what is his:  
Let future Ages then for *Damon's* sake,  
From his own Works a just *Idea* take.

Yet

Yet then, but like *Alcides* he'll be shown,  
And from his meanest part his Size be known.

C. 'Twill be your Duty then to set it down.

A. Once and but once (so Heaven and Fate ordain)

I met the gentle Youth upon the Plain,  
Kindly, cries he, if you *Alexis* be,  
And though I know you not you must be he;  
Too long already we have Strangers been,  
This Day, at least, our Friendship must begin.

Let Business, that perverse Intruder, wait,  
To be above it is poetical and great.

Then with *Affyrian* Nard our Heads did shine,

While rich *Sabeian* Spice exalts the Wine;

Which to a just Degree our Spirits fir'd;

But he was by a greater God inspir'd:

Wit was the Theme, which he did well describe,

With Modesty unusual to his Tribe.

But as with ominous Doubts, and aking Heart,

When Lovers after first Enjoyment part,

Not half content; for this was but a Taste,

And wond'ring how the Minutes flew so fast,

They vow a Friendship that shall ever last.

So we —— but oh how much am I accus'd!

To think that this last Office is my first.

B

*Occasioned*

*Occasioned by the present Edition of the  
ensuing Poems, and the Death of the  
ingenious Author.*

Curs'd be the day when first this Godly life  
Vile Books, and useless thinking did defile.  
In Greek and Latin Bogs our Time we waste,  
VWhen all is Pain and Weariness at best!  
Mountains of Whims and Doubts we travel o'er,  
VWhile treacherous Fancy dances on before:  
Pleas'd with our Danger still we stumble on,  
Too late repent, and are too soon undone.  
Let *Bodley* now in its own ruins lie,  
By th' common Hangman burnt for Heresie.  
Avoid the hasty learned dust, 'twill breed  
More Plagues than ever Jakes or Dunghills did.  
The want of Dullness will the VWorld undo,  
'Tis learning makes us mad and Rebels too.  
Learning, a Jilt which while we do enjoy,  
Slily our Rest and Quiet steals away;  
That greedily the Blood of Youth receives,  
And nought but Blindness and a Dotage gives.  
VVorse than the Pox, or scolding VWoman fly  
The awkward Madness of Philosophy.  
That *Bedlam Bess*, Religion never more  
Phantastick, pie ball'd, antick Dresses wore:  
Opinion, Pride, Moroseness gives a Fame;  
'Tis Folly, christen'd with a modish Name.

Let

Let dull Divinity no more delight;  
It spoils the Man, and makes an *Hypocrite*.  
The chief Professors to Preferment fly,  
By Cringe and Scrape, the basest *Simony*.  
The humble Clown will best the Gospel teach,  
And *inspir'd* Ign'rance sounder Doctrines preach.  
A way to Heaven mere Nature well does shew,  
VVhich reasoning and Disputes can never know.  
Yet still proud Tyrant *Señe* in Pomp appears,  
And claims a Tribute of full threescore Years.  
Sew'd in a Sack, with Darkness circ'd round,  
Each man must be with *Snakes* and *Monkeys* drown'd:  
Laborious Folly, and compendious Art,  
To waste that Life whose longest Date's too short.  
Laborious Folly, to wind up with Pain,  
VVhat Death unravels soon, and renders vain.  
We blindly hurry on in Mystick ways,  
Nor wisely tread the Paths of solid Praise.  
There's nought deserves one precious drop of  
But Poetry, the noblest Gift of Fate, (sweat,  
Which after Death does a more lasting Life beget.  
Not that which sudden, frantick Heats produce,  
VVhere Wine and Pride, not Heaven, shall raise the  
Muse.

Not that small Stock which does Translators make;  
That Trade poor Bankrupt Poetasters take:  
But such, when God his *Fiat* did expresse,  
And powerful Numbers wrought an Universe.  
VVith such great *David* tun'd his charming Lyre,  
That even *Saul* and *Madness* could admire.  
VVith such great *Oldham* bravely did excel,  
That *David's* Lamentation sung so well.

*Oldham* ! the Man that could with Judgment write,  
 Our *Oxford's* Glory, and the World's Delight.  
 Sometimes in boundless keenest Satyr bold,  
 Sometimes as soft as those Love-*tales* he told.  
 That Vice could praise, and Virtue too disgrace;  
 The first *Excess* of Wit that e'er did please.  
 Scarce *Cowley* such Pindarique soaring knew,  
 Yet by his Reader still was kept in view.  
 His Fancy, like *Jove's* Eagle, liv'd above,  
 And bearing Thunder still would upward move.  
 Oh noble *Kingston* ! had thy lovely Guest  
 With a large stock of Youth and Life been blest;  
 Not all thy Greatness, or thy Vertues store  
 Had surer Comforts been, or pleas'd thee more.  
 But Oh ! the date is short of mighty Worth,  
 And Angels never tarry long on Earth.  
 His soul, the bright, the pure *Etherial* Flame  
 To those lov'd Regions flew, from whence it came.  
 And spight of what Mankind had long believ'd,  
 My Creed says only Poets can be sav'd.  
 That God has only for a number staid,  
 To stop the breach, which Rebel Angels made.  
 For none their absence can so well supply;  
 They are all o'er Seraphick Harmony.  
 Then, and not that till then the World shall burn,  
 And its base Dross, Mankind, their fortune mourn,  
 While all to their old nothing quick return.  
 The peevish Critick then shall be asham'd,  
 And for his *Sins* of Vanity be damn'd.

*Oxon, May the 26th. 1684.*

*T. Wood.*

On the Death of Mr. Oldham,

A PASTORAL.

ON the Remains of an old blasted Oak  
Unmindful of himself *Menalcas* lean'd;  
He sought not now in heat the shades of Trees,  
But shun'd the flowing Rivers pleasing Bank.  
His Pipe and Hook lay scatter'd on the Grass:  
Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,  
Left to themselves they wandred out at large:  
In this lamenting state Young *Corydon*  
(His Friend and Dear Companion of his Hour)  
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cause.

*Corydon.*

Thee have I sought in every shady Grove,  
By purling Streams, and in each private Place,  
Where we have us'd to sit and talk of Love.  
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,  
By Lightning blasted and by Thunder rent?  
What cursed Chance has turn'd thy chearful Mind?  
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me?  
But I would comfort and not chide my Friend:  
Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a Part.

B 3

*Menalcas.*

*Menalcas,*

Young *Astrophel* is dead, Dear *Astrophel*,  
He that could Tune so well his charming Pipe.  
To hear whose Lays Nymphs left their Crystal  
Spring,  
The *Fawns* and *Dryades* forsook the VVoods,  
And hearing, all were ravish'd: Swiftest Streams  
With-held their Course to hear the Heavenly Sound,  
And murmur'd, when by following Waves prest on,  
The following VVaves forcing their Way to hear,  
Ost the Fierce wolf pursuing of the Lamb,  
Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,  
Left the Pursuit rather than lose the Sound.  
Of his alluring Pipe: The Harmless Lamb  
Forgot his Nature and forsook his Fear,  
Stood by the Wolf and listned to the Sound.  
He could command a general Peace and Nature  
would obey.

This Youth, this Youth is dead, the same Disease,  
That carried sweet *Orinda* from the VVorld,  
Seiz'd upon *Astrophel*: Oh Let these Tears  
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,  
And let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

*Corydon.*

VVeep on *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires  
The Tears of all Mankind: General the Loss,  
And General the Grief, except by Fame  
I knew him nor, but surely this is he,

VVho

Who Sung learn'd \*Collin's, or great \*Ægon's \*Spencer  
Praise?

Dead ere he liv'd, yet have new Life from  
him.

Did he not mourn lamented \*Bion's Death; \*Rochester.  
In Verse equal to what Bion wrote;

*Menalcas.*

Yet this was he (oh that I say he was)

He that could sing the Shepherds deeds so well.

VVhether to praise the Good he turn'd his Pen,

Or last the egregious Folly of the Bad,

In both he did excel.

His happy Genius bid him take the Pen,

And dictated more fast than he could write,

Sometimes becoming Negligence adorn'd

His Verse, and Nature shew'd they were her own,

Yet Art he us'd, where Art could useful be,

But sweated not to be correctly dull.

*Corydon.*

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer thread,

Adding Experience to that wondrous Fraught

Of Youthful Vigor, how would he have wrought!

*Menalcas.*

VVe wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares,

I mourn his Death, the loss of such a Friend:

But for himself he dyed in the best Hour,

B 4

And



And carryed with him ev'ry mans Applause,  
Youth meets not with Detractions blotting hand,  
Nor suffers ought from Envy's canker'd Mind.  
Had he known Age, he would have seen the World,  
Put on its ugliest but its truest Face:  
Malice had watch'd the Droppings of his Pen,  
And ignorant Youths, who would for Criticks pass,  
Had thrown their scornful Jests upon his Vene,  
And censur'd what they did not understand,  
Such was not my Dear *Astrophel*: he's dead,  
And I shall quickly follow him, what's Death,  
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream?  
Wrapt in a lasting Darkness, and exempt  
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Passion,

*Corydon.*

See thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,  
They mourn the Death of *Astrophel* in Tears.  
Thy Sheep return'd from straying, round they gaze,  
And wonder at thy mourning: Drive them Home,  
And tempt thy troubled mind with easing Sleep.  
To Morrow chearful Light may give thee Comfort.

To

Mr

B

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To the MEMORY of  
Mr. JOHN OLDHAM

BUT that 'tis dangerous for Man to be  
Too busie with Immutable Decree,  
I could, dear Friend, ev'n blame thy cruel Doom,  
That lent so much, to be requir'd so soon :  
The Flow'rs, in which the *Meads* are drest so gay,  
Altho' they are short liv'd, they live a Day ;  
Thou, in the Noon of Life wert snatch'd away :  
Though not before thy Verse had Wonders shown,  
And bravely made the Age to come thine own !  
The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,  
Were not so charming, not so sweet as thine ;  
They quickly perish ; yours was still the same,  
An Everlasting, but a Lambent Flame ;  
Which something so resistless did impart,  
It still through ev'ry Ear, won ev'ry Heart :  
Unlike the Wretch that *strives* to get Esteem,  
Nay, thinks it fine and Janty to blaspheme,  
And can be witty on *no* other Theme ;  
Ah Foolish men, ( whom thou didst still despise )  
That must be wicked to be counted wise !  
But thy Converse was from this Errour free ;  
And yet, 'twas ev'ry thing true Wit can be :  
None had it, but, ev'n with a Tear, does own,  
The Soul of dear Society is gone.

But

But while we thus thy Native Sweetness sing,  
VVe ought not to forget thy Native Sting :  
Thy Satyr spar'd no Follies, nor no Crimes ;  
Satyr ! the best Reformer of the Times !  
How wide shoot they, that strive to blast thy Fame,  
By saying, that thy Verse was rough and lame !  
They would have Satyr their Compassion move,  
And writ so plyant, nicely, and so smooth,  
As if the Muse were in a Flux of Love :  
But who of Knaves, and Fops, and Fools would  
Must Force and Fire, and Indignation bring : (sing,  
For 'tis no Satyr, if it has no Sting :  
In short, who in that Field would Famous be,  
Must think, and write like *Juvenal* and Thee.  
Let others boast of all the Mighty Nine,  
To make their Labours with more Lustre shine,  
I never had no other Muse but Thee ;  
Ev'n thou wert all the Mighty Nine to me :  
'Twas thy dear Friendship did my Breast inspire,  
And warm'd it first with a Poetick Fire ;  
But 'tis a warmth that does with Thee expire :  
For when the Sun is set that guides the Day,  
The Traveller must stop, or lose his Way.

Robert Gould.

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**COUN-**

**COUNTERPART**  
**TO THE**  
**SATYR** against *VERTUE*  
 In Person of the Author.

## I.

**P**ardon me, Vertue, whatsoe'er thou art  
 (For sure thou of the God-head art a part,  
 And all that is of him must be  
 The very Deity)

Pardon, if I in ought did thee blaspheme,  
 Or injure thy pure Sacred Name :

Accept unfeign'd Repentance, Prayers and Vows,  
 The best Atonement of my penitent humble Muse,  
 The best that Heaven requires, or Mankind can pro-  
 duce.

All my Attempts hereafter shall at thy Devotion be.  
 Ready to consecrate my Ink and very Blood to thee,  
 Forgive me, ye blest Souls that dwell above,  
VVhere

Where you by its reward the worth of Vertue prove,

Forgive (if you can do't) who know no Passion now  
(but Love.

And you unhappy happy few,

Who strive with Life, and Humane Miseries below,

Forgive me too,

If I in ought disparag'd them, or else discourag'd you.

## II.

Blest Vertue ! whose Almighty Power

Does to our fallen Race restore

All that in Paradise, we lost, and more,

Lifts us to Heaven, and makes us be

The Heirs and Image of the Deity.

Soft gentle Yoke! which none but resty Fools refuse,

Which before freedom I would ever chuse,

Easie are all the Bonds that are impos'd by thee ;

Easie as those of Lovers are,

(If I with ought less pure may thee compare )

Nor do they force, but only guide our Liberty.

By such soft Ties are Spirits above confin'd ;

So

*The Satyr against Virtue.*



So gentle is the Chain which them to Good does  
bind.

Sure Card, whereby this frail and tott'ring Bark we

Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here ;

Thro' all the tossing Waves of Fear,

And dangerous Rocks of black Despair,

Safe in thy Conduct unconcern'd we move,

Secure from all the Threatning Storms that blow,

From all Attacks of Chance below,

And reach the certain Haven of Felicity above.

III.

Best Mistresses of our Souls ! whose Charms and Beau-

And are by very Age increas't,

By which all other Glories are defac'd.

Thou'rt thy own Dowry, and a greater far

Than All the Race of Woman kind e'er brought,

Tho' each of them like the first Wife were fraught,

And half the Universe did for her Portion share.

That tawdry Sex, which giddy senseless we

Thro' Ignorance so vainly Deifie,

Are



4

## Counterpart to

Are all but glorious Brutes when un-endowed with

'Tis Vice alone, the truer Jilt, and worse. (thee.

In whose Enjoyment tho' we find

A flitting Pleasure, yet it leaves behind

A Pain and Torture in the Mind,

And claps the wounded Conscience with incurable  
Remorse,

(Kind,  
Or else betrays us to the great Trepan of Humane

## IV.

'Tis Vice the greater Thralldom, harder Drudgery,

Whereby deposing Reason from its gentle Sway,

(That rightful Sovereign which we should obey)

VVe undergo a various Tyranny,

And to un-number'd servile Passions Homage pay,

These with *Aegyptian* Rigor us enslave,

And govern with unlimited command;

They make us endless Toil pursue,

And still their doubled Tasks renew,

To push on our too hasty Fate, and build our Grave,

Or which is worse, to keep us from the Promis'd Land.

Nor

*The Satyr against Virtue.*

5

Nor may we think our Freedom to retrieve,

We struggle with our heavy Yoak in vain :

In vain we strive to break that Chain,

Unless a Miracle relieve ;

Unless the Almighty Wand enlargement give,

We never must expect Delivery,

Till Death, the universal Writ of Ease, does set us free!

V.

Some sordid Avarice in Vassallage confines,

Like *Roman* Slaves condemn'd to th'Mines;

These are in its harsh *Bridewel* fash'd and punished,

And with hard Labour scarce can earn their Bread,

Others Ambition, that Imperious Dame,

Exposes cruelly, like Gladiators, here

Upon the World's Great Theatre.

Thro' Dangers and thro' Bloud they wade to Fame,

To purchase grinning Honour and an empty Name,

And some by Tyrant Lust are Captive led,

And with false Hopes of Pleasure fed ;

C

Till

'Till tir'd with Slavery to their own Desires,  
 Life's o'er-charg'd Lamp goes out, and in a Snuff ex-  
 (pires.

## VI.

Consider we the little Arts of Vice,  
 The Stratagems and Artifice

Whereby she does attract her Votaries :

All those Allurements and those Charms,  
 Which pimp Transgressors to her Arms,  
 Are but foul Paint, and counterfeit Disguise,  
 To palliate her own conceal'd Deformities,  
 And for false empty Joys betray us to true solid  
 In vain she would her Dowry boast, <sup>(Harms,</sup>

Which clog'd with Legacies we never gain,  
 But with unvaluable Cost ;

Which got we never can retain ;

But must the greatest part be lost,

To the great Bubbles, Age or Chance, again.

'Tis vastly overballanc'd by the Joynture which we  
 make,

In which our lives, our souls, our All is set at stake,  
 Like

*The Satyr against Virtue.*

7

Like silly *Indians*, foolish we

With a known Cheat, a losing Traffick hold,

Whilst led by an ill-judging Eye,

W' admire a trifling Pageantry,

And merchandize our Jewels and our Gold,

For worthless Glasse and Beads, or an *Exchange's*

Frippery.

If we a while maintain th' expensive Trade,

Such mighty Impost on the Cargo's laid,

Such a vast Custom to be paid,

We're forc'd at last like wretched Bankrupts to give

Clapt up by Death, and in Eternal Durance shut :

VII,

What art thou, Fame, for which so eagerly we strive?

What art thou but an empty Shade

By the Reflection of our Actions made?

Thou, unlike others, never follow'st us alive;

But like a Ghost, walk'st only after we are dead.

C 2

Post

8

*Counterpart to*

Posthumous Toy ! vain after Legacy !

Which only ours can be,

When we ourselves no more are we !

Fickle as vain ! who dust on vulgar Breath depend,

Which we by dear experience find

More changeable, more veering than the unconstant Wind.

What art thou, Gold, that clear'st the Miser's eyes ?

Which he does so devoutly idolize ;

For whom he all his Rest and Ease does sacrifice.

'Tis Use alone can all thy value give,

And he from that no Benefit can e'er receive.

Curst Mineral ! near Neigh'bring Hell begot,

Which all th' Infection of thy damned Neighbourhood hast brought.

Thou Baud to Murthers, Rapes and Treachery,

And every greater Name of Villany ;

From thee they all derive their Stock and Pedigree,

Thou the lewd World with all its crying Crimes dost store,

And hardly wilt allow the Devil the cause of more.

And

*The Satyr against Virtue* . 9

And what is Pleasure which does most beguile ?  
That Syren which betrays us with a flattering  
Smile:  
We listen to the treacherous Harmony,  
Which sings but our own Obsequy.  
The danger unperceiv'd till Death draw nigh;  
Till drowning we want Pow'r to 'scape the fatal  
Enemy.

VIII.

How frantick is the wanton Epicure !  
Who a perpetual Surfeit will endure ?  
Who places all his chiefest Happiness  
In the Extravagancies of Excess,  
Which wise Sobriety esteems but a Disease ?  
O mighty envied Happiness to eat !  
Which fond mistaken Sots call Great !  
Poor Frailty of our Flesh ! which we each day  
Must thus repair for fear of ruinous decay !  
Degrading of our Nature, where vile Brutes are  
To make and keep up Man ! (fain)

C 3

Which

Which, when the Paradise above we gain,  
 Heav'n thinks too great an Imperfection to retain!  
 By each Disease the sickly Joy's destroy'd;  
 At every Meal it's nauseous and cloy'd,  
 Empty at best, as when in Dream enjoy'd;  
 When, cheated by a slumbering Imposture, we  
 Fantasie a Feast, and great *Regalio's* by;  
 And think we taste, and think we see,  
 And riot on imaginary Luxury.

## I X.

Grant me, O Virtue, thy more solid lasting Joy;  
 Grant me the better Pleasures of the Mind,  
 Pleasures, which only in pursuit of thee we find,  
 Which Fortune cannot marr, nor Chance destroy  
 One Moment in thy blest Enjoyment is  
 Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliss,  
 Which we derive from Sense,  
 Which often cloy's, and must resign to Impotence.  
 Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy  
 State?

Above

*The Satyr against Virtue.* 11

Above the Changes and Reverse of Fate;

Above her Favours and her Hate.

I'll scorn the worthless Treasures of *Peru*,

And those of t'other *Indies* too.

(Fame,  
I'll pity *Cæsar's* self with all his Trophies and his  
And the vile brutish Herd of Epicures contemn,

And all the Under-shrievalties of Life not worth a

Nor will I only owe my Bliss, (Name.

Like others, to a Multitude,

Where Company keeps up a forced Happiness;

Should all Mankind surcease to live,

And none but individual I survive,

Alone I would be happy, and enjoy my Solitude.

Thus shall my Life in pleasant Minutes wear,

Calm as the Minutes of the Evening are,

And gentle as the motions of the upper Air:

Soft as my Muse, and unconfin'd as she,

When flowing in the numbers of *Pindarique* liberty.

And when I see pale ghastly Death appear,

That grand inevitable Test which all must bear,

C 4

Which



Which best distinguishes the blest and wretched  
here;

(tiny,  
I'll smile at all its Horrors, court my welcome De-

And yield my willing Soul up in an easie Sigh;

And Epicures that see shall envy and confels,

That I, and those who dare like me be good, the  
chiefest Good possels.

*Virg.*

## Virg. ECLOGUE VIII.

*The Enchantment.*

Poet, *Damon*, *Alpheus*, Speakers.

**D** *Amon* and *Alpheus*, the two Shepherds Strains  
I mean to tell, and how they charm'd the Plains.

I'll tell their charming Numbers which the Herd,

Unmindful of their Grass, in Throngs admir'd.

At which fierce Savages astonish'd stood,

And every River stopt its list'ning Flood.

For you, Great *Sir*, whether with Cannons Roar

You spread your Terror to the *Holland* Shore.

Or with a gentle and a steady hand

In Peace and Plenty rule your Native Land.

Shall ever that auspicious Day appear,

When I your glorious Actions shall declare ?

It

It shall, and I throughout the World rehearse  
 Their Fame, fit only for a *Spencer's Verse*.  
 With you my Muse began, with you shall end:  
 Accept my Verse that waits on your Command;  
 And deign this Ivy Wreath a place may find  
 Among the Laurels which your Temples bind:

(drew,  
 'Twas at the time that Night's cool shades with-  
 And left the Grass all hung with Pearly Dew;  
 When *Damon*, leaning on his Oaken Wand,  
 Thus to his Pipe in gentle Lays complain'd.

D. Arise, thou Morning, and drive on the Day,  
 While wretched I with fruitless words inveigh  
 Against false *Nisa*, while the Gods I call  
 With my last Breath, tho' hopeless to avail,  
 Tho' they regard not my Complaints at all.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains  
 What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.  
*Menalus* ever has its warbling Groves,  
 And taking Pines, it ever hears the Loves

Of

Of Shepherds, and the Notes of Mighty Pan,

The first that would not let the Reeds untun'd re<sup>2</sup>

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains* (main.

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Mopsus weds Nisa, Gods! What Lover e'er

Need after this have reason to despair?

Griffins shall now leap Mares, and the next Age

The Deer and Hounds in Friendship shall engage.

Go, Mopsus, get the Torches ready soon;

Thou, happy Man, must have the Bride anon.

Go, Bridegroom, quickly, the Nut scramble make,

The Evening-star quits Oeta for thy sake.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains*

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

How fitly art thou match'd who wast so nice!

Thou haughty Nymph who did'st all else despise!

Why slight'st so scornfully my Pipe, my Herd,

My rough grown Eye-brows, and unshaven Beard,

And think'st no God does mortal things regard.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains*

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.* I

I saw thee young, and in thy Beauty's Bloom,  
 To gather Apples with thy Mother, come,  
 'Twas in our Hedg-rows, I was there with Pride,  
 To shew you to the best, and be your Guide.  
 Then I just entring my twelfth Year was found,  
 I then could reach the tender Boughs from ground.  
 Heav'ns ! when I saw, how soon was I undone !  
 How to my heart did the quick Poyson run !

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains*

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Now I'm convinc'd what Love is ; the cold North  
 Sure in its craggy Mountains brought him forth,  
 Or Africk's wildest Desarts gave him Birth,  
 Amongst the Cannibals and Savage Race ;  
 He never of our Kind, or Country was.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains*

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Dire Love did once a Mother's Hand embroe  
 In Children's Blood ; a cruel Mother, thou ;  
 Hard 'tis to say of both which is the worst,  
 The cruel Mother, or the Boy accurst. He

He a curst Boy, a cruel Mother thou;

The Devil a whit to chuse betwixt the two.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains*

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Let Wolves by Nature shun the Sheep-folds now

On the rough Oaks let Oranges now grow:

Let the coarse Alders bear the Daffadill,

And costly Amber from the Thorn distil:

Let Owls match Swans, let *Tyrus Orpheus* be,

In the Woods *Orpheus*, and *Arion* on the Sea:

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains*

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Let all the World turn Sea, the Woods adieu!

To some high Mountains top I'll get me now,

And thence my self into the Waters throw.

There quench my Flames, and let the cruel She

Accept this my last dying Will and Legacy.

*Cease now my Pipe, cease now those warbling Strains*

*Which I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

This

This *Damon's* Song; relate ye *Muses* now

*Alpheus* Reply: All cannot all things do.

*A.* Bring Holy Water, sprinkle all around,

And see these Altars with soft Fillets bound:

Male-Frankincense, and juicy Vervain burn,

I'll try if I by Magick force can turn

My stubborn Love: I'll try if I can fire

His frozen Breast: Nothing but Charms are wanting <sup>(here</sup>

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*

*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Charms in her wonted Course can stop the Moon,

And from her well-fix'd Orb can call her down.

By Charms the mighty *Circe* (we are told)

*Ulysses* fam'd Companions chang'd of old.

Snakes, by the Vertue of Enchantment forc'd,

Oft in the Meads with their own Poison burst.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*

*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

First,

First, these three several Threads I compass round  
Thy Image, thus in Magick Fetters bound :  
Then round these Altars thrice thy Image bear ;  
Odd Numbers to the Gods delightful are.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,  
Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Go tie me in three knots three Ribands now,  
And let the Ribands be of diff'rent Hue :  
Go, *Amargyllis*, tie them strait, and cry,  
At the same time, They're true love knots, I tye.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,  
Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Look how this Clay grows harder, and look how  
With the same Fire this Wax doth softer grow ;  
So *Daphnis*, let him with my Love do so,  
Strow Meal and Salt ( for so these Rites require )  
And set the crackling Laurel Boughs on fire :  
This naughty *Daphnis* sets my Breast on flame,  
And I this Laurel burn in *Daphnis* Name.

*Bring*



*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,  
Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

As a poor Heifer, wearied in the Chase,  
Of seeking her lov'd Steer from place to place.  
Thro' Woods, thro' Groves, thro' Arable, and Wast,  
On some green River's bank lies down at last:  
There Lows her Moan, despairing, and forlorn,  
And tho' belated, minds not to return:  
Let Daphnis's Case be such, and let not me  
Take any Care to give a Remedy.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,  
Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

These Garments erst the faithless Traitor left,  
Dear Pledges of his Love, of which I'm rest:  
Beneath the Threshold these I bury now,  
In thee, O Earth; these Pledges Daphnis owe.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,  
Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Of *Meris* I these Herbs and Poysons had,  
 From *Pontus* brought : in *Romus* store are bred ;  
 With these I've oft seen *Meris* Wonders do,  
 Turn himself Wolf, and to the Forest go :  
 I've often seen him Fields of Corn displace, (raise.  
 From whence they grew, and Ghosts in Church yards  
*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*  
*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Go, Maid, go, bear the Ashes out at door, (pour,  
 And them forthwith into the neighb'ring current }  
 Over thy Head, and don't look back be sure :  
 I'll try, what these on *Daphnis* will prevail,  
 The Gods be minds not, nor my Charms at all.  
*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*  
*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Behold ! the Ashes while we lingring stay,  
 While we neglect to carry them away,  
 Have reach'd the Altar, and have fir'd the Wood,  
 That lies upon't: Heav'n send it be for good!

D

Some.

Something I know not what's the matter: Hark!

I hear our *Lightfoot* in the Entry bark.

Shall I believe, or is it only Dream,

Which Lovers Fancies are too apt to frame?

*Cease now ye Magick Charms, behold him come!*

*Cease needless Charms, my Daphnis is at home!*

---

U P O N

---

UPON THE  
**MARRIAGE**  
 OF THE  
**Prince of ORANGE**  
 WITH THE  
**Lady MARY.**

**L**  
**A**S when of Old some bright and Heav'nly  
 A God of equal Majesty did Wed; (Dame  
 Strait thro' the Court above the Tydings spread,  
 Strait at the News th' immortal Offspring came,

D 2

And

36 *Upon the Marriage of*

And all the Deities did the High Nuptials grace ;

With no less Pomp, no less of Grandeur we

Behold this glad Solemnity,

And all confess an equal Joy,

And all expect as God-like and as great a Race :

Hark how united Shouts our Joys proclaim,

Which rise in Gratitude to Heav'n from whence  
they came ;

Glad some next those which brought our Royal Exile  
home,

When he resum'd his long usurped Throne :

Hark how the mighty Volleys rend the Air,

And shake at once the Earth and utmost Sphere ;

Hark how the Bells harmonious Noise

Bear Consort too with humane Joys ;

Behold those num'rous Fires, which up and down

Threaten almost new Conflagration to the Town.

Well do these Emblems, mighty *Orange*, speak thy  
Fame,

Whose Loudness, Musick, Brightness, all express the  
same ;

'Twas

*the Prince of Orange, &c.* 37

'Twas thus great *Jove* his *Semele* did Wed,  
In Thunder and in Lightning so approach'd her bed.

II.

Hail happy Pair! kind Heav'n's great Hostages!  
Sure Pledges of a firm and lasting Peace!

Call't not a Match, we that low Stile disdain,  
Nor will degrade it with a Term so mean;

A League it must be said,  
Where Countries thus Espouse, and Nations Wed:

Our Thanks, propitious Destiny!

Never did yet thy Pow'r dispenſe,

A more Plenipotentiary Influence,

Nor Heav'n more ſure a Treaty ratifie:

To YOU, our great and gracious Monarch, too

An equal ſhare of Thanks is due,

Nought could this mighty Work produce, but  
Heav'n and You.

Let others Boast

Of Leagues, which Wars and Slaughter coſt;

38 *Upon the Marriage of*

This Union by no Blood Cemented is,  
Nor did its Harmony from Jars and Discords rise:  
Not more to your great Ancestor we owe,  
By whom two Realms into one Kingdom grow,  
He join'd but what Nature had join'd before,  
Lands disunited by no parting Shore:  
By you to Foreign Countries we're Allied,  
You make Us Continent whom Seas and Waves di-  
(vide.

III.

How well, Brave Prince, do you by prudent Con-  
duct prove

What was denied to mighty *Jove*,  
= Together to be Wise and Love? (shew,

In this you highest Skill of Choice and Judgment

'Tis here display'd, and here rewarded too;

Others move only by unbridled guideless Heat,

But you mix Love with Policy, Passion with State:

You scorn'd the Painters Hands your Hearts  
should tye,

Which oft (and here they must) the Original be-  
(lye,

(For

*the Prince of Orange, &c.* 39

(For how should Art that Beauty undertake,  
Which Heav'n would strive in vain again to  
make?)

Taught by Religion you did better Methods try,  
And worship'd not the Image, but the Deity:

Go, envied Prince, your glorious **B R I D E**  
receive,

Too great for ought but mighty **T O R K** to  
give:

She, whom if none must Wed, but those who merit  
Her,

Monarchs might cease Pretence, and slighted Gods  
despair:

Think You in Her far greater Conquests gain,  
Than all the Pow'rs of *France* have from your Coun-  
try ta'ne.

In her fair Arms let your Ambition bounded lie,  
And fancy there a Universal Monarchy!

IV.

And you, fair Princess, who could thus subdue,  
What *France* with all its Forces could not do,

D 4

Enjoy



40. *Upon the Marriage of*

Enjoy your glorious Prize,

Enjoy the Triumphs of your conqu'ring Eyes:

From Him, and th' Height of your great Mind look  
And with neglect despise a Throne,

And think t' as great to Merit, as to wear a Crown:

*Nassau* in all which your Desires or Thoughts can  
frame,

All Titles lodge within that single Name;

A Name which *Mars* himself would with Ambition

Prouder in that, than to be call'd the God of War,

To you, great Madam, (if your Joys admit Increase,

If Heaven has not already set your Happiness

Above its Pow'r to raise)

To You the zealous humble Muse

These solemn Wishes Consecrates and Vows,

And begs you'll not her Offering refuse,

Which not your Want, but her Devotion shews:

V.

May your great Consort still successful prove,

In all his high Attempts, as in your Love;

May

*the Prince of Orange, &c.* 41

May he thro' all Attacks of Chance appear

As free from Danger, as he is from Fear:

May neither Sense of Grief, or Trouble know,

But what in Play you to others show:

May you be fruitful in as numerous Store

Of Princely Births, as She who your great Father

May Heav'n to your just Merits kind (bore:

Repeal the ancient Curse on Womankind:

Easie and gentle, as the Labours of the Brain

May yours all prove, and just so free from Pain:

May no rude Noise of War approach your Bed,

But Peace her downy Wings about you spread,

Calm as the Season, when fair Halcyons breed.

May you, and the just owner of your Breast,

Both in as full Content and Happiness be blest,

As the first sinless Pair of old enjoy'd:

Ere Guilt their Innocence and that destroy'd:

Till nothing but Continuance to your Bliss can  
add,

And you by Heav'n alone be happier made:

Till

42. *Upon the Marriage, &c.*

Till future Poets who your Lives review,  
 When they'd their utmost Pitch of Flattery shew;  
 Shall pray their Patrons may become like you:  
 Nor know to frame a skilful Wish more great,  
 Nor think a higher Blessing in the Gift of Fate.

For

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 Bring  
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A N  
O D E

*For an Anniversary of* MUSICK  
*on S. Cecilia's Day.*

## I.

**B**egin the Song, your Instruments advance,  
Tune the Voice, and Tune the Flute,  
Touch the silent sleeping Lute,

And make the Strings to their own Measures dance.  
Bring gentlest Thoughts that into Language glide,  
Bring softest Words that into Numbers slide!

Let every Hand and every Tongue  
To make the Noble Confort throng.

Let all in one Harmonious Note agree

To frame the mighty Song,  
For this is Musicks sacred Jubile.

II.

44 *An Ode on S. Cecilia's Day.*

II.

Hark how the wak'ned Strings resound,  
And break the yielding Air,  
The ravish'd Sense how pleasingly they wound,  
And call the list'ning Soul into the Ear;  
Each Pulse beats time, and every Heart,  
With Tongue and Fingers bears a part.

By Harmonies entrancing Power,  
When we are thus wound up to Extasie;  
Methinks we mount, methinks we tower,  
And seem to antedate our future Bliss on high.

III.

How dull were Life, how hardly worth our care,  
But for the Charms that Musick lends!  
How faint its Pleasures would appear,  
But for the Pleasure which our Art attends!  
Without the Sweets of Melody,  
To tune our vital Breath,  
Who would not give us up to Death,  
And in the silent Grave contented lye?

IV.

*An Ode on S. Cecilia's Day.* 45

IV.

Musick's the Cordial of a troubled Breast,  
The softest Remedy that Grief can find;  
The greatest Spell that charms our Care to rest,  
And calms the ruffled Passions of the Mind.

Musick does all our Joy refine,  
It gives the relish to our Wine,

'Tis that gives Rapture to our Love,

And Wings Devotion to a pitch Divine;

'Tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heaven  
(above.

*Chorus.*

Come then with tuneful Throat and String

The Praises of our Art let's sing;

Let's sing to Blest CECILIA's Fame,

That grac'd this Art, and gave this Day it's Name;

With Musick, Wine, and Mirth conspire

To bear a Consort, and make up the Choir.

TO

T O

## MADAM L. E.

*Upon her Recovery from a late  
Sickness.*

*Madam,*

**P**ardon, that with slow Gladness we so late  
Your wish'd return of Health congratulate:  
Our Joys at first so throng'd to get abroad,  
They hinder'd one another in the crowd;  
And now such hast to tell their Message make,  
They only stammer what they meant to speak.  
You the fair Subject which I am to sing,  
To whose kind Hands this humble joy I bring:  
Aid me, I beg, while I this Theme pursue,  
For I invoke no other Muse but you.

O L

Long

*Upon her Recovery.*

47

Long time had you here brightly shone below  
With all the Rays kind Heaven could bestow.  
No envious Cloud e're offer'd to invade  
Your Lustre, or compel it to a Shade:  
Nor did it yet by any Sign appear,  
But that you thoroughout Immortal were.  
Till Heaven (if Heaven could prove so cruel) sent  
To interrupt the Growth of your content,  
As if it grudg'd those Gifts you did enjoy,  
And would that Bounty which it gave, destroy:  
'Twas since your Excellence did envy move  
In those high Powers and made them jealous prove.  
They thought these Glories should they still have  
(shin'd  
Unfollied, were too much for Woman kind.  
Which might they write as lasting as they're Fair,  
Too great for ought but Deities appear:  
But Heaven (it may be) was not yet compleat,  
And lackt you there to fill your empty Seat.

And



And when it could not fairly woo you hence,  
Turn'd Ravisher, and offer'd Violence.

Sickness did first a formed siege begin,  
And by sure slowness try'd your Life to win,  
As if by lingring methods Heaven meant  
To chase you hence and tire you to consent.  
But, (thus in vain) Fate did to force resort,  
And next by Stormy stroke to attack the Fort.  
A Sleep, dull as your last, did you Arrest,  
And all their *Migraines* of Life posselt.  
No more the Blood its circling course did run,  
But in the Veins, like Hides, it hung.  
No more the Heart (now void of quickning  
beat) (heat)  
The tuneful March of vital Motion beat.  
Stiffness did into all the Sinews climb,  
And a host Death crept cold through every Limb.  
All Signs of Life from sight so far withdrew,  
'Twas now thought Pepery to pray for you.

There

There might you (were not that sense lost) have  
seen

How your true Death would have resented been:

A Lethargy like yours, each Breast did seize,

And all by Sympathy catcht your Disease.

Around your silent Imagery appears,

And nought in the Spectators moves, but Tears.

They pay what Grief were to your Funeral due,

And yet dare hope Heaven would your Life renew.

Mean while, all means, all Drugs prescribed are,

Which the decays of Health, or Strength repair,

Medicines so powerful they new Souls would save,

And Life in long dead Carcasses retrieve:

But these in vain, they rougher Methods try,

And now you're Martyr'd that you may not die;

Sad Scene of Fate! when Tortures were your gain!

And 'twas a kindness thought to wish you pain!

As if the slack'ned string of Life run down,

Could only by the Rack be screw'd in tune.

E

But

But Heav'n at last (grown conscious that its Pow'r  
 Could scarce what was to die with you restore,)  
 And loth to see such Glories overcome,  
 Sent a Post-Angel to repeal your doom;  
 Strait Fate obey'd the Charge which Heaven sent,  
 And gave this first dear Proof, it could Repent:  
 Triumphant Charms! what may not you subdue,  
 When Fate's your Slave, and thus submits to you!  
 It now again the new-broke Thread does knit,  
 And for another Clew her Spindle fit:  
 And life's hid Spark which did unquencht remain,  
 Caught the fled Light and brought it back again:  
 Thus you reviv'd, and all our Joy with you  
 Reviv'd, and found their Resurrection too;  
 Some only griev'd, that what was deathless thought  
 They saw so near to Fatal ruin brought:  
 Now crowds of Blessings on that happy hand,  
 Whose skill could eager Destiny withstand;  
 Whose learned Pow'r has rescu'd from the Grave,  
 That Life which 'twas a Miracle to save;

That

That Life which were it thus untimely lost,  
Had been the fairest Spoil Death e'er could boast:  
May he henceforth be God of Healing thought,  
By whom such good to you and us was brought:  
Altars and Shrines to him are justly due,  
Who shew'd himself a God by raising you.

But say, fair Saint, for you alone can know,  
Whither your Soul in this short flight did go;  
Went it to antedate that Happiness,  
You must at last (tho late we hope) possess?  
Inform us lest we should your Fate belye,  
And call that Death which was but Extasie,  
The Queen of Love (we're told) once let us see:  
That Goddesses from Wounds could not be free;  
And you by this unwish'd Occasion show  
That they like Mortal us can Sicknes know:  
Pity! that Heav'n should all its Titles give,  
And yet not let you with them ever live.  
You'd lack no point that makes a Deity,  
If you could like it too Immortal be.

E 2

And

And so you are ; half boasts a Deathless State ;  
 Although your frailer Part must yield to Fate.  
 By every breach in that fair lodging made,  
 Its blest Inhabitant is more displaid :  
 In that white Snow which over-spreads your Skin,  
 We trace the whiter Soul which dwells within ;  
 Which while you through this shining Hue display  
 Look like a Star plac'd in the milky way :  
 Such the bright Bodies of the Blessed are,  
 When they for Rayment cloath'd with Light appear,  
 And should you visit now the Seat of Bliss,  
 You need not wear another form but this.  
 Never did Sickneſs in ſuch Pomp appear,  
 As when it thus your Livery did wear,  
 Diſeaſe it ſelf look'd amiable here. }  
 So Clouds which would obſcure the Sun oft gilded  
 And Shades are taught to ſhine as bright as he. (be,  
 Grieve not, fair Nymph, when in your Glaſs you  
 The marring Footſteps of a pale Diſeaſe. (trace

LnA

Regret

Regret not that your Cheeks their Roses want,  
Which a few Days shall in full store replant, (Red,  
Which, whilst your Blood withdraws its guilty  
Tells that you own no Faults that Blushes need :  
The Sun whose Bounty does each Spring restore  
VVhat Winter from the rifled Meadows tore,  
Which every Morning with an early Ray  
Paints the young blushing Cheeks of instant Day :  
VVhose skill ( inimitable here below, )

Limns those gay Clouds which form Heav'n's colour'd Bow,

That Sun shall soon with Interest repay,

All the lost Beauty Sickness snatch'd away.

Your Beams like his shall hourly now advance,

And every Minute their swift Growth enhance.

Mean while (that you no helps of Healths refuse)

Accept these humble Wishes of the Muse :

VVhich shall not of their just Petition fail,

If she (and she's a Goddess) ought prevail.

May no profane Disease henceforth approach,  
 This sacred Temple with unhallow'd touch,  
 Or with rude Sacrilege its frame debauch.  
 May these fair Members always happy be  
 In as full Strength and well-set Harmony,  
 As the new Foundress of your Sex could boast,  
 Ere she by Sin her first Perfection lost:  
 May Destiny, just to your Merits, twine  
 All your smooth Fortunes in a Silken Line,  
 And that you may at Heaven late arrive,  
 May it to you its largest Bottom give.  
 May Heaven with still repeated Favours bless,  
 Till it its Pow'r below its Will confess;  
 Till Wishes can no more exalt your Fate,  
 Nor Poets fannic you more fortunate.

---

*On*

On the Death of  
Each was unworthy such a Prize as this  
Only a while Heav'n let us share the Bliss  
In vain her Day with troubled Tears we wail  
In vain we'd Court the Flow'ry Field  
The happy Kingdoms! who did long the  
(She yet so wild her) who did long the  
We now resign to you alone we grant  
The sweet Monopoly of this a Grain

ON THE  
DEATH  
OF

M<sup>rs</sup> *Katharine Kingscourt*;

A Child of Excellent Parts and Piety.

**S**HE did, She did—I saw her mount the Skie,  
And with new Whiteness paint the Galaxy.  
Heav'n her methought with all its Eyes did view,  
And yet acknowledg'd all its Eyes too few.  
Methought I saw in Crowds blest Spirits meet,  
And with loud Welcomes her Arrival greet;  
Which could they grieve, had gone with grief away  
To see a Soul more white, more pure than they,



Earth was unworthy such a Prize as this,  
 Only a while Heav'n let us share the Bliss :  
 In vain her stay with fruitless Tears we'd woo,  
 In vain we'd Court, when that our Rival grew.  
 Thanks, ye kind Powers ! who did so long dispense,  
 (Since you so with'd her) with her absence thence :  
 We now resign, to you alone we grant  
 The sweet Monopoly of such a Saint ;  
 So pure a Saint, I scarce dare call her so,  
 For fear to wrong her with a Name too low :  
 Such a Seraphick Brightness in her shin'd,  
 I hardly can believe her Woman-kind.  
 'Twas sure some noble Being left the Sphere,  
 Which deign'd a little to inhabit here,  
 And can't be said to die, but disappear.  
 Or if the Mortal was and meant to show  
 The greater skill by being made below ;  
 Sure Heav'n preserv'd her by the Fall uncurst,  
 To tell how all the Sex were form'd at first :

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*Mrs. Kathar. Kingscourt.* 57

Never did yet so much Divinity  
In such a small Compendium crouded lie,  
By her we credit what the Learned tell,  
That many Angels in one Point can dwell.  
More damned Fiends did not in *Mary* rest,  
Than lodg'd of Blessed Spirits in her Breast;  
Religion dawn'd so early in her mind,  
You'd think her Saint, whilst in the Womb enshrin'd,  
Nay, that bright ray which did her Temples paint,  
Proclaim'd her clearly, while alive, a Saint.  
Scarce had she learnt to lisp Religion's Name,  
E'er she by her Example preach'd the same,  
And taught her *Cradle* like the *Pulpit* to reclaim.  
No Action did within her Practice fall  
Which for th'Atonement of a Blush could call:  
No word of hers e'er greeted any Ear,  
But what a dying Saint confess'd might hear.  
Her Thoughts had scarcely ever sully'd been  
By the least Foot-steps of Original Sin.

Her

58 *On the Death of, &c.*

Her Life did still as much Devotion breathe

As others do at their last gasp in Death.

Hence on her Tomb of her let not be said,

So long she liv'd; but thus, so long she pray'd.

More than a hundred Years she did not in this world

Than long'd of blessed Spirits in her Soul.

Religion she lov'd so early in her mind,

You'd think she was a Saint, while in the World confin'd.

Why, then, did she not in this World shine

Proclaiming her clearly, while alive a Saint.

Science was her learn'd Religion's Name,

For the by her Example taught the same.

**A**nd though her Cause like this is long to tell,

No Action did within her Practice fall

Which for the Advancement of a Blush should call.

No word of hers e'er ebb'd any time.

But what a dying Saint could might have

Her Thoughts had scarcely ever fully been

By the frail Foot steps of Original Sin.

## SUNDAY-THOUGHT

*In Sickness.*

**L**ord, how dreadful is the Prospect of Death at the remotest Distance! How the smallest Apprehension of it can pall the most gay, airy and brisk Spirits! Even I, who thought I could have been merry in sight of my Coffin, and drink a Health with the Sexton in my own Grave, now tremble at the least Envoy of the King of Terrors. To see but the shaking of my Glass makes me turn pale, and fear is like to prevent and do the Work of my Distemper. All the Jollity of my Humor and Conversation is turn'd on a sudden into shagrin and melancholy, black as Despair, and dark as the Grave. My Soul and Body seem at once laid out, and I fancy all the Plummetts of Eternal Night already hanging upon my Temples. But whence proceed these Fears? Certainly they are not idle Dreams,

Dreams, nor the accidental Product of my Disease, which disorders the Brains, and fills 'em with odd Chimera's. Why should my Soul be averse to its Enlargement? Why should it be content to be knit up in two Yards of Skin, when it may have all the World for its Purliew? 'Tis not that I'm unwilling to leave my Relations and present Friends: I'm parted from the first already, and could be sever'd from both the length of the whole Map, and live with my Body as far distant from them as my Soul must when I'm dead. Neither is it that I'm loth to leave the Delights and Pleasures of the World; some of them I have tried, and found empty, the others cover'd not, because unknown. I'm confident I could despise 'em all by a Greatness of Soul, did not the Bible oblige me, and Divines tell me, 'tis my Duty. It is not neither that I'm unwilling to go hence before I've Establish'd a Reputation, and something to make me survive my self. I could have been content to be Still-born, and have no more than the Register, or Sexton to tell that I've never been in the Land

of

of the Living. In Fine, 'tis not from a Principle of Cowardiſe, which the Schools have called Self-preservation, the poor Effect of Inſtinct and dull pretence of a Brute as well as me. This Unwillingneſs therefore, and Aversion to undergo the general Fate, muſt have a juſter Original, and flow from a more important Cauſe. I'm well ſatisfied that this other Being within, that moves and actuates my Frame of Fleſh and Blood, has a Life beyond it and the Grave; and ſomething in it prompts me to believe its Immortality. A Reſidence it muſt have ſomewhere elſe, when it has left this Carcaſe, and another State to paſs into, unchangeable and everlaſting as it ſelf after its Separation. This Condition muſt be good or bad according to its Actions and Deſerts in this Life; for as it owes its Being to ſome Infinite Power that created it, I well ſuppoſe it his Vaſſal, and oblig'd to live by his Law; and as certainly conclude, that according to the keeping or breaking of that Law, 'tis to be rewarded or puniſh'd hereafter. This Diverſity of Rewards and Punishments makes

## 62     A Sunday-Thought

makes the two Places, Heaven and Hell, so often mention'd in Scripture, and talked of in Pulpits: Of the later my Fears too cruelly convince me, and the Anticipation of its Torment, which I already feel in my own Conscience. There is, there is a Hell, and damned Fiends, and a never-dying Worm, and that Sceptick that doubts of it, may find 'em all within my single Breast. I dare not any longer with the Atheist disbelieve them, or think 'em the Clergy's Bugbears, invented as Nurses do frightful Names for their Children, to leare 'em into Quietness and Obedience. How oft have I triumph'd in my unconcern'd and fear'd insensibility? How oft boasted of that unhappy suspected Calm, which, like that of the dead Sea, prov'd only my Curse, and a treacherous Ambush to those Storms, which at present (and will for ever I dread) shipwreck my Quiet and Hopes? How oft have I rejected the Advice of that Bosom-Friend, and drowned its Alarms in the Noise of a tumultuous Debauch, or by stupefying Wine (like some condemn'd Malefactor)

tor) arm'd my self against the Apprehensions of my certain Doom; Now, now the Tyrant awakes, and comes to pay at once all Arrears of Cruelty. At last, but too late (like drowning Mariners) I see the gay Monsters, which inveigled me into my Death and Destruction. Oh the gnawing Remorse of a rash unguarded, unconsidering Sinner! Oh how the Ghosts of former Crimes affright my haunted Imagination, and make me suffer a thousand Racks and Martyrdoms! I see, methinks, the Jaws of Destruction gaping wide to swallow me; and I (like one sliding on Ice) tho' I see the Danger, cannot stop from running into it. My Fancy represents to me a whole Legion of Devils, ready to tear me in pieces, numberless as my Sins or Fears; and whither, Alas! whither shall I fly for Refuge? Where shall I retreat and take Sanctuary? Shall I call the Rocks and Mountains to cover me; or bid the Earth yawn wide to its Centre, and take me in? Poor Shift of escaping Almighty Justice! Distracting Frenzy! that would make me believe Contradictions, and hope to fly out of the reach



## 64 *A Sunday-Thought*

reach of him whose Presence is every where, not excluded Hell it self; for he is there in the effects of his Vengeance. Shall I invoke some Power infinite, as that that created me, to reduce me to nothing again, and rid me at once of my Being and all that tortures it? Oh no, 'tis in vain, I must be forced into Being, to keep me fresh for Torment, and retain Sense only to feel Pain. I must be adying to all Eternity, and live ever, to live ever wretched. Oh that nature had placed me in the Rank of things that have only a bare Existence, or at best, an Animal Life, and never given me a Soul and Reason, which now must contribute to my Misery, and make me envy Brutes and Vegetables! Would the Womb that bare me had been my Prison till now, or I stept out of't it into my Grave, and saved the Expenses and Toil of a long and tedious Journey, where Life affords nothing of Accommodations to invite ones stay. Happy had I been if I had expired with my first Breath, and enter'd the Bill of Mortality as soon as the World; Happy if I had been drowned in my Font, and that Water which was to Regene-

rate

rate, and give me New Life, had prov'd  
Mortal in another Senſe ! I had then died  
without any Guilt of my own, but what I  
brought into the World with me, and that too  
atton'd for; I mean that which I contracted  
from my firſt Parents, my unhappineſs rather  
than Fault, inasmuch as I was ſain to be born  
of a Sinning Race: Then I had never en-  
hans'd it with acquired Guilt, never added  
thoſe innumerable Crimes which muſt make  
up my Indictment at the Grand Audit. Un-  
grateful Wretch ! I've made my Sins as nu-  
merous as thoſe Bleſſings and Mercies the Al-  
mighty Bounty has conferr'd upon me, to  
oblige and lead me to Repentance. How  
have I abuſed and miſemployed thoſe Parts  
and Talents which might have render'd me  
ſerviceable to Mankind, and repaid an In-  
tereſt of Glory to their Donor? How ill do  
they turn to account which I have made the  
Patrons of Debauchery, and Pimps and Pan-  
ders to Vice? How oft have I broke my  
Vows to my Great Creator, which I would be  
conſcientious of keeping to a ſilly Woman,

a Creature beneath my self? What has all my Religion been but an empty Parade and Shew? Either an useful Hypocrisie taken up for Interest, or a gay specious Formality worn in Complaisance to Custom and the Mode, and as changeable as my Cloaths and their Fashion. How oft have I gone to Church ( the place where we are to pay him Homage and Duty ) as to an Affignation or Play, only for Diversion; or at best, as I must ere long ( for ought I know ) with my Soul sever'd from my Body? How I tremble at the Remembrance! as if I could put the Sham upon Heaven, or a God were to be imposed on like my Fellow-Creature: And dare I, convicted of these High Treasons against the King of Glory, dare I expect a Reprieve or Pardon? Has he Thunder, and are not all his Bolts levell'd at my Head, to strike me through the very Centre? Yes, I dare appeal to thee, boundless Pity and Compassion! My own Instances already tell me, that thy Mercy is infinite; for I've done enough to shock Long-sufferance

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it ſelf, and weary out an Eternal Patience. I beſeech thee by thy ſoft and gentle Attributes of Mercy and Forgiveneſs, by the laſt dying Accents of my ſuffering Deity, have Pity on a poor, humble, proſtrate and confeſſing Sinner: And thou great Ransom of loſt Mankind, who offerd'ſt thy ſelf a Sacrifice to atone our Guilt, and redeem our mortgag'd Happineſs, do thou be my Advocate, and intercede for me with the Angry Judge.

My Pray'rs are heard, a glorious Light now ſhone,  
And (lo!) an Angel Poſt comes haſt'ning down  
From Heav'n, I ſee him cut the yielding Air;  
So ſwift, he ſeems at once both there and here;  
So quick, my Sight in the purſuit was ſlow,  
And Thought could ſcarce ſo ſoon the Journey go:  
No angry Meſſage in his Look appears,  
His Face no ſigns of threatning Vengeance wears.  
Comely his Shape, of Heavenly Meen and Air,  
Kinder than Smiles of beauteous Virgins are.

F 2

Such

# 68 A Sunday-Thought, &c.

Such he was seen by the blest Maid of old  
 When he th' Almighty Infant's Birth foretold.  
 A mighty Volume in one hand is born,  
 Whose open'd Leaves the other seems to turn:  
 Vast Annals of my Sins in Scarlet writ,  
 But now eras'd, blot out, and cancell'd quite.  
 Hark how the Heavenly Whisper strikes mine Ear,  
 Mortal, behold thy Crimes all pardon'd here!  
 Hail Sacred Envoy of th' Eternal King!  
 Welcom as the Bless'd Tidings thou dost bring.  
 Welcom as Heav'n from whence thou cam'st but  
     now,  
 Thus low to thy great God and mine I bow,  
 And might I here, O might I ever grow,  
 Fix'd an unmov'd and endless Monument  
 Of Gratitude to my Creator sent.

T O

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At

To the Memory of my Dear Friend,  
M. CHARLES MORWENT:

A PINDARIQUE.

*Ignis utique quo clarius effulset, citius extinguitur,  
eripit se auferetque ex oculis subito perfecta virtus:  
quicquid est absoluti facilius transfluit, & optimi neu-  
tquam diurnant. Cambden. de Phil. Syd.*

I.

**B**EST Friend! could my unbounded Grief but  
With due proportion thy too cruel Fate;  
Could I some happy Miracle bring forth,  
Great as my Wishes and thy greater Worth,

All *Helicon* should soon be thine,

And pay a Tribute to thy Shrine.

The learned Sisters all transform'd should be,

No longer nine, but one *Melpomene*:

Each should into a *Niobe* relent,

At once the Mourner and thy Monument,

Each should become

F 3

Like

Like the fam'd *Memnon's* speaking Tomb,  
 To sing thy well-tun'd Praise;  
 Nor should we fear their being dumb,  
 Thou still would'st make 'em vocal with thy Rays,

## II.

O that I could distil my vital Juice in Tears!  
 Or waft away my Soul in sobbing Airs!

Were I all Eyes,  
 To flow in liquid Elegies:  
 That every Limb might grieve,  
 And dying Sorrow still retrieve;  
 My life should be but one long mourning day,  
 And like moist Vapors melt in Tears away.

I'd soon dissolve in one great Sigh,  
 And upwards fly,  
 Glad so to be exhal'd to Heav'n and thee.  
 A Sigh which might well-nigh reverse thy death,  
 And hope to animate thee with new Breath;  
 Pow'rful as that which heretofore did give  
 A Soul to well-form'd Clay, and made it live.

## III.

III.

Adieu, blest Soul! whose hasty Flight away  
Tells Heaven did ne'er display  
Such Happiness to bless the World with stay.  
Death in thy Fall betray'd her utmost Spite,  
And shew'd her Shafts most times are levell'd at the  
white.

She saw thy blooming Ripeness time prevent;  
She saw, and envious grew, and straight her Arrow  
sent.

So Buds appearing e'er the Frosts are past,  
Nip'd by some unkind Blast,

Wither in Penance for their forward Haste.

Thus have I seen a Morn so bright,  
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,  
As if it scorn'd to think of Night,

Which a rude Storm e'er Noon did shroud,  
And buried all its early Glories in a Cloud.

The day in funeral Blackness mourn'd,  
And all to Sighs, and all to Tears it turn'd.



## IV.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem ;

Or Fate blaspheme ?

We should thy full ripe Virtues wrong,

To think thee young.

Fate, when she did thy vigorous Growth behold,

And all thy forward Glories told,

Forgot thy tale of Years, and thought thee old.

The brisk Endowments of thy Mind

Scorning i'th' Bud to be confin'd,

Out-ran thy Age, and left slow Time behind ;

Which made thee reach Maturity so soon,

And at first Dawn present a full-spread Noon.

So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,

Both knew no Non-age, knew no Infancy.

Thus the first Patern of our Race began

His Life in middle age, at's Birth a perfect Man.

## V.

So well thou acted'st in thy Span of Days,

As calls at once for VVonder, and for Praise.

Thy

**Mr. Charles Morwent. 73**

Thy prudent Conduct had so learnt to measure

The different whiles of Toil and Leasure,

No time did Action want, no Action wanted Pleasure.

Thy busie Industry could Time dilate,

And stretch the Thread of Fate :

Thy careful Thrift could only boast the Power

To lengthen Minutes, and extend an Hour.

No single Sand could e'er slip by

Without its Wonder, sweet as high :

And every teeming Moment still brought forth

A thousand Rarities of Worth.

While some no other Cause for Life can give,

But a dull Habitude to live :

Thou scorn'dst such Laziness while here beneath,

And Liv'dst that time which others only Breath.

**VI**

Next our just Wonder does commence,

How so small Room could hold such Excellence.

Nature was proud when she contriv'd thy Frame,

In thee she labor'd for a Name :

Hence

Hence 'twas she lavish'd all her Store,  
 As if she meant hereafter to be poor,  
 And, like a Bankrupt, run o'th' Score.<sup>4</sup>  
 Her curious Hand here drew in Straights and joyn'd  
 All the Perfections lodge in Humane kind;  
 Teaching her numerous Gifts to lie  
 Crampt in a short Epitome.  
 So Stars contracted in a Diamond shine,  
 And Jewels in a narrow Point confine  
 The Riches of an *Indian Mine*.

Thus subtile Artists can  
 Draw Nature's larger self within a Span: (all  
 A small Frame holds the World, Earth, Heav'ns and  
 Shrunk to the scant Dimensions of a Ball.

## VII

Those Parts which never in one Subject dwell,  
 But some uncommon Excellence foretel,  
 Like Stars did all constellate here,  
 And met together in one Sphere.  
 Thy Judgment, Wit and Memory conspir'd  
 To make themselves and thee admir'd: And

**Mr. Charles Morwent. 75**

And could thy growing Height a longer Stay have  
known,

Thou hadst all other Glories, and thy self out-done.

While some to Knowledg by degrees arrive,

Through tedious Industry improv'd,

Thine scorn'd by such pedantick Rules to thrive;

But swift as that of Angels mov'd,

And made us think it was intuitive.

Thy pregnant Mind ne'er struggl'd in its Birth,

But quick, and while it did conceive, brought

The gentle Throes of thy prolifick Brain (forth;

Were all unstrain'd, and without Pain:

Thus when great *Jove* the Queen of Wisdom bore

So easie and so mild his Travels were.

**VIII.**

Nor were these Fruits in a rough Soil bestown

As Gems are thick'ft in rugged Quarries sown.

Good Nature and good Parts so shar'd thy mind,

A Muse and Grace were so combin'd,

'Twas hard to guess which with most Lustre shin'd.

A

76 *To the Memory of*

A Genius did thy whole Comportment act,  
 Whose charming Complaisance did so attract,  
 As every Heart attack'd.  
 Such a soft Air thy well-tun'd Sweetness sway'd,  
 As told thy Soul of Harmony was made;  
 All rude Affections that Disturbers be,  
 That mar or disunite Society,  
 Were Forciners to thee.  
 Love only in their stead took up its Rest;  
 Nature made that thy constant Guest,  
 And seem'd to form no other Passion for thy Breast.

IX.

This made thy Courtesie to all extend,  
 And thee to the whole Universe a Friend,  
 Those which were Strangers to thy native Soil and  
 No Strangers to thy Love could be,  
 Whose Bounds were wide as all Mortality.  
 Thy Heart no Island was, disjoyn'd  
 (Like thy own Nation) from all human kind;  
 But 'twas a Continent to other Countries fixt  
 As firm by Love, as they by Earth annex.

Thou

**Mr. Charles Morwent. 77**

Thou scorn'dst the Map should thy Affection  
Like theirs who love by dull Geography, <sup>(guide,</sup>  
Friends but to whom by Soil they are ally'd:

Thine reach'd to all beside,  
To every Member of the World's great Family:  
Heav'n's Kindness only claims a Name more ge-  
Which we the nobler call, <sup>(neral</sup>

Because 'tis common, and vouchsaf'd to all.

**X.**

Such thy Ambition of obliging was, <sup>(please.</sup>  
Thou seem'dst corrupted with the very Power to  
Only to let thee gratifie,

At once did bribe and pay thy Courtesie.

Thy Kindness by Acceptance might be bought,  
It for no other Wages sought,

But would its own be thought.

No Suiters went unsatisfy'd away;

But left thee more unsatisfy'd than they. <sup>(find</sup>  
Brave *Titus* ! thou might'st here thy true Portraiture  
And view thy Rival in a private mind.

Thou

Thou heretofore deserv'dst such Praise,  
 When Acts of Goodness did compute thy days,  
 Measur'd not by the *Sun's*, but thine own kinder  
 Rays.

(lost  
 Thou thought'st each Hour out of Life's Journal

Which could not some fresh Favor boast,  
 And reckon'dst Bounties thy best *Clepsydras*.

## XI.

Some Fools who the great Art of giving want,  
 Desflower their Largesse with too slow a Grant:  
 Where the deluded Suitor dearly buys

What hardly can defray

The Expence of Importunities,

Or the Suspense of torturing Delay.

Here was no need of tedious Pray'rs to sue,

Or thy too backward Kindness woo.

It moved with no formal State,

Like theirs whose Pomp does for Intreaty wait :

But met the swift'st Desires half way;

And Wishes did well-nigh anticipate ;

And

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**79**

And then as modestly withdrew,  
Nor for its due Reward of Thanks would stay.

**XII.**

Yet might this Goodness to the happy most accrue ;  
Somewhat was to the miserable due,

Which they might justly challenge too.

What-e'er Mishap did a known Heart oppress,

The same did thine as wretched make ;

Like yielding Wax, thine did th' Impressions take,

And paint its Sadness in as lively Dress. (state,

Thou could'st Afflictions from anothers Breast tran-

And forein Grief inappropriate ;

Oft-times our Sorrows thine so much have grown,

They scarce were more our own ;

Who seem'd exempt, thou suffer'dst all alone.

**XIII.**

Our small'st Misfortunes scarce could reach thy Ear,

But made thee give in Alms a Tear ;

And when our Hearts breath'd their regret in

As a just Tribute to their Miseries, (Sighs,

Thine with their mournful Airs did symbolize

Like



Like Throngs of Sighs did for its Fibres crowd,  
 And told thy Grief from our each Grief aloud:  
     Such is the secret Sympathy  
 We may betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes descry,  
 If either by unskilful hand too rudely bent  
 Its soft Complaint in pensive murmurs vent,  
     As if it did that Injury resent:  
 Untoucht the other strait returns the Moan,  
     And gives an Eccho to each Groan.  
 From its sweet Bowels a sad Note's convey'd,  
     Like those which to condole are made,  
 As if its Bowels too a kind compassion had.

## XIV.

Nor was thy goodness bounded with so small extent,  
     Or in such narrow Limits pent.  
 Let Female Frailty in fond Tears distill,  
     Who think that Moisture which they spill  
     Can yield Relief,  
 Or shrink the Current of anothers Grief,  
 Who hope that Breath which they in sighs convey,  
     Should blow Calamities away.      Thine

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Thine did a manlier Form express,  
And scorn'd to whine at an Unhappiness;  
Thou thought'st it still the noblest Pity to redress.  
So friendly Angels their Relief bestow  
On the unfortunate below,  
For whom those purer minds no Passion know:  
Such nature in that generous Plant is found,  
Whose every Breach does with a Salve abound,  
And wounds it self to cure another's Wound.  
In pity to Mankind it sheds its Juice,  
Glad with expence of Blood to serve their Use:  
First with kind Tears our Maladies bewails,  
And after heals:

And makes those very Tears the remedy produce.

XV.

Nor didst thou to thy Foes less generous appear,  
(If there were any durst that Title wear.)  
They could not offer Wrongs so fast,  
But what were pardon'd with like haste;  
And by thy acts of Amnesty defac't.

Had

Had he who wish'd the Art how to forget  
 Discover'd its new Worth in thee,  
 He had a double Value on it set,  
 And justly scorn'd th' ignobler Art of Memory.  
 No Wrongs could thy great Soul to Grief expose,  
 'Twas plac'd as much out of the reach of those,  
 As of material Blows.

No Injuries could thee provoke,  
 Thy Softness always damp'd the stroke:  
 As Flints on Feather-beds are easiest broke.  
 Affronts could ne'er thy cool Complexion heat,  
 Or chafe thy temper from its settled State:  
 But still thou stoodst unshockt by all,  
 As if thou hadst unlearn'd the Power to hate,  
 Or, like the Dove, wert born without a Gall.

## XVI.

Vain *Stoicks* who disclaim all Human Sense,  
 And own no Passions to resent Offence,  
 May pass it by with unconcern'd Neglect,  
 And Virtue on those Principles erect,  
 Where 'tis not a Perfection, but Defect.

Let

*Mr. Charles Morwent.* 83

Let these themselves in a dull Patience please,  
Which their own Statues may possess,  
And they themselves when Carcasses.  
Thou only couldst to that high pitch arrive,  
To court Abuses, that thou mightst forgive:  
Wrongs thus in high Esteem seem'd Courtesie,  
And thou the first was e'er oblig'd by Injury.

XVII.

Nor may we think these God-like Qualities  
Could stand in need of Votaries,  
which heretofore had challeng'd Sacrifice.  
Each Assignment, each Converse  
Gain'd thee some new Idolaters.  
Thy sweet Obligingness could supple Hate,  
And out of it its contrary create.  
Its powerful Influence made Quarrels cease,  
And Fewds dissolv'd into a calmer Peace.  
Envy resign'd her Force, and vanquish'd Spite  
Became thy speedy Proselyte.

Malice

Malice could cherish Enmity no more;  
 And those which were by Foes before,  
 Now wish'd they might adore,  
*Cæsar* may tell of Nations took,  
 And Troops by force subjected to his Yoke:  
 We read as great a Conquerer in thee,  
 Who couldst by milder ways all Hearts subdue,  
 The nobler Conquest of the two;  
 Thus thou whole Legions mad'st thy Captives be,  
 And like him too couldst look, and speak thy Victo-

## XVIII.

Hence may we Calculate the Tenderneſs

Thou didst Express

To all, whom thou didst with thy Friendship bless:

To think of Passion by new Mothers bore

To the young Offspring of their Womb,

Or that of Lovers to what they Adore,

Ere Duty it become:

We should to mean *Ideas* frame,

Of that which thine might justly claim

And injure it by a degrading Name:

Con-

Mr. Charles Morwent, &c. 85

Conceive the tender Care,  
Of guardian Angels to their Charge assign'd,  
Or think how dear  
To Heaven Expiring Martyrs are,  
These are the Emblems of thy mind,  
The only Types to shew how thou wast kind.

XIX

On whomsoe'er thou didst confer this Tye  
'Twas lasting as Eternity,  
And firm as the unbroken Chain of Destiny,  
Embraces would faint shadows of your Union  
Unless you could together grow. (show,  
That Union which is from Alliance bred,  
Does not so fastly wed,  
Tho it with Blood be cemented:  
That Link wherewith the Soul and Body's joyn'd,  
Which twists the double Nature in Mankind  
Only so close can bind.  
That holy Fire which *Romans* to their *Vesta* paid,  
Which they immortal as the Goddess made,  
G 3 Thy

Thy noble Flames most fitly parallel;  
For thine were just so pure, and just so durable.  
Those feigned Pairs of Faithfulness which claim  
So high a place in ancient Fame,  
Had they thy better Pattern seen,  
They'd made their Friendship more divine  
And strove to mend their Characters by thine.

**XX.**

Yet had this Friendship no advantage been,  
Unless 'twere exercis'd within;  
What did thy Love to other Objects tie,  
The same made thy own Pow'rs agree,  
And reconcil'd thy self to thee.  
No Discord in thy Soul did rest,  
Save what its Harmony increas't.  
Thy mind did with such regular Calmness move,  
As held resemblance with the greater Mind above.  
Reason there fix'd its peaceful Throne,  
And reign'd alone.  
The will its easie Neck to Bondage gave,  
And to the ruling Faculty became a Slave.

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The Passions rais'd no Civil Wars,  
Nor discompos'd thee with intestine Jars:

All did obey,  
And paid Allegiance to its rightful Sway.

All threw their resty Tempers by,  
And gentle Figures drew,  
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy,  
As when themselves in their first Beings grew.

XXI.

Thy Soul within such silent Pomp did keep,  
As if Humanity were lull'd asleep.

So gentle was thy Pilgrimage beneath,  
Time's unheard Feet scarce make less noise,  
Or the soft Journey which a Planet goes.

Life seem'd all calm as its last Breath.  
A still Tranquillity so hush'd thy Breast,  
As if some *Halcyon* were its Guest.

And there had built her Nest;  
It hardly now enjoys a greater Rest. (Peace,  
As that smooth Sea which wears the Name of



Still with one even Face appears,  
 And feels no Tides to change it from its place,  
 No Waves to alter the fair Form it bears :  
 As that unspotted Sky,  
 Where Nile does want of Rain supply,  
 Is free from Clouds, from Storm is ever free.  
 So thy unvary'd mind was always one,  
 And with such clear Serenity still shone,  
 As caus'd thy little World to seem all temp'rate  
 (Zone.

## XXII.

Let Fools their high Extraction boast, (cost,  
 And Greatness, which no Travel, but their Mothers,  
 Let 'em extol a swelling Name,  
 Which theirs by Will and Testament became;  
 At best but meet Inheritance,  
 As oft the Spoils as Gift of Chance.  
 Let some ill-plac'd Repute on Scutcheons rear  
 As fading as the Colors which those bear ;  
 And prize a painted Field,  
 Which Wealth as soon as Fame can yield.  
 Thou

**Mr. Charles Morwent. 89**

Thou scorn'dst at such low Rates to purchase

Worth,

Nor couldst thou owe it only to thy Birth,

Thy self-born Greatness was above the Power

Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to deflower.

Thy Soul, which like the Sun, Heaven molded bright,

Disdain'd to shine with borrow'd Light:

Thus from himself th' Eternal Being grew,

And from no other Cause his Grandeur drew,

**XXIII.**

Howe'er if true Nobility

Rather in Souls than in the Blood does lie:

If from thy better part we Measures take,

And that the Standard of our Value make,

Jewels and Stars become low Heraldry

To blazon thee.

Thy Soul was big enough to pity Kings,

And look'd on Empires as poor humble things.

Great as his boundless Mind,

Who

90 *To the Memory of*

Who thought himself in one wide Globe confin'd,  
And for another pin'd.  
Great as that Spirit whose large Powers rowl  
Thro' the vast Fabrick of this spacious Bowl.  
And tell the World as well as Man can boast a Soul.

XXIV.

Yet could not this an Haughtiness beget,  
Or thee above the common Level set.  
Pride, whose Alloy does best Endowments mar,  
(As things most lofty smaller still appear)  
With thee did no Alliance bear.  
Love Merits oft are by too high Esteem bely'd,  
Whose Owners lessen while they raise their Price;  
Thine were above the very Guilt of Pride,  
Above all others, and thy own *Hyperbole*:  
In thee the wid'st Extreame were joyn'd  
The loftiest, and the lowliest Mind.  
Thus tho some part of Heav'ns vast Round  
Appear but low, and seem to touch the Ground,  
Yet

Mr. Charles Morwent. 91

Yet 'tis well known almost to bound the Spheres,  
'Tis truly held to be above the Stars.

XXV.

While thy brave Mind preserv'd this noble Frame,

Thou stoodst at once secure  
From all the Flattery and Obloquy of Fame,  
Its rough and gentler Breath were both to thee

the same;

(lower;  
Nor this could thee exalt, nor that depress thee

But thou, from thy great Soul on both look'dst  
down

(Frown  
Without the small concernment of a Smile or

Heav'n less dreads that it should fir'd be

By the weak flitting Sparks that upwards fly,

Less the bright Goddess of the Night

Fears those loud howlings that revile her Light

Than thou Malignant Tongues thy Worth  
should blast,

Which was too great for Envy's Cloud to overcast.

'Twas thy brave Method to despise Contempt,

And make what was the Fault the Punishment,

What

922 *To the Memory of*

What more Assaults could weak Detraction raise,  
When thou couldest Saint disgrace,  
And turn Reproach to Praise. (be,  
So Clouds which would obscure the Sun, oft gilded  
And Shades are taught to shine as bright as he.  
So Diamonds, when envious Night  
Would throud their Splendor, look most bright,  
And from its Darkness seem to borrow Light.

XXVI.

Had Heav'n compos'd thy mortal Frame,  
Free from Contagion as thy Soul or Fame:  
Could Virtue been but proof against Death's  
Arms,  
Th'adst stood unvanquish'd by these Harms,  
Safe in a Circle made by thy own Charms.  
Fond Pleasure, whose soft Magick oft beguiles  
Raw unexperienc'd Souls,  
And with smooth Flattery cajoles,  
Could ne'er ensnare thee with her Wiles,  
Or make thee Captive to her smoothing Smiles.

In

**Mr. Charles Morwent.** 93

In vain that Pimp of Vice assay'd to please,  
In hope to draw thee to its rude Embrace.

Thy Prudence still that Syren past  
Without being pinion'd to the Mast;  
All its Attempts were ineffectual found;  
Heav'n fenc'd thy heart with its own Mound,  
And forc'd the Tempter still from that forbidden  
Ground.

XXVII.

The mad *Capricio's* of the doting Age  
Could ne'er in the same Frenzy thee engage;  
But mov'd thee rather with a generous Rage.  
Gallants, who their high Breeding prize,  
Known only by their Gallanture and Vice,  
Whose Talent is to court a fashionable Sin,  
And act some fine Transgression with a janty Meen,  
May by such Methods hope the Vogue to win,  
Let those gay Fops who deem  
Their Infamies Accomplishment,  
Grow scandalous to get Esteem;  
And by Disgrace strive to be eminent.

Here

Here thou disdainst the common Road,  
 Nor wouldst by ought be woo'd  
 To wear the vain Iniquities o'th' Mode.  
 Vice with thy Practice did so disagree,  
 Thou scarce couldst bear it in thy Theory.  
 Thou didst such Ignorance 'bove Knowledge prize,  
 And here to be unskill'd, is to be wise.

Such the first Founders of our Blood,  
 While yet untempted, stood  
 Contented only to know Good.

## XXVIII

Virtue alone did guide thy Actions here,  
 Thou by no other Card thy Life didst steer:  
 No fly Decoy would serve,  
 To make thee from its rigid Dictates swerve,  
 Thy Love ne'er thought her worse  
 Because thou hadst so few Competitors.  
 Thou couldst adore her when ador'd by none  
 Content to be her Votary alone:

When

Mr. Charles Morwent. 95

When 'twas proscrib'd the unkind World  
And to blind Cells, and Grotto's hurl'd,  
When thought the Fantom of some crazy Brain,  
Fit for grave *Anchorets* to entertain,  
A thin *Chimera*, whom dull Gown-Men frame  
To gull deluded Mortals with an empty Name.

XXIX.

Thou own'dst no Crimes that shun'd the  
Light,  
Whose Horror might thy Blood affright,  
And force it to its known Retreat.  
While the pale Cheeks do Penance in their White,  
And tell that Blushes are too weak to expiate:  
Thy Faults might all be on thy Forehead wore,  
And the whole World thy Confessor.  
Conscience within still kept Affize,  
To punish and deter Impieties:  
That inbred Judge such strict Inspection bore,  
So travers'd all thy Actions ore;  
Th' Eternal Judge could scarce do more:  
Those



Those little Escapades of Vice,  
Which pass the Cognisance of most  
Ith' Crowd of following Sins forgot and lost,  
Could ne'er its Sentence or Arraignment miss:

Thou didst prevent the young desires of ill,

And them in their first Motions kill:

The very Thoughts in others unconfin'd

And lawless as the Wind,

Thou couldst to Rule and Order bind.

They durst not any Stamp, but that of Virtue bear,  
And free from stain as thy most publick Actions  
were.

Let wild Debauchees hug their darling Vice,

And court no other Paradise,

Till want of Power

Bids 'em discard the stale Amour,

And when disabled Strength shall force

A short Divorce,

Miscall that weak forbearance Abstinence,

Which wise Morality and better Sence,

Mr. Charles Morwent. 897

Stiles but at best a sneaking Impotence.

Thine far a Nobler Pitch did fly

'Twas all free choice, nought of Necessity.

Thou didst that puny Soul disdain

Whose half strain Virtue only can restrain;

Nor wouldst that empty Being own,

Which springs from Negatives alone.

But truly thoughtst it always Virtues Skeleton.

X X X.

Nor didst thou those mean Spirits more approve,

Who Virtue, only for its Dowry love,

Unbrib'd thou didst her sterling self espouse:

Nor wouldst a better Mistress chuse.

Thou couldst Affection to her bare *Idea* pay,

The first that e'er caress'd her the Platonick way.

To see her in her own Attractions drest,

Did all thy Love arrest,

Nor lack'd there new Efforts to storm thy Breast.

Thy generous Loyalty

Would ne'er a Mercenary be;

H

But

But chose to serve her still without a Livery.

Yet wast thou not of Recompence debarr'd,

But countedst Honesty its own Reward;

Thou didst not wish a greater Bliss t' accrue,

For to be good to thee was to be happy too,

That secret Triumph of thy Mind,

Which always thou in doing well didst find,

Were Heaven enough, were there no other Heaven  
design'd.

## XXXI.

What Virtues few possess but by Retail

In gross could thee their Owner call;

They all did in thy single Circle fall.

Thou wast a living *System* where were wrote

All those high Morals which in Books are sought

Thy Practice did more Virtues share

Than heretofore the learned Porch e'er knew,

Or in the *Stagyrites* scant *Ethics* grew;

Devout thou wast as holy *Hermits* are,

Which share their time 'twixt Ecstasie and Prayer.

Modest

Modest as Infant Roses in their bloom,  
 Which in a Blush their Lives consume,  
 So chaste, the Dead are only more,  
 Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power,  
 So pure, that if blest Saints could be  
 Taught Innocence, they'd gladly learn of thee.  
 Thy Virtues height in Heaven alone could grow  
 Nor to ought else would for Accession owe  
 It only now's more perfect than it was below.

## XXXII.

Hence, tho' at once thy Soul liv'd here and there,  
 Yet Heaven alone its Thoughts did share;  
 It own'd no home, but in the active Sphere,  
 Its Motions always did to that bright Centre rowl,  
 And seem'd t' inform thee only on Purple.  
 Look how the Needle does to its dear North incline,  
 As wett not fixt 'twould to that Region climb,  
 Or mark what hidden force  
 Bids the Flame upwards take its course,  
 And makes it with that Swiftness rise,

As if 'twere wing'd by th' Air thro' which it flies.  
 Such a strong Virtue did thy Inclinations bend,  
 And made 'em still to the blest Mansions tend.  
 That mighty Slave whom thy proud Victor's  
 Shut Pris'net in a golden Cage; (Rage  
 Condemn'd to glorious Vassalage,  
 Ne'er long'd for dear Enlargement more,  
 Nor his gay Bondage with less Patience bore,  
 Than this great Spirit brookt its tedious Stay,  
 While fetter'd here in brittle Clay,  
 And wish'd to disengage and fly away.  
 It vex'd and chaf'd, and still desir'd to be  
 Releas'd to the sweet Freedom of Eternity.  
 XXXIII.  
 Nor were its Wilhes long unheard,  
 Fate soon at its desire appear'd,  
 And straight for an Assault prepar'd.  
 A sudden and a swift Disease  
 First on thy Heart Life's chiefest Fort does seize,  
 And then on all the Suburb vitals preys:

Next

*Mr. Charles Morwent, &c. 101*

Next it corrupts thy tainted Blood,  
And scatters Poyson through its purple Flood.  
Sharp Aches in thick Troops it sends,  
And Pain, which like a Rack the Nerves extends.  
Anguish through every Member flies,  
And all those inward *Gemonies*  
Whereby frail Flesh in Torture dies.  
All the staid Glories of thy Face,  
Where sprightly Youth lay checkt with manly  
Are now impair'd, (Grace,  
And quite by the rude hand of Sicknes mar'd,  
Thy Body where due Symmetry  
In just proportions once did lie,  
Now hardly could be known,  
Its very Figure out of Fashion grown;  
And should thy Soul to its old Seat return,  
And Life once more adjourn,  
'Twould stand amaz'd to see its alter'd Frame,  
And doubt (almost) whether its own Carcass were  
the same.

And here thy Sickneſs does new matter raiſe  
 Both for thy Virtue and our Praise;  
 'Twas here thy Picture look'd moſt neat,  
 When deep't in Shades 'twas ſet,  
 Thy Virtues only thus could fairer be  
 Advantag'd by the Foil of Miſery.  
 Thy Soul which haſten'd now to be enlarg'd,  
 And of its groſſer Load discharg'd,  
 Began to act above its wonted rate,  
 And gave a Prelude of its next unbody'd State.  
 So dying Tapers near their Fall,  
 When their own Luſtre lights their Funeral,  
 Contract their Strength into one brighter Fire,  
 And in that Blaze triumphantly expire,  
 So the bright Globe that rules the Skies,  
 Tho' he gild Heav'n with a glorious Riſe,  
 Reſerves his choiceſt Beams to grace his Set:  
 And then he looks moſt great,  
 And then in greateſt Splendor dies.

XXXVI.

(bear,  
Thou sharpest Pains didst with that Courage  
And still thy Looks so unconcern'd didst wear :  
Beholders seem'd more indispos'd than thee ;

For they were sick in Effigie.

Like some well-fashion'd Arch thy Patience stood,  
And purchas'd Firmness from its greater Load,  
Those Shapes of Torture, which to view in Paint

Would make another faint ;

Thou couldst endure with true Reality,  
And feel what some could hardly bear to see.

Those *Indians* who their Kings by Tortures chose,  
Subjecting all the Royal Issue to that Test

Could ne'er thy Sway refuse,

If he deserves to reign that suffers best.

Had those fierce Savages thy Patience view'd,

Thou'dst claim'd their Choice alone ;

They with a Crown had paid thy Fortitude,

And turn'd thy Death-bed to a Throne,



All those Heroick Pieties,  
 Whose Zeal to Truth made them *its* Sacrifice:  
 Those nobler *Scævola's*, whose holy Rage  
 Did their whole selves in cruel Flames engage,  
 Who did amidst their Force unmov'd appear,  
 As if those Fires but lambent were;  
 Or they had founded their *Empyreum* there.  
 Might these repeat again their Days beneath,  
 They'd seen their Fates out-acted by a natural  
 Death,  
 And each of them to thee resign his Wreath.  
 In spite of Weakness and harsh Destiny,  
 To relish Torment, and enjoy a Misery:  
 So to care's a Doom,  
 As make its Sufferings Delights become:  
 So to triumph o'er Sense and thy Disease,  
 As amongst Pains to revel in soft Ease:  
 These Wonders did thy Virtues worth enhance,  
 And Sicknes to dry Martyrdom advance.

XXXVIII.

Yet could not all these Miracles stern Fate avert,

Or make't without the Dart.

Only she paus'd a while with Wonder strook,

A while she doubted if that Destiny was thine,

And turn'd o'er again the dreadful Book,

And hop'd she had mistook;

And wish'd she might have cut another Line.

But dire Necessity

Soon cry'd 'twas thee,

And bad her give the fatal Blow,

Straight she obeys, and straight the vital Powers grow

To weak to grapple with a stronger Foe,

And now the feeble Strife forgoe.

Life's sap'd Foundation every Moment sinks,

And every Breath to lesser compass shrinks;

Last panting Gasps grow weaker each Rebound,

Like the faint Tremblings of a dying Sound:

And doubtful Twilight hovers o'er the Light,

Ready to usher in Eternal Night.

XXXIX.

## XXXIX.

Yet here thy Courage taught thee to out-brave

All the slight Horrors of the Grave:

Pale Death's Arrest

Ne'er shock'd thy Breast;

Nor could it in the dreadfulst Figure drest.

That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,

When the dire Ghosts of Crimes departed haunt,

Arm'd with bold Innocence thou couldst that *Morro*  
dare,

And on the bare-fac'd King of Terrors stare,  
As free from all Effects as from the cause of Fear.

Thy Soul so willing from thy Body went,

As if both parted by Consent.

No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,

Only a Sigh, a Groan, and so away.

Death seem'd to glide with Pleasure in,

As if in this Sense too't had lost her String.

Like some well-acted Comedy Life swiftly past,

And ended just so still and sweet at last.

Thou

Mr. Charles Morwent. 107

Thou like its Actors, seem'dst in borrow'd Habit  
here beneath,

And couldst, as easily

As they do that, put off Mortality. (Breath,  
Thou Breathedst out thy Soul as free as common  
As unconcern'd as they are in a feigned Death.

XL.

Go happy Soul, ascend the joyful Sky,

Joyful to shine with thy bright Company :

Go mount the spangled Sphere,

And make it brighter by another Star :

Yet stop not there, till thou advance yet higher,

'Till thou art swallow'd quite

In the vast unexhausted Ocean of Delight :

Delight, which there alone in its true Essence is,

Where Saints keep an eternal Carnival of Bliss :

Where the *Regalio's* of refined Joy,

Which fill, but never cloy,

Where Pleasures ever growing, ever new,

Immortal as thy self, and boundless too:

There

There may'st thou learned by *Compendium*  
 For which in vain below (grow;  
 We so much time, and so much pains bestow.  
 There may'st thou all *Idea's* see,  
 All wonders which in Knowledge be  
 In that fair beatifick mirror of the Deity.

## XLI.

Mean while thy Body mourns in its own Dust,  
 And puts on Sables for its tender Trust  
 Tho' dead, it yet retains some untoucht Grace,  
 Wherein we may the Soul's fair Foot-steps trace;  
 Which no Disease can frighten from its wonted place:  
 E'en its Deformities do thee become,  
 And only serve to consecrate thy Doom.  
 Those marks of Death which did its Surface stain  
 Now hallow, not profane.  
 Each Spot does to a Ruby turn;  
 Those Asterisks plac'd in the Margin of thy Skin

Point

**Mr. Charles Morwent. 109**

Point out the nobler Soul that dwelt within:  
Thy lesser, like the greater World appears  
All over bright, all over stuck with Stars  
So *Indian* Luxury when it would be trim,  
Hangs Pearls on every Limb.  
Thus amongst ancient *Pids* Nobility  
In Blemishes did lie;  
Each by his Spots more honorable grew,  
And from their Store a greater Value drew:  
Their Kings were known by th' Royal Stains they  
And in their Skins their Ermin wore: (bore,

**XLII.**

(State,  
Thy Blood where Death triumph'd in greatest  
Whose Purple seem'd the Badge of Tyrant-Fate,  
And all thy Body o'er  
Its ruling Colours bore:  
That which infected with the noxious Ill  
But lately help'd to kill,  
Whose Circulation fatal grew,

And

Q10      *To the Memory of*

And thro' each part a swifter Ruin threw.  
Now conscious, its own Murther would arraign,  
And throngs to sally out at every Vein.  
Each Drop a redder than its native Dye puts on,  
As if in its own Blushes 'twould its Guilt atone.  
A sacred Rubrick does thy Carcass paint,  
And Death in every Member writes thee Saint.  
So *Phæbus* cloaths his dying Rays each Night,  
And blushes he can live no longer to give Light.

XLIII.

Let Fools, whose dying Fame requires to have  
Like their own Carcasses a Grave,  
Let them with vain Expence adorn  
Some costly Urn,  
Which shortly, like themselves, to Dust shall turn  
Here lacks no *Carian* Sepulchre,  
Which Ruin shall ere long in its own Tomb interr.  
No fond *Ægyptian* Fabrick built so high  
As if 'twould climb the Sky,  
And thence reach Immortality.

Thy

**Mr. Charles Morwent. 111**

Thy Virtues shall embalm thy Name,  
And make it lasting as the Breath of Fame,  
When frailer Brass  
Shall moulder by a quick Decrease;  
When brittle Marble shall decay,  
And to the Jaws of Time become a Prey.  
Thy Praise shall live, when Graves shall buried lie,  
Till Time it self shall die,  
And yield its triple Empire to Eternity.

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To

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1112  
*To the Memory of that worthy Gentle-  
man, Mr. Harman Atwood.*

PINDARIQUE.

No, I'll no more repine at Destiny,

Now we poor common Mortals are content to die,  
When thee, blest Saint, we cold and breathless see,

Thee, who if ought that's great and brave,  
Ought that is excellent might save.

Had justly claim'd Exemption from the Grave,  
And cancell'd the black irreverfible Decree.

Thou didst alone fuch Worth, fuch Goodnefs share  
As well deferv'd to be immortal here ; (wear.  
Deserve a Life as lafting as the Fame thou art to  
At leaft, why went thy Soul without its Mate ?

Why

*Mr. Harman Atwood.* 113

Why did they not together undivided go?

So went (we're told) the fam'd Illustrious Two:

(Nor could they greater Merits shew,

Altho' the best of Patriarchs that,

And this the best of Prophets was)

Heav'n did alive the blessed Pair translate;

Alive they launch'd into Life's boundless Happiness,

And never past Death's Straights and narrow Seas;

Ne'er enter'd the dark gloomy Thorowfare of Fate.

II.

Long time had the Profession under Scandal lain,

And felt a general tho' unjust Disdain,

An upright Lawyer Contradiction seem'd,

And was at least a Prodigy esteem'd.

If one perhaps did in an Age appear,

He was recorded like some Blazing Star;

And Statues were erected to the wondrous Man,

As heretofore to the strange honest Publican.

To thee the numerous Calling all its thanks should  
give,

I

To

114      *To the Memory of*

To thee who couldst alone its lost Repute retrieve.  
 Thou the vast wide extremes didst reconcile,  
 The first, almost, e'er taught it was not to beguile.  
 To each thou didst distribute Right so equally,  
 Ev'n Justice might her self correct her Scales by thee.

And none did now regret

Her once bewail'd Retreat,

Since all enjoy'd her better Deputy.

Henceforth succeeding Time shall bear in mind,  
 And Chronicle the best of all the kind :

The best e'er since the man that gave

Our suffering God a Grave ;

(That God who living no abode could find,

Tho' he the World had made, and was to save)

Embalming him, he did embalm his Memory,

And make it from Corruption free :

(Fame,

Those Odors kindly lent perfum'd the Breath of

And fixt a lasting Fragrancy upon his Name ;

And rais'd it with his Saviour to an Immortality.

III. Hence

III.

Hence the stale musty Paradox of equal Souls,  
That ancient vulgar Error of the Schools,  
Avow'd by dull Philosophers and thinking Fools.  
Here might they find their feeble Arguments o'er-  
thrown:

Here might the grave Disputers find  
Themselves all baffl'd by a single Mind,  
And see one vastly larger than their own,  
Tho all of theirs were mixt in one.  
A Soul as great as e'er vouchsaf'd to be  
Inhabiter in low Mortality ;  
As e'er th' Almighty Artist labour'd to infuse,  
Thro' all his Mint he did the brightest chule ;  
With his own Image stamp't it fair,  
And bid it ever the Divine Impression wear :  
And so it did, so pure, so well,  
We hardly could believe him of the Race that fell :  
So spotless still, and still so good,

116 *To the Memory of*

As if it never lodg'd in Flesh and Blood.  
Hence conscious too, how high, how nobly born :  
It never did reproach its Birth,  
By valuing ought of base or meaner worth,  
But look'd on earthly Grandeur with Contempt  
and Scorn.

IV.

Like his All-great Creator, who  
Can only by diffusing greater grow :  
He made his chiefest Glory to communicate,  
And chose the fairest Attribute to imitate.  
So kind, so generous, and so free,  
As if he only liv'd in Courtesie.  
To be unhappy did his Pity claim,  
Only to want it did deserve the same : (Misery.  
Nor lack'd there other Rhetorick than Innocence and  
His unconfin'd unhoarded Store  
Was still the vast Exchequer of the poor ;  
And whatsoe'er in pious Acts went out  
He did in his own Inventory put :

For

**Mr. Harman Atwood. 117**

For well the wise and prudent Banker knew  
His Gracious Sovereign above would all repay,  
And all th' expences of his Charity defray;  
And so he did, both Principal and Interest too,  
And he by holy Prodigality more wealthy grew.  
Such, and so universal is the Influence  
Which the kind bounteous Sun does here dispense:  
With an unwearied indefatigable Race,  
He travels round the World each day,  
And visits all Mankind, and every place,  
And scatters Light and Blessings all the way.  
Tho' he each hour new Beams expend,  
Yet does he not like wasting Tapers spend.  
Tho' he ten thousand years disburse in Light,  
The boundless Stock can never be exhausted quite.

**V.**

Nor was his Bounty stinted or design'd,  
As theirs who only partially are kind;  
Or give where they Return expect to find:

But like his Soul, its fair Original:

'Twas all in all,

And all in every part,

Silent as his Devotion, open as his Heart.

Brib'd with the Pleasure to oblige and gratifie,

As Air and Sunshine he dispos'd his kindness free,

Yet scorn'd Requirals, and worse hated Flattery,

And all obsequious Pomp of vain Formality,

Thus the Almighty Bounty does bestow

Its Favors on our undeserving Race below:

Confer'd on all its loyal Votaries;

Confer'd alike on its rebellious Enemies.

To it alone our All we owe,

All that we are and are to be,

Each Art and Science to its Liberality,

And this same trifling jingling thing call'd Poetry.

Yet the great Donor does no costly Gratitude re-

No Charge of Sacrifice desire; (quire,

Nor are w' expensive Hecatombs to raise,

As heretofore,

To

Mr. Harman Atwood. 119

To make his Altars float with reeking Gore,

A small Return the mighty Debt and Duty pays,  
Ev'n the cheap humble Off'ring of worthless Thanks  
and Praise.

IV.

(sum,  
But how, blest Saint, shall I thy numerous Virtues

If one or two take up this room?

To what vast bulk must the full *Audit* come?

As that bold Hand that drew the fairest Deity,

Had many naked Beauties by, (Line,  
And took from each a several Grace, and Air, and

And all in one Epitome did joyn

To paint his bright Immortal in a Form Divine:

So must I do to frame thy Character.

I'll think whatever Men can good and lovely call,

And then abridge it all,

And crowd, and mix the various *Idea's* there;

And yet at last of a just Praise despair,

Whatever ancient Worthies boast,



120 *To the Memory of*

Which made themselves and Poets their Describers  
great,

From whence old Zeal did Gods and Shrines cre- (are;

Thou hadst thy self alone engrost, (meet:

And all their scatter'd Glories in thy Soul did

And future Ages, when they eminent Virtues see,

(If any after thee

Dare the Pretence of Virtue own,

Without the Fear of being far out-done)

Shall count 'em all but Legacy,

Which from the Strength of thy Example flow,

And thy fair Copy in a less correct Edition show.

VII.

Religion over all did a just Conduct claim,

No false Religion which from Custom came,

Which to its Font and Country only ow'd its Name:

No Issue of devout and zealous Ignorance,

Or the more dull Effect of Chance;

But 'twas a firm well-grounded Piety,

That

**Mr. Harman Atwood.** 121

That knew all that it did believe, and why ;

And for the glorious Cause durst die,  
And durst out-suffer ancient Martyrology.

So knit and interwoven with its being so,  
Most thought it did not from his Duty, but his Na-  
ture flow.

Exalted far above the vain small Attacks of Wit,  
And all that vile gay lewd Buffoons can bring,  
Who try by little Railleries to ruin it, (thing,  
And jeer't into an unreguarded poor defenceless  
The Men of Sence who in Confederacy join

To damn Religion, had they view'd but thine,  
They'd have confest it pure, confest it all divine,  
And free from all Pretences of Imposture or Design.

Pow'rsful enough to counter-act lewd Poets and  
the Stage,  
And Profelyte as fast as they debauch the Age ;

So good, it might alone a guilty condemn'd World  
reprieve,

Should a destroying Angel stand

With brandish'd Thunder in his Hand,  
Ready

*To the Memory of*

Ready the bidden Stroke to give;  
Or a new Deluge threaten this and every Land.

## VIII.

Religion once a quiet and a peaceful Name,  
Which all the Epithets of Gentleness did claim,  
Late prov'd the Source of Faction and intestine  
Like the fair teeming *Hebrew*, she (Jars:  
Did travel with a wrangling Progeny,  
And harbor'd in her Bowels, Fewds and Civil Wars.  
Surly, uncomplaisant, and rough she grew,  
And of a soft and easie Mistress turn'd a Shrew.  
Passion and Anger went for marks of Grace,  
And Looks deform'd and sullen sanctified a Face.  
Thou first its meek and primitive Temper didst  
restore,  
First shew'dst how men were pious heretofore:  
The gall-less Dove, which otherwhere could find no  
Early retreated to its Ark, thy Breast, (Rest,  
And straight the swelling Waves decreast  
And straight tempestuous Passions ceast,  
Like

**Mr. Harman Atwood.** 123

Like Winds and Storms where some fair *Halcyon*  
builds her Nest,

No overthreathing Zeal did thee inspire,

But 'twas a kindly gentle Fire,

To warm, but not devour,

And only did refine, and make more pure:

Such is that Fire that makes thy present blest A-

The Residence and Palace of our God. (bode

And such was that bright unconsuming Flame,

So mild, so harmless and so tame,

Which heretoforeith' Bush to *Moses* came :

At first the Vision did the wondring Prophet  
scare,

(Fear,

But when the Voice had check'd his needless

He bow'd and worshipp'd and confest the Deity was  
(there.

**I V.**

Hail Saint Triumphant ! hail Heav'ns happy Guest.

Hail new Inhabitant amongst the Blest !

Methinks I see kind Spirits in convoy meer,

And with loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet.

Who,

124 *To the Memory of, &c.*

Who, could they grieve, would go with Grief  
away

To see a Soul more white, more pure than they:

By them thou'rt led on high

To the vast glorious Apartment of the Deity.

Where circulating Pleasures make an endless  
Round

To which scant Time or Measure sets no Bound,

Perfect unmixt Delights without Alloy,

And whatsoe'er does earthly Bliss annoy,

Which oft does in Fruition Pall and oft'ner Cloy:

Where Being is no longer Life but Extasie,

But one long Transport of unutterable Joy.

A Joy above the boldest flights of daring Verse,

And all a Muse unglorified can fancy or rehearse:

There happy Thou

From Troubles and the bustling Toil of Busi-  
ness free,

From noise and *tracas* of tumultuous Life be-  
(low,

Enjoy'st the still and calm Vacation of Eternity,

*F I N I S.*

## C H A R A C T E R.

**N**O wonder if I am at a Loss to describe him, whom Nature was as much puzzled to make. 'Tis here as in Painting, where the most mishapen Figures are the greatest Proofs of Skill. To draw a Therites or Æsop well, requires the Pencil of Vandike or Titian, more than the best Features and Lineaments. All the Thoughts I can frame of him are as rude and indigested as himself. The very Idea and Conception of him are enough to cramp Grammar, to disturb Sence, and confound Syntax. He's a Solecism in the great Construction, therefore the best Description of him is Noncence, and the fittest Character to write is in that Pot-hook-hand the Devil us'd at Oxford in Queens Colledge Library. He were Topick enough for convincing an Atheist that the World was made by Chance. The first Matter had more of Form and Order, the Chaos more of Symmetry and Proportion. I could call him Nature's By-blow, Miscarriage and Abortive, or say, he is her Embryo sink'd before Maturity; but that is stale and flat, and I must fly a higher Pitch to reach his Deformity. He is the ugliest she ever took Pains to make so, and Age to make worse. All the Monsters of Africa lie kennell'd in his single Skin. He's one of the Grotesques of the Universe, whom the grand Artist drew only ( as Painters do uncouth ugly Shapes ) to fill up the empty Spaces and Cantons of this great Frame. He's Man anagrammatiz'd: A Mandrake has more of Humane Shape: His Face carries Libel and Lampoon in't. Nature at its Composition wrote Burlesque, and shew'd him how far she could out-do Art in Grimace. I wonder 'tis not hir'd by the Play-houses to draw Antick Vizards by.

Without doubt he was made to be laugh'd at, and design'd for the Scaramuchio of Mankind. When I see him, I can no more forbear than at sight of a Zany or Nokes; but am like to run the Risk of the Philosopher, looking on an Ass mumbling Thistles. He's more ill-favour'd than the Picture of Winter drawn by a Fellow that dawbs Sign-Posts, more lowering than the last day of January. I have seen a handsomer Mortal carv'd in Monumental Gingerbread, and woven in Hangings at Mortlock. If you have ever view'd that wooden Gentleman that peeps out of a Country Barber's Window, you may fancy some Resemblance of him. His damn'd squeezing Close-stool-Face can be liken'd to nothing better than the Buttocks of an old wrinkled Baboon, straining upon an Hillock. The very Sight of him in a morning would work with one beyond Jalap and Rhubarb. A Doctor (I'm told) once prescrib'd him to one of his Parishioners for a Purge: he wrought the Effect, and gave the Patient fourteen Stools. 'Tis pity he is not drawn at the City Charges, and hung up in some publick Forica as a Remedy against Costiveness.

Indeed by his Hue you might think he had been employed to that use: One would take him for the Picture of Scoggin or Tarleton on a Privy-house Door, which by long standing there has contracted the Color of the neighbouring Excrements. Reading lately how Garagantua came into the World at his Mother's Ear, it put an unlucky thought into my Head concerning him: I presently fancied that he was voided, not brought forth; that his Dam was deliver'd of him on t'other side, bestrit him coming out, and he has ever since retain'd the Stains. His filthy Countenance looks like an old Chimney-piece in a decay'd Inn, sullied with Smoak, and the sprinkling of Ale-pots. 'Tis dirtier than an Auctions thumb'd Record, greasier than a Chandler's Shop-book, Taw'd imagine Snails had crawl'd the Hay upon it. The Case of it is perfect Vellum, and has often been mistaken for it.

A Scrivener was like to cheapen it for making Indentures and Deeds: Besides 'tis as wrinkled as a walking Buskin: It has more Furrows than all Cotswold. — You may resemble it to a Gammon of Bacon with the Swerd off. I believe the Devil travels over it in his Sleep with Hob-nails in his Shoes. By the Maggot-eaten Sur-face, you'd swear he had been dug out of his Grave agen with all his Worms about him to bait Eel-hooks. But enough of it in General; I think it time to descend to Particulars; I wish I could divide his Face, as he does his Text, i. e. tear it asunder: 'Tis fit I begin with the most remarkable part of it, his Mouth (saving your presence Christian Readers) is like the Devils Arse of Peak, and is just as large. By the Soent you'd take it for the Hole of a Privy: He may be winded by a good Nose at twelve-score; I durst have ventur'd us first being in Company that he dicted on *Affa-foetida*. His very Discourse stinks in a Literal Sence; 'tis breaking-Wind, and you'd think he talk'd at the other End. Last New-years day he rainted a Loin of Veal with saying Grace: All the Guests were fain to use the Fanatical Posture in their own Defence, and stand with their Caps over their Eyes like Malefactors going to be turn'd off. That too that renders it the more unsupportable is that it can't be stopp'd: The Breach is too big ever to be clos'd. Were he a Milliner, he might measure Ribbon by it without the help of his Yard or Counter. It reaches so far backwards, those that have seen him with his Peruke off, say it may be discerned behind. When he gapes, 'twould stretch the Dutch-els of Cl — to straddle over: I had almost said, 'tis as wide as from Dover to Calice. Could he shut it, the Wrinkles round about would represent the Form of the Sea-mon's Compass, and should he bluster, 'twere a pretty Emblem of those swelling Mouths, at the Corners of Maps puffing out Storms. When he Smoaks, I am always thinking of *Mongibel* and its Eruptions. His Head looks exactly like a



Devise on a Kitchen Chimney; His Mouth the Vent and his Nose the Fane. And now I talk of his Snout, I dare not mention the Elephants for fear of speaking too little: I'd make bold with the old Wit, and compare it to the Gnomon of a Dial; but that he has not Teeth enough to stand for the twelve Hours. 'Tis so long, that when he rides a Journey, he makes use of it to open Gates. He's fain to snit it with both Hands. It cannot be wip'd under as much as the Royal Breech. A Man of ordinary Bulk might find Shelter under its Eves, were it not for the Dropings. One protested to me in Raillery that when he looks against the Sun, it shadows his whole Body, as some story of the Scio-podes Feet. Another Hyperbolical Rascal would make me believe that the Arches of it are as large as any two of London-Bridge, or the great Rialto at Venic. Not long ago I met a one-leg'd Tarpawlin that had been begging at his Door, but could get nothing: The witty Whoreson (I remember) swore that his Bow-sprit was as long as that of the Royal Sovereign. I confess, stood he in my way: I durst not venture round by his Forside, for fear of going half a mile about. 'Tis perfectly doubling the Cape: He has this Priveledge for being unmannerly that it will not suffer him to put off his Hat: And therefore ('tis said) at home he has a Cord fasten'd to it, and draws it off with a Pully, and so receives the Addresses of those that visit him. This I'm very confident, he has not heard himself sneeze these seven Years: And that leads me to his Tools of Hearing: His Ears resemble these of a Country Justices Black Jack, and are of the same matter, hue, and size: He's as well being as any Hound in the Country; but by their Bulk and growing upward, he deserves to be rank'd with a graver of Beasts: His single self might have shewn with Smack, and all the Club Divines. You may pare enough from the sides of his Head to have furnish'd a whole Regiment of Round-Heads: He wears more there then all the Pillories in England.

land ever have done. Mandevile tells us of a People somewhere, that use their Ears for Cushions: He has reduced the Legend to Probability: A Servant of his (that could not conceal the Midas) told me lately in private, that going to Bed he binds them on his Crown, and they serve him instead of Quilt Night-Caps. The next observable that falls under my Consideration is his Back: Nor need I go far out of my way to meet it, for it peeps over his Shoulders: He was built with a Buttress to support the weight of his Nose, and help ballance it. Nature hung on him a Knapsack, and made him represent both Tinker and Budget too. He looks like the Visible Tye of Æneas bolstring up his Father, or like a Beggar-Woman, endorst with her whole Litter, and with Child behind. You may take him for Anti-Christopher with the Devil at his Back. I believe the Atlas in Wadham-Garden at Oxford was carv'd by him. Certainly he was begot in a Cupping-Glass: His Mother longed for Pumpions, or went to see some Camel shewn while she was conceiving him. One would think a Mole has crept into his Carcase before 'tis layd in the Church-Yard, and Rooted in it, or that an Earthquake had disorder'd the Symmetry of the Microcosm, sunk one Mountain and put up another. And now I should descend lower, if I durst venture: But I'll not defile my Pen: My Ink is too cleanly for a farther Description. I must beg my Reader's Distance: as if I were going so Untruß. Should I mention what is beneath, the very Jakes would suffer by the Comparison, and 'twere enough to bring a Bog-house in Disgrace. Indeed he ought to have been drawn, like the good People on the Parliament-House, only from the Shoulders upwards. To me 'tis a greater Prodigy then himself, how his Soul has so long endured so nasty a Lodging. Were there such a thing as a Metempsychosis, how gladly would it exchange its Carcase for that of the worst and vilest Brute: I'm sufficiently perswaded against the whim of Præexistance; for

any thing that had the Pretence of Reason would never have entered such a Durance of Choice: Doubtless it must have been guilty of some unheard of Sin, for which Heaven dooms it to Penance in the present Body; and ordains it its first Hell here. And its disputable which may prove the worst, for't has suffered half an Eternity already. Men can hardly tell which of the two will out-live the other. By his Face you'd guess him one of the Patriarchs, and that he liv'd before the Flood: His Head looks as if't had worn out three or four Bodies, and were Legacied to him by his Great-Grand-father. His Age is out of Knowledge, I believe he was born before Rogisters were invented. He should have been a Ghost in Queen Mary's Days. I wonder Holingshead does not speak of him. Every Limb about him is Chronicle: Par and John of the Times were short-Livers to him. They say, he can remember when Pauls was Founded, and London-Bridge built. I my self have heard him tell all the Stories of York and Lancaster upon his own Knowledge. His very Cane and Spectacles are enough to set up an Antiquary. The first was the Walking-staff of Lanfranc Archbishop of Canterbury which is to be seen by his Arms upon the Head of it: The other belong'd to the Chaplain of William the Conquerour; was of Norman make, and travell'd over with him. 'Tis strange the late Author of *M. Fickle* forgot to make his Sir Arthur Oldlove swear by them, the Oath had been of as good Antiquity as St. Austin's Night-Cap, or Mahomet's Threshold. I have often wonder'd he never set up for a Conjuror: His very Look would bring him in Vogue, draw Custom, and undo Lilly and Gadbury. You'd take him for the Ghost of Old Haly or Alhazmar, or the Spirit Frier in the Fortune Book, his Head for the enchanted brazen one of Frier Bacon. 'Twould pose a good Physiognomist to give Names to the Lines in his Face. I've observ'd all the Figures and Diagrams in Agrippa and Ptolomy's Centiloquies there upon

on strict view. And t'other day a Linguist of my Acquaintance shew'd me all the Arabick Alphabet between his Brow and Chin. Some have admired how he came to be admitted into Orders, since his very Face is against the Canon: I guess he pleaded the Qualification of the Prophets of Old, to be withered, Toothless and deformed. He can pretend to be an Elisha only by his Baldness. The Devils Oracles heretofore were utter'd from such a Mouth. 'Twas then the Candidates for the Tripus were fain to plead Wrinkles and Grey Hairs; a Splay Mouth, and a goggle Eye were the cheapest Simony, and the ugly and crippled were the only men of Preferment. And this leads me to consider him a little in the Pulpit. And there 'tis hard to distinguish whether that or his Skin be the coarser Wainscoat: He represents a Crackt Weather-Glass in a Frame. You'd take him by his Looks and Posture for Muggleton doing Pennance and painted with rotten Eggs. Had his Hearers the trick of Writing short-Hand, I should fancy him an Offender upon a Scaffold, and then Penning his Confession. Not a fluxt Debauch in a sweating Tub makes worse Faces. He makes Doctrine as Folks do their Water in the Stone or Strangury. Balaams Ass was a better Divine, and had a better Delivery. The Thorn at Glastenbury had more Sence and Religion, and would make more Converts. He speaks not, but grunts, like one of the Gadaren Hogs after the Devils enter'd. When I came first to his Church and saw him perch'd on high against a Pillar, I took him by his gaping for some Juggler going to sell Bibles and Hour-Glasses. But I was soon convinc'd that other Feats were to be play'd, and on a sudden lost all my Sences in Noise. A Drunken Huntsman reeling in while he was at Prayer, asked if he were giving his Parishoners a Sermon: He has preached half his Parish deaf: His Din is beyond the Catadupi of Nile: All his Patrons Pigeons,

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are frighted from their Apartment, and he's generally belov'd the Occasion. He may be heard farther than Sir Samuel Moorlands Flagelet. Nay one damn'd mad Rogue fears: Should he take a Text concerning the Resurrection, he might serve for the last Trumpet. And yet in one Respect he's suited for the Function. His Countenance, if the Doctrine, can scare men into Repentance, like an Apparition: Should he walk after he's dead, he should not be more dreadful, then now while he is alive.

A third, meeting him in the Dark in a Church-Yard, was frighted into Phanaticism. Another is in Bedlam upon the same Reason: I dare not approach him without an Exorcism. In the Name, &c. is the surest Salutation: Some have thought the Parsonage House, haunted since he dwelt there. In York-shire ('tis reported) they make use of his Name instead of Raw-Head and Bloody-bones to fright Children. He is more terrible then those Phantoms. Counting Folly self of by the Fire side, and pretend to have seen, with Lanthorn-wings, Cloven-feet, and Sawcer-eyes: If he go to Hell (as 'tis almost an Article of my Creed, he will) the Devils will quake for all their warm Dwelling, and crowd up into a Nook for fear of him.

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